

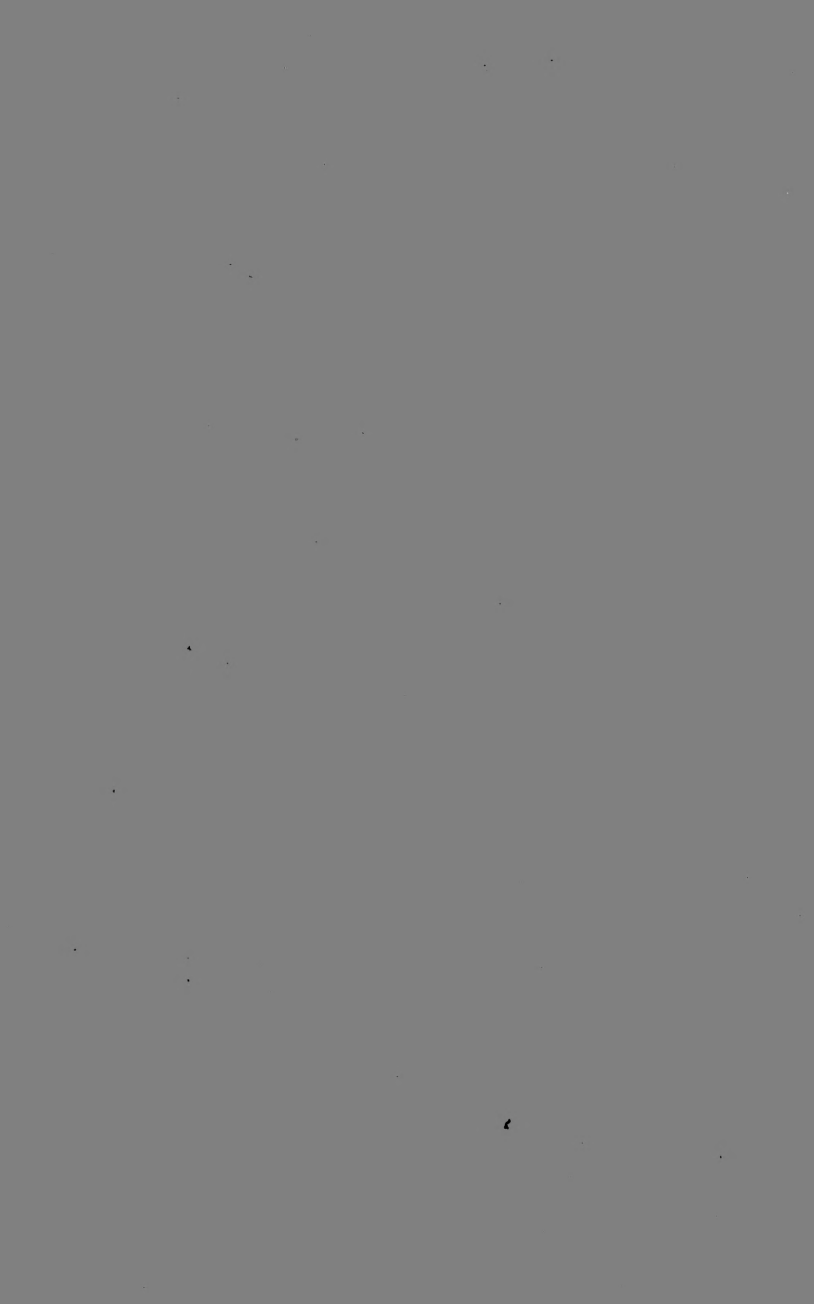


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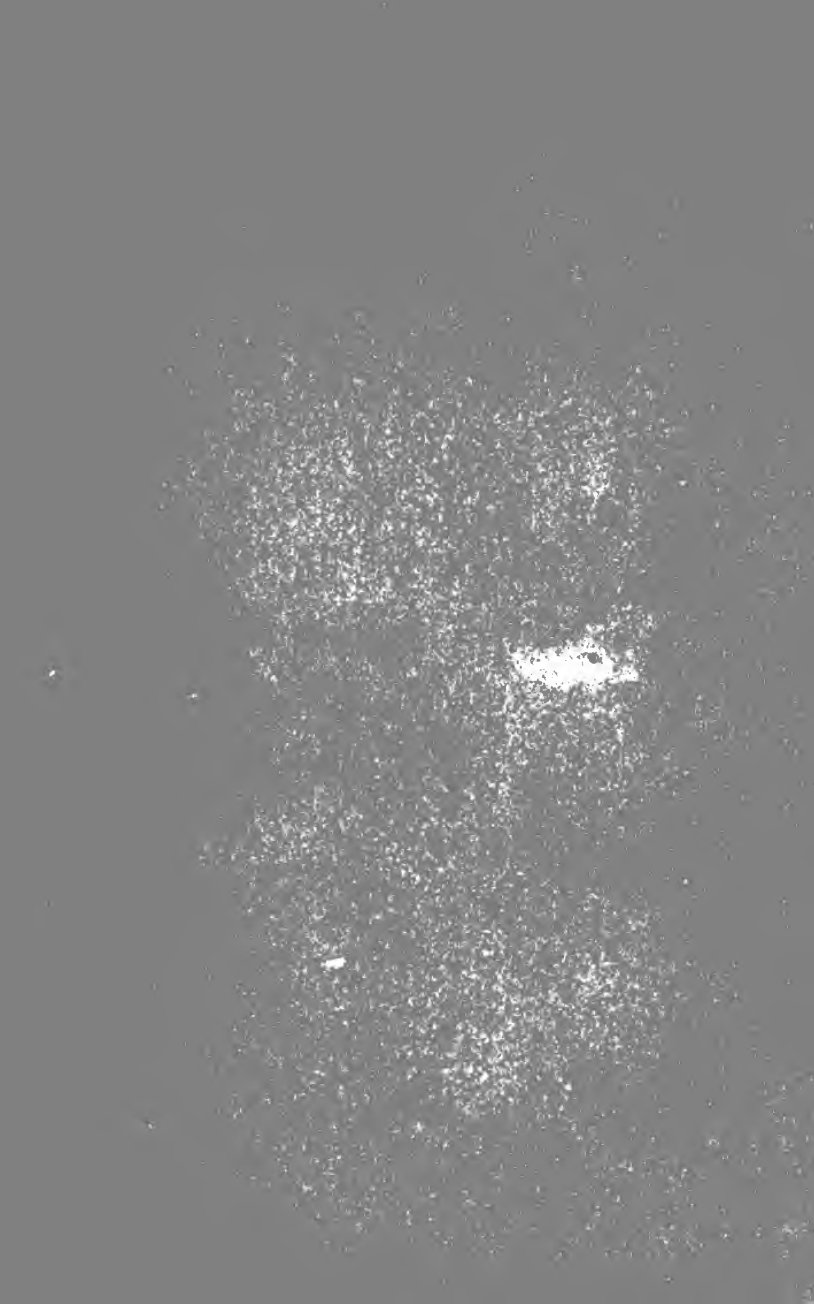
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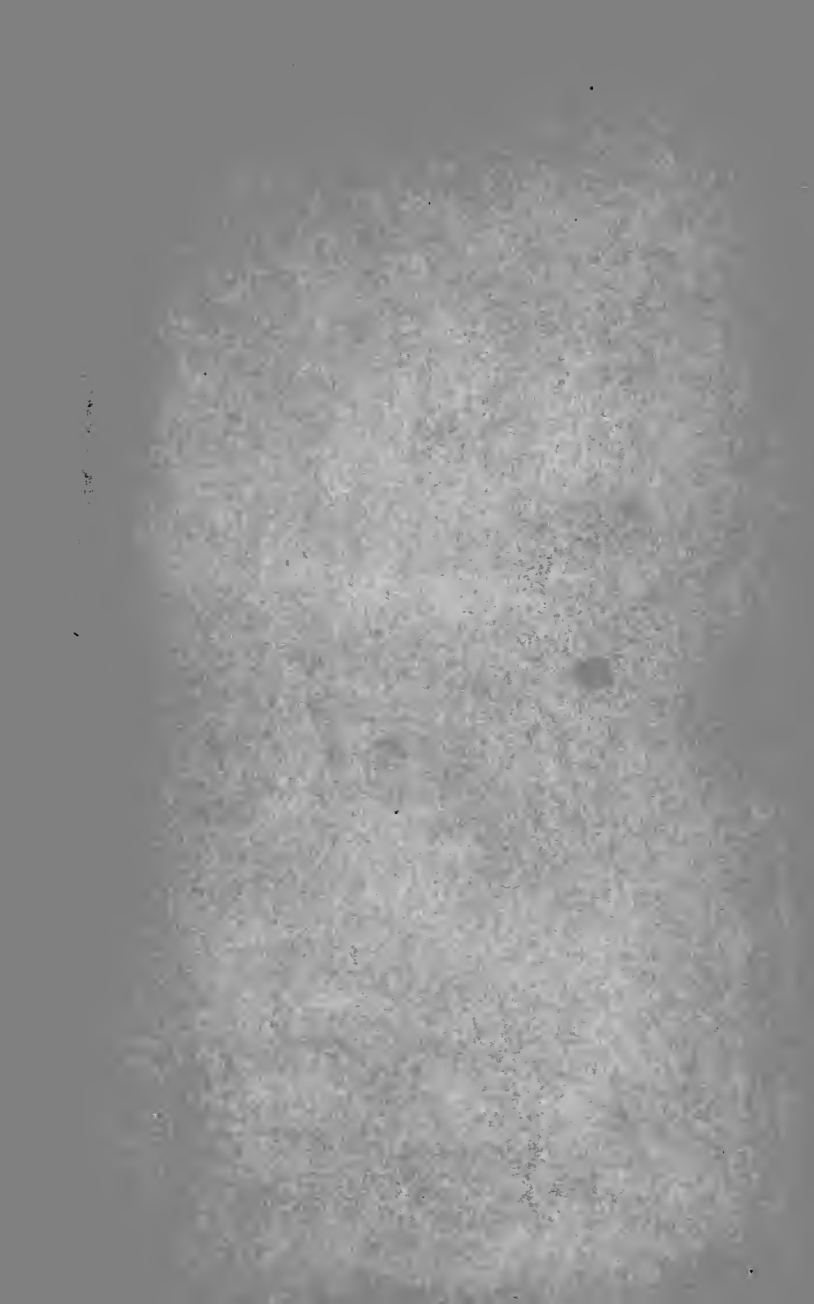
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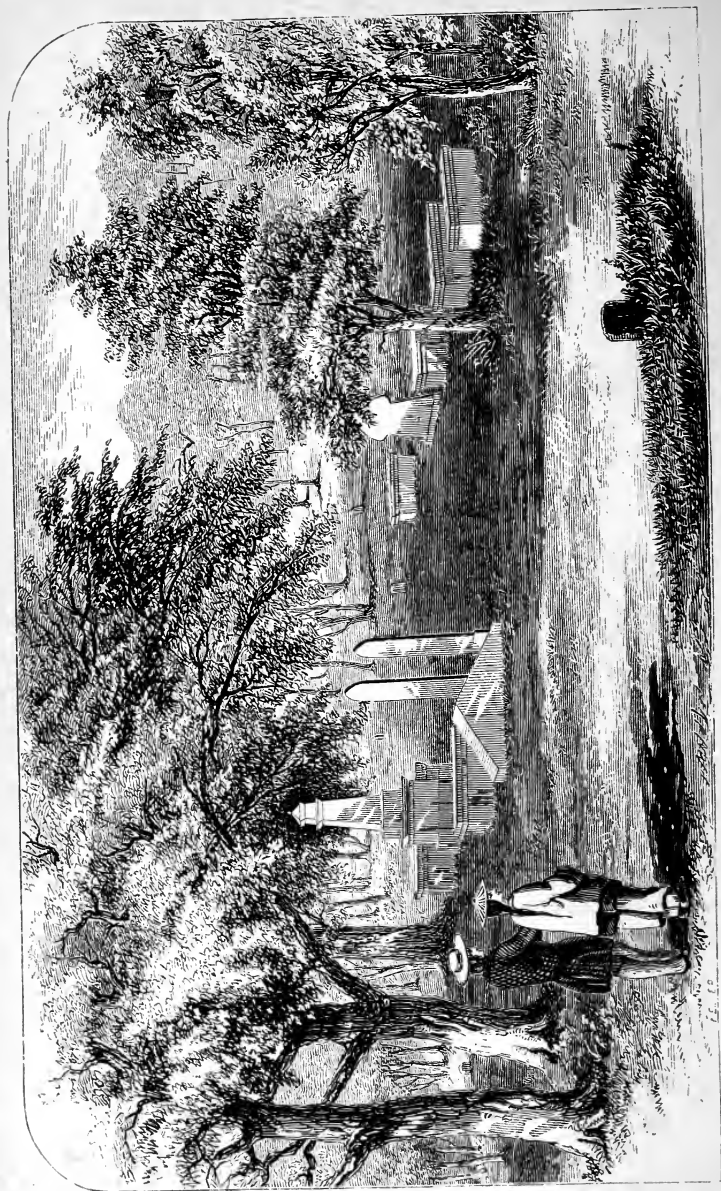
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.











THE MISSION CEMETERY AT FUH CHAU

THE
MISSION CEMETERY

AND THE

Fallen Missionaries of Fuh Chau, China.

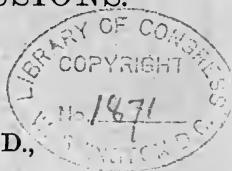
WITH AN INTRODUCTORY NOTICE OF

FUH CHAU AND ITS MISSIONS.

EDITED BY

REV. I. W. WILEY, M.D.,

LATE MISSIONARY PHYSICIAN AT FUH CHAU.



And a book of remembrance was written before him. . . . And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.

MALACHI iii, 17.

New-York :

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P R E F A C E.

THE following collection of missionary memorials, now presented to the Christian public, has been prepared at the suggestion of many friends, not only of those who personally knew and loved the precious men and women whose lives are here portrayed, but also of those who love the cause in which they fell, and who believe that the interests of vital godliness and of the cause of missions would be promoted by its publication.

The lives of good men are the property of the Church; and the record of their virtues, their graces, their toils, and their self-denials, with the example of their triumph in the hour of death, constitutes the richest legacy they can leave to the Christian public. As Christianity, by its saving and refining power, has developed

the noblest specimens of human character, and has given to the world its treasures of inspiring biography, so the great modern missionary movement, by its appeal to the pious heart and its power of inspiration, has developed many of the noblest examples of Christian devotion, and offers to the world many beautiful examples of the highest forms of Christian character and of Christian heroism. The lives of these sons and daughters of the missionary enterprise belong of right to the work of missions; and whatever of instruction, inspiration, and encouragement can be gathered from their example, may and ought to be used to advance the interests of this great work.

Here we have grouped together brief memorials of eight noble missionaries, "who counted not their lives dear unto them," if they might share a part in the great work of evangelizing China. Providence guided them from widely separated parts of our own country to meet in one common field, the city of Fuh Chau. They were all pioneers in this new field. They all knew and loved each other. They were connected with different Christian denominations, and under the direction of differ-

ent missionary boards; yet they all breathed the same Christian spirit, and forgot in their common work all differences, and harmonized in the same devotion, the same entire self-renunciation, the same confident hope and trust in Christ. To them there was but *one Calvary, one redemption, one work*. Their lives were short, yet long enough to exhibit bright examples of the power of Divine grace, and to prove to us the depth, and strength, and maturity of their Christian character and experience. They finished their course with joy, none regretting their consecration to the work of missions, and each leaving some inspiring sentiment to encourage the Church, and to urge others to enter into their labors.

It was not their privilege to rest together in the quiet sleep of death. Four of them lie in the Mission Cemetery; three sleep in their native land, whither they had returned in broken health; one is buried in the great ocean cemetery, which keeps so many precious ones till the sea shall be required "to give up the dead that are in it." Doubtless they have all joined again in a blessed company in the Father's house above, and it has been to us a labor of love to

group their precious names together again in one common book.

Their memories they have left to us. Their names are dear to large circles who knew and loved them, and we believe the Christian public, and every lover of the great missionary work, will welcome this record of their toils and triumphs. To these personal friends, to that Christian public, and to all who love the cause of missions, we dedicate this work, and the object of its publication will be fully attained if its perusal shall lead to more expanded views of Christian duty, and shall awaken a deeper interest in the mission field to which these men and women gave their lives.

THE EDITOR.

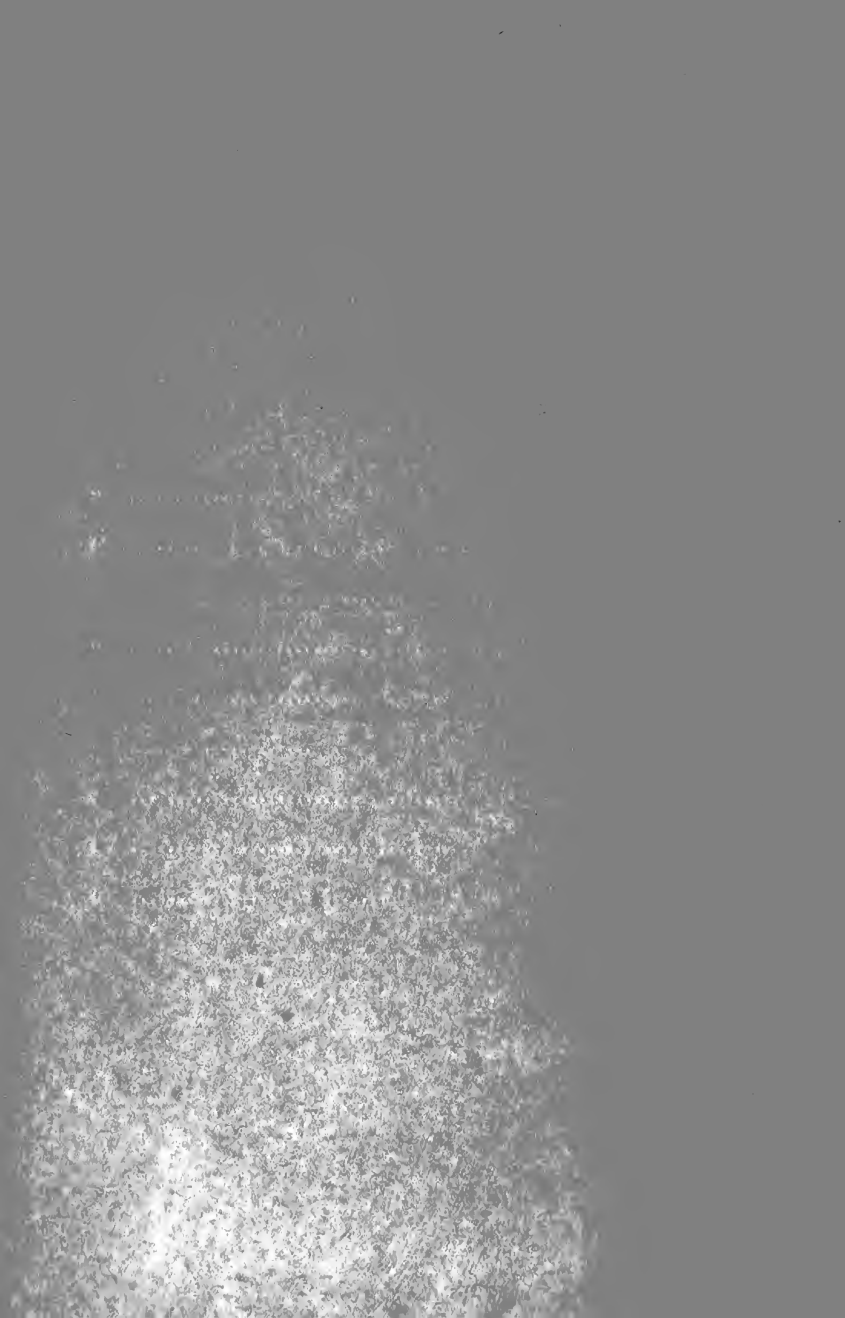
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INTRODUCTORY NOTICE OF FUH CHAU.

By REV. I. W. WILEY, M.D.,

LATE MISSIONARY PHYSICIAN AT FUH CHAU.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. Streater, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, near St. Dunstons

1679

By Authority

THE MISSION CEMETERY.

Introductory Notice of Fuh Chau.

FUH CHAU is one of the five cities of China opened to foreign residence and commerce by the treaties of 1842. It is the capital of the province of Fukien, lying in latitude twenty-six degrees seven minutes north, and longitude one hundred and nineteen degrees east, beautifully located near the banks of the river Min, about thirty-five miles from the sea. Fukien is one of the richest and most enterprising provinces of Southern China, possessing a territory of 57,000 square miles, and a population of 15,000,000 of the most hardy and adventurous natives of the empire. The scenery of the country is beautifully diversified throughout the whole province, which is swept along its eastern boundary by the waters of the Pacific, presenting throughout its whole length a bold and rocky coast, faced by numerous islands, and indented by beautiful coves and bays, affording ample shelter

to the native shipping. On the west it is to a considerable extent separated from the rest of the empire by the towering chains of hills which skirt its western border. The bay and harbor of Amoy furnish an excellent outlet for its valuable productions at its southern extremity; while the Bohea Hills, the great tea district of China, enrich it in the north, and form its northern boundary.

This isolated position has saved the province of Fukien from many of the warlike and revolutionary convulsions which have so frequently agitated the rest of the empire. Even during the war with England it was but little disturbed, and the provincial city was unvisited; and the great revolution of Taeping-wang only swept along the western borders, leaving the province unmolested, except by awaking uneasiness in the people, and brief local insurrections. As a result, the natives of Fukien have been permitted to pursue in quietness their peaceful avocations of agriculture, manufactures, and trade, and in the latter branch of industry have surpassed most other parts of the empire, in the extent and the distance to which they have carried their commerce. Their trading crafts are found in nearly all the ports of China, and their commerce extends to Japan, Loochoo, Cochin China, and most of the islands of the Indian Archipelago.

Fuh Chau, the provincial city, is situated about five hundred miles up the coast from Canton, and until

recently was only accessible to the foreigner through the Portuguese lorchas, small schooner-like crafts, owned and manned mostly by the Portuguese of Macao, and by which is conducted a lucrative, but dangerous and adventurous trade, in conveying or guarding native junks along the Chinese coast, to preserve them from the attacks of the native pirates, with which all parts of the China Sea are infested. For several years these little warlike crafts, themselves bearing no small resemblance to piratical brigantines, thoroughly armed from bow to stern, and manned by mixed crews of daring Portuguese and unscrupulous natives, constituted the only means available to the missionary for reaching Fuh Chau, and were the only vessels, other than native crafts, which navigated the river Min. In the summer of 1851 we chartered one of these little vessels at Hong Kong, and a voyage of eight days along the bold and barren coast of China brought us to the outlet of the river Min. About three o'clock in the afternoon, while a clear sun poured its flood of golden light over the beautiful scenery which skirts the *embouchure* of the river, we suddenly tacked about from our course and bore into the Min, winding our way through a picturesque group of islands, called the "White Dogs" and "Five Tigers," which seem like savage sentinels guarding the entrance of the river.

The scenery of the river Min inspires universal admiration. Travelers have frequently compared it

to the picturesque scenery of the Rhine ; but Americans find a better comparison in the bold scenery of the Hudson, which it equals in grandeur, and surpasses in the beautiful blending of rich lowlands, cultivated fields, and tributary streams. The principal entrance to the river is narrow, bounded on each side by lofty and naked hills; both of which, however, have been made to yield in many places to the ingenuity of Chinese cultivation, and exhibit, in numerous spots along their steep sides, beautiful verdant terraces, producing on their level surfaces a large variety of articles of food. This beautiful and striking feature, exhibiting the industry and ingenuity of the Chinese husbandman, is constantly repeated along the steep and naked sides of the high mountain range which extends along the northern side of the river, as well as on the more gentle slopes of the numerous hills which range in varied scenery along the southern bank of the stream, and the effect is too beautiful to weary the observer by its frequent repetition.

After passing between the two hills, which almost meet together at the mouth of the river, and between which the stream pours the great body of its waters by a rapid current into the ocean, the river widens into what appears to be a beautiful hill-bound lake, enlivened along its banks with numerous villages, and dotted over its surface with a multitude of small boats, constituting the homes of a large number of natives, who make their living by fishing, and dis-

posing of their supply to the people of the villages along the river. These river boatmen, from numerous acts of piracy and plunder, to which they have probably been driven by actual want, have gained a bad reputation, and have even been esteemed abroad as constituting one of the difficulties to be encountered in conducting a trade through the river. It was by the hands of some of these desperadoes that the lamented Fast, whose memoir finds a place here, came to his death.

On the right bank of the river is a large village named Kwantau, where there is a military establishment, and a custom-house, which is the general clearance office for the city of Fuh-Chau. Continuing to ascend the stream, the traveler reaches another narrow pass, called the Min-an, with columns of rocks on either side, piled up to the height of a thousand feet, between which the deep waters rush with great velocity. Beyond this, the stream again widens into a beautiful, broad, and deep river, skirted on the north by a high and broken range of mountains, glittering every here and there in the sun's rays with the torrents and cascades which rush down its precipices. On the south it is adorned by alternating hills and large level rice, or paddy fields, through which, in one place, is seen winding a large creek, leading back into the fertile country; and in another, opening out from the deep ravine through which it flows, a large branch of the river, which here returns

to meet again its parent stem. In the northwestern extremity of this view of the river may be seen two beautiful, and, in this warm climate, evergreen islands, lifting their hemispherical forms from the bosom of the river; and about three miles to the south of these, at the other extremity of the scene, is discovered a large triangular island, on the upper extremity of which rises the seven-storied pagoda which has given its name to this island. This part of the river constitutes the proper anchorage for vessels of large tonnage.

On the southern bank of the river, nearly opposite the two small islands above referred to, is a small fortified town, in which are garrisoned about a thousand soldiers, whose duty is to guard the passage of the river; and by several large sized cannon, which are observed mounted on rude carriages on the river banks, and a few others which are placed on the hill on the opposite side of the river, they would, perhaps, be able to command this part of the stream, if their guns were in good working order, and managed by a few American or European artillerymen. But the garrison, its soldiers and its fortifications, all in all, present anything but a formidable appearance, and in its buildings, temples, walls, guns, and munitions, exhibits those striking evidences of decay everywhere visible in China.

We visited this fortification, and after entering at the south gate, traversed the principal street within

the walls, which opens on a beautiful paved walk extending along the river, and shaded by a large number of luxuriant banyans. Within the walls we were treated with great civility, two or three of the principal officers good-humoredly attending us throughout our entire walk; while our strange and unexpected visit called into the streets perhaps the entire population of men and children, who gratified their curiosity by silently watching our slow march through the place. The women, through modesty, or rather, perhaps, through that subdued feeling of subjection which has been forced on so large a part of the female population of Asia, in but few instances ventured into the street, while we could observe large numbers of them anxiously watching us through the half-open doors and the lattices and open carved work of their houses, and could frequently hear their exclamations of surprise and pleasure on witnessing our children, objects which seemed to awaken the interest of all classes in this country. The entire population consists only of soldiers and their families, perhaps in all about two thousand, most of whom are Manchus. The houses are arranged in parallel lines, running from east to west across the area enclosed by the brick wall, and are of the small, one-storied form which is universal throughout China. The mandarin dialect is spoken within the walls; and as no trade of any kind is carried on, the houses and streets present an air of cleanliness which we have seen nowhere else

about Fuh Chau. Outside of the wall is a small temple, containing several decaying idols, and exhibiting in every respect the unmistakable evidences of a worn-out idolatry.

The tall pagoda of the village of Tong-ha, which is visible from the river, invited us to an excursion in the beautiful creek which leads to the village, about four miles south-east of the river bank. The creek winds its course through a small but well-cultivated valley, bounded on one side by a high and broken range of mountains, terraced and cultivated in many places to their very summits, and on the other side by varying hills and lowlands, the first bearing on their terraced sides a rich crop of vegetables, and the latter burdened with a large crop of rice, then ready for the sickle. The hills are adorned with numerous small groves of pine trees, interspersed with tombs and temples; and every here and there a noble banyan, of that peculiar species which is found in China, spreads out its far-reaching boughs, inviting the weary laborer in the paddy fields to enjoy its cool and refreshing shade.

Our arrival at Tong-ha summoned its entire population to the banks of the stream. The emperor and his court could not have had the honor of a greater *turn-out* in that village than we had, and it is doubtful if even his majesty could awaken greater curiosity, or produce more excitement in his reception, than did we. The village is a small place, made up principally

of the homes of farmers who cultivate the rich territory around them, and of fishermen, who pursue their vocation on the river and coast. It lies imbedded in clusters of banyans, pomegranates, lichi, and orange trees, which are gifts and beauties which nature has bestowed on this country with a lavish hand, notwithstanding the idolatry, degradation, and ingratitude of its wretched people. On account of the dense and moving mass of excited people who thronged the banks of the creek, we were unable to effect a landing, and allowed our boat to drift with the tide along the whole length of the village, each advance of our boat bringing a fresh accession of anxious spectators, who for the first time probably were permitted to look on a company of *western barbarians*. When our boat turned to descend the stream and leave the village, the whole crowd began to move with us, pushing and crowding among themselves, hooting and hallooing in great excitement; while not a few, determined to have a sight of the foreigners, rushed into the water and waded alongside until we reached the lower end of the village, and thus finished our visit to Tong-ha.

After ascending above the Pagoda Island, the river separates into two large branches, the principal of which, taking a northwestern direction, leads to Fuh Chau; while the other, ascending more to the south and west, again joins with the principal branch about eight miles above the city, after encircling a large and fertile island about twenty miles long, and

which, opposite to Fuh Chau, is six or seven miles in width. On the right bank of the principal stream is seen the high and picturesque mountain range called Ku-shan, one of whose lofty peaks lifts its pointed summit about three thousand feet above the level of the river, and overhangs, in solemn grandeur, a large Budhistic monastery, the approach to which is marked on the mountain side by a winding stone stairway, three miles in length. To this monastery the foreigners of Fuh Chau often resort, to find in its spacious apartments and its romantic grounds relief from the oppressive heat of the summer. This range of mountains recedes from the river, and in irregular and broken masses sweeps along the northern boundary of the large amphitheater in which lies the city of Fuh Chau. On the southern bank of the other branch of the river is another high range of exceedingly irregular hills, whose dark outlines are visible from Fuh Chau, thus completing the beautiful basin in which the city is situated. One of these hills, an abrupt eminence, called "Tiger-hill," which towers up in the distance just opposite the city, is supposed to have a strange influence over the destiny of Fuh Chau. It is said that an early prophet declared that when this hill, which terminates in an abrupt precipice on the river's edge, should fall, the city would be destroyed. To prevent this great catastrophe, two large granite lions are set up within the city walls, immediately facing this threatening hill, which are

supposed to counteract all evil influence of this rugged elevation.

As we approach Fuh Chau, the banks of the river on both sides are lined with boats; hundreds of small *sam-pans*, or row-boats, and larger vessels more permanently located, which serve as residences for their owners. These water residences are one of the striking features of Chinese life, and are found in all parts of the empire. The river population of Fuh Chau must amount to several thousand souls, born and reared, and spending their lives on these boats. The stream is occupied by hundreds of junks of all forms and sizes, from the massive uncouth vessels of Shantung to the neat little black painted crafts of Ningpo. In the center of the river lies a large island called Tong-chiu, or "middle island," connected with the banks of the river on each side by stone bridges, and densely covered with buildings, and occupied by a busy, thriving multitude, numbering several thousands. Several native official residences are found on this island, and formerly it was occupied by three mission families. The bridges which span the river on each side of the island are interesting specimens of Chinese ingenuity and patient labor; while the multifarious traffic which is conducted under small booths, lining one side of the whole extent of the bridge, and the thronging, bustling, noisy crowd which is perpetually pressing over it, give fine exhibitions of Chinese life. The bridges are of solid

stone, not arched, as we sometimes read, but consist of huge blocks of granite, more than twenty feet in length, and two and a half or three feet square, laid side by side, from pier to pier, thus constituting a solid stone flooring, which is covered by level flagstones, firmly cemented together. A stone balustrade runs along each side, consisting of flat blocks of granite about twelve feet long, two feet wide, and four inches in thickness, having their extremities deeply set in heavy granite columns, which are terminated on their summit by rude figures of Chinese sculpture, such as lions, tigers, dragons, etc. From its solid structure, and consequent durability, it is called the "bridge of ten thousand ages." As the tide descends, the current of the river is very rapid at Fuh Chau; and as the water forces its way through the narrow spaces of the bridge, it breaks into numerous noisy cascades, from which circumstance it is sometimes called "the bridge of a myriad sounds." Of course, it is only a "foot-bridge," for the simple reason that the Chinese do not make use of horses and carriages, but accomplish all necessary transportation of persons and goods by the shoulders of men and women.

On the south side of the river is a large suburb called A-to, divided into several districts, and stretching, for some two miles, along the river bank. In the lower part it expands over the level plain, presenting a mass of buildings and a dense popula-

tion, with some of its streets stretching far back toward the rice fields of the country. Throughout the greater part of the length of this suburb the ground rises from the bank of the river into broken hills, the faces of which are occupied with buildings and numerous temples, and the summits fringed with pine and fir-trees. Stretching for miles among these hills, in the rear of the population, is the city of the dead, the principal burying-ground of Fuh Chau. Here we may wander for hours among thousands of tombs of every size, from the small conical mound, covered with hard plaster, beneath which rest the remains of the humble poor, to the spacious, well-paved, and ornamented monument, covering an area of several hundred square feet, which indicates the resting-place of wealth and importance. Here, too, in a little secluded vale, covered with grass, shaded by clusters of olive and guava-trees, marked by its simple granite tombs differing from the thousands around them, and only separated from these curious graves of the natives by some clusters of shrubbery, is the "Mission Cemetery of Fuh Chau," where sleep in the calm repose of death those precious ones whose memory we here preserve.

A population of perhaps fifty thousand is found in this great suburb, consisting chiefly of moderate artisans and traders, whose shops and stores are arranged along the main street, and of boatmen, sailors, and merchants, and traders of Ningpo and

other places, who come to the city in trading junks. An extensive market in fruit, fish, and vegetables is carried on by the country women throughout the length of the principal street skirting along the river. This suburb seems to abound in temples, some of them constructed on a scale of great magnitude; and one, known as the Ningpo Temple, dedicated to the worship of Matsoo-po, "the goddess of the sea," is one of the most massive and interesting in the city. The gongs, and bells, and musical instruments of these idolatrous temples kept up a perpetual din throughout this suburb.

Circumstances have fixed this locality as the chief residence of foreigners at Fuh Chau. It was at once occupied at several points by the missions: in the district of Tuai-liang, by the American Board Mission; and in the district of Chong-seng by the Methodist Episcopal mission. The whole force of the Methodist mission is now located on a healthy elevated spot overlooking the whole vast suburb, and commanding a magnificent view of the whole "happy valley" of Fuh Chau. In addition to the ordinary Chinese chapel and school-house located here, this mission has recently completed, on the main street of this district, a neat Anglo-Chinese chapel or church, designed for both English and Chinese service. In Tuai-liang are the house and chapel of the lamented Cummings, who has gone to his reward. They are now occupied by Mr. Hartwell

and family. In this suburb, too, the merchants, who have recently discovered the eligibility of Fuh Chau as a place of extensive trade, have also located themselves; and on the hill float the flags of America and England, from the residences of the consular representatives of these governments.

On the north bank of the river lies another still more extensive suburb, stretching along the stream for a mile above and below the bridge, and reaching back a distance of nearly three miles to the walls of the city. In some places it spreads out to a considerable distance over the plain, and in others is contracted to the single winding street leading to the city gate. A population of perhaps a hundred thousand occupies this suburb, and it presents one of the most busy and interesting scenes about Fuh Chau. Stores, shops, factories, markets, banks, temples, arches, and public buildings are found in abundance; and the main thoroughfare, which connects the whole suburb with the city, is thronged from morning till night with a busy, noisy multitude.

In a very fine, elevated locality in this suburb, called *Pona-sang*, two missionary families of the American Board have fixed their residences, and near them, on the thronged thoroughfare, their chapels and schools. Here, too, the Methodist Episcopal mission has a center of operation in the district of *Iong-t'au*; and in still another part of the

vast suburb, this mission has completed, and recently dedicated to the worship of the "true God," a very neat and commodious church, the first erected in Fuh Chau.

Leaving this great suburb, by passing through the south gate, we enter the city proper, a vast and densely crowded metropolis, spreading over an area of many square miles, encircled by a massive stone wall, nearly nine miles in extent, and flanked every few rods with towers and bastions. The best bird's-eye view of the city is to be had from the Wu-shih-shang, or "Black-stone hill," a dark rocky eminence in the northwestern part of the city, which rises first by a gentle acclivity, and then by a steep and abrupt ascent, until its dark summit, crowned with an altar, and the implements of idolatrous worship, towers above all the surrounding city. From this point may be contemplated one of the finest views in China, embracing the whole vast amphitheater encircling Fuh Chau, bounded on all sides by the broken, irregular mountains, intersected by the winding branches of the river, and numerous canals and water-courses, dotted every here and there with little hamlets and villages, animated by the wide-spreading city and its suburbs, and relieved here and there by large paddy fields and cultivated gardens, all luxuriant in tropical vegetation. On the left, at the foot of the hill, lie the romantic and picturesque grounds formerly occupied by the British consulate;

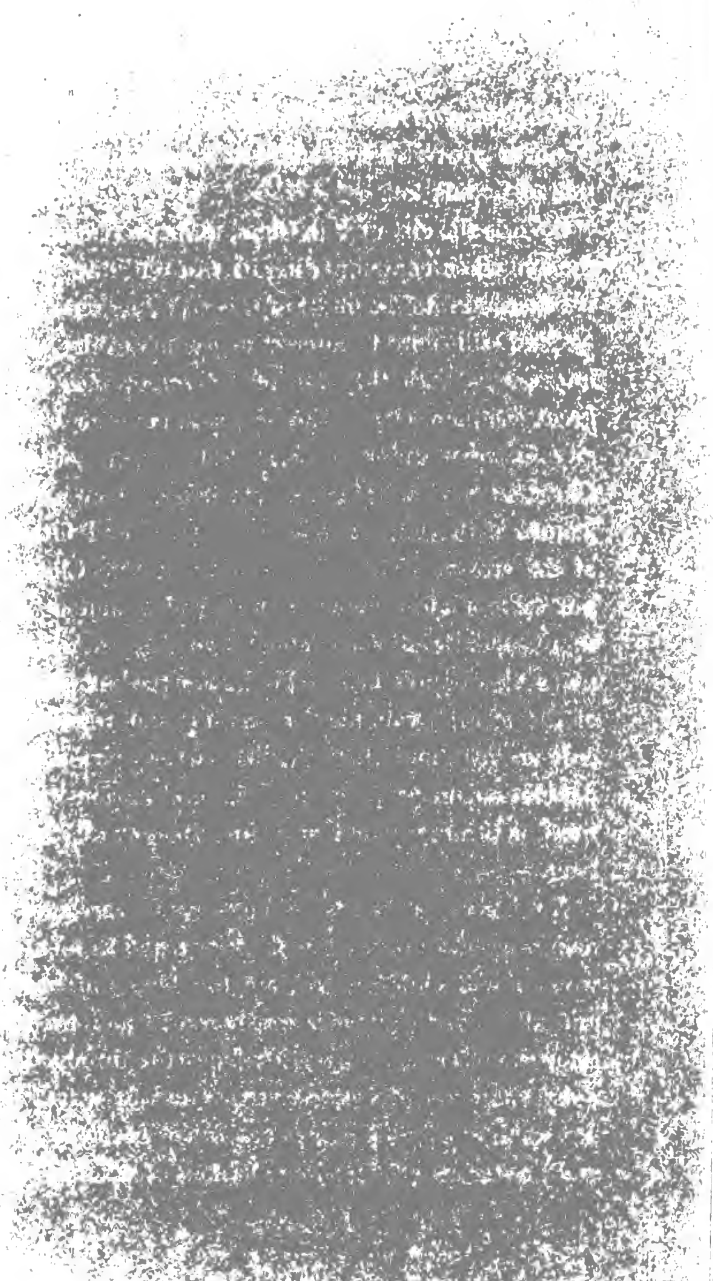
and on the right, the bold eminence on which, after many a struggle, the mission of the Church of England succeeded in establishing itself, where its buildings rise above all the plain, as a city set upon a hill. At your feet lies the populous city of Fuh Chau, with its teeming masses of living idolatry. Only a few buildings rise above the general level, to diversify the monotonous sea of tile and roofs. Two pagodas lift themselves up within the city wall, and towering high above all the surrounding buildings are prominent objects to the eye. Every here and there the eye is arrested by the joss-poles of honor, indicating the residences of the great mandarins of the city; or by the bright red color of the exterior of some more massive buildings, which bespeak the localities of the various temples scattered over the whole city.

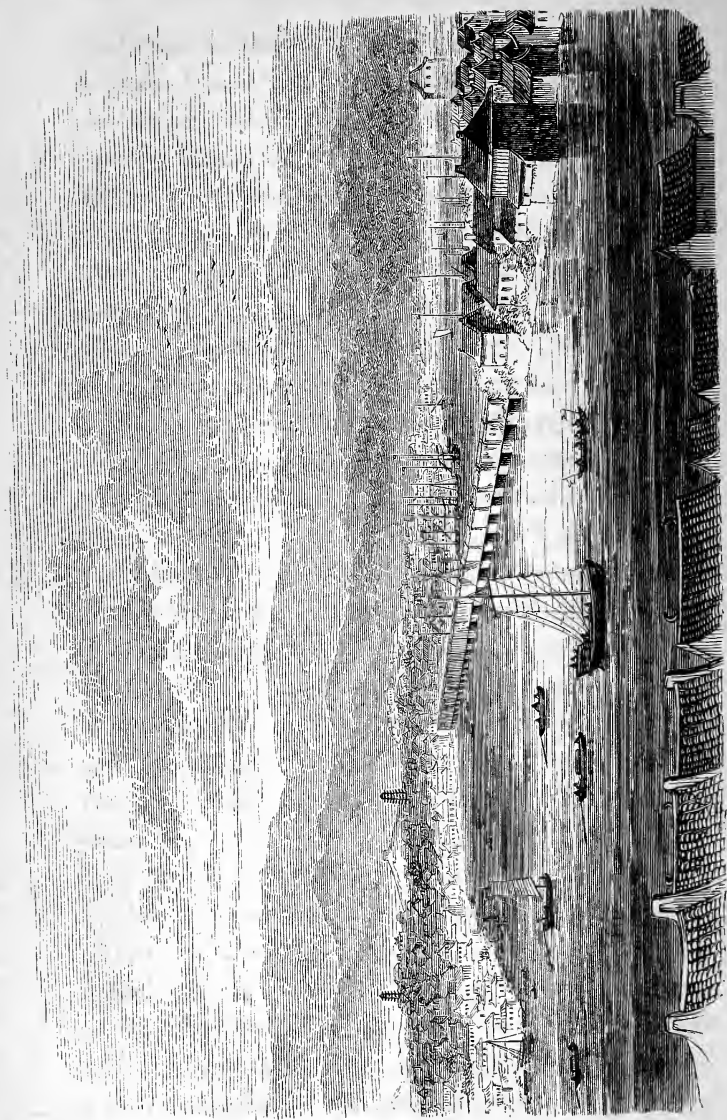
The fantastic form of the city watch-towers, and the more regular square form of the public granaries, impart some little relief to the fatiguing similarity of objects. The city is richly supplied with large wide-spreading shade trees, which, rising above the buildings, and spreading their verdant branches over the roofs, give to the city the appearance of being embosomed in a vast grove. But the noise and din perpetually ascending from below, the trade-cries and bells from the crowded streets, the beating of gongs, drums, and cymbals from the precincts of the temples, the noise of fire-works and crackers from

the offerings of the devout, soon convince us that it is not a grove of solitude, but is animated by a full tide of population.

Such is the city of Fuh Chau, as it presents itself to the eye when contemplating its vast outlines. When we descend into the midst of this teeming mass of life, we find still more to interest us by its novelty, and to impress us with the idea of the importance of this great heathen city. The appearance of a Chinese city is very different from that of the cities of Christian and enlightened countries. One striking feature is the narrowness, irregularity, and filthiness of the streets. These, in the city of Fuh Chau, are but seldom more than ten feet wide; and as each shopkeeper is allowed about two feet on which to place his counter before his house, the actual width of the street available for passing and repassing is only six feet, and through this narrow space a dense population, eagerly engaged in multifarious avocations, is thronging and crowding its way all the day long.

No horses or beasts of burden, or carriages for men or goods, are used in this city; and as men, and women, and children too, are the beasts of burden, and all movable articles are borne to and fro upon their shoulders, we may easily fancy the thronged and noisy character of Chinese streets and by-ways. Sedan chairs jostling against each other, borne by rough and boisterous coolies; huge baskets of salt fish, boxes





VIEW OF FUH CHAU.

of tea, bags of rice, a countless variety of manufactured articles, vegetables, poultry, live and slaughtered animals for the market, and other things too numerous to mention, borne on the shoulders of men, and women, and children, thronging and crowding each other, each struggling for room and jostling his neighbor out of the way, and each panting, sweating, toiling bearer helping to keep up a continual noise by crying to his neighbors to "look out," or "take care," or "walk straight," or "keep to the right," and the din of beggars' gongs and tradesmen's bells intermingling with angry and vulgar epithets from men, women, and children, make up the every-day scenes of a street in Fuh Chau.

Along these thronged and narrow streets are arranged the homes, and stores, and shops of the Chinese. These, in the vast majority of instances, are nothing more than little one-storied bamboo or mud-plastered hovels, without window or chimney, without ceiling or plastered partition; with a rough tile roof, dark and dreary, hanging over head; a ground floor, and black and filthy walls with a store or workshop in front; an open clay furnace, set in any part of the house, the smoke being left to find its way out through the cracks and crevices of the roof and walls; a few four-legged benches, a couple of odd-shaped chairs, some narrow boards laid side by side on stools, covered with a piece of matting, and provided with a round piece of wood to rest the head upon, intended

for a bed, or, in some instances, a huge and clumsy bedstead, carved and gilded, but filthy and smoke-stained, constituting the furniture.

This, to be sure, is not universally the case, but is so much so as to constitute the general type of houses and homes in Fuh Chau. Even the houses of those whose circumstances appeared to be easy, the houses of well-dressed merchants, who, on the streets and in their stores, are richly dressed in silks, satins, crapes, and broadcloth, still are but small one-storied establishments, destitute of cleanliness, neatness, and comfort. Here and there we find these one-storied domicils spreading over a considerable area, and embracing a number of apartments, constituting the homes of the proud and affluent mandarins. Here we may find painted or carpeted floors, ceilings stuccoed and frescoed, and adorned with painted birds and flowers. Some of these are inclosed with plastered walls, and in some instances these inclosures present to us beautiful gardens, filled with choice plants of every variety, dwarf shrubs, trained in the forms of birds, animals, trees, boats, etc., and decorated with artificial ponds, rocks, caverns, winding passages, ornamental bridges, and summer houses. In these houses of the highest classes may be seen rich divans, carved and inlaid tables, gay and beautiful lanterns, embroidered tapestry, gilded vases, fishes and birds in vases and gaudy cages, large mirrors, bureaus, bedsteads with mattresses and rich coverings and hangings, all elegantly

and tastefully arranged. But such scenes are few and far between at Fuh Chau.

A lively picture, indeed, is presented by the stores and shops so profusely arranged along the narrow streets, all presenting a full open front, and displaying the operations and the contents within. Here are to be seen the artisans of the various branches of native industry, plying their busy work, and vending the products of their labor in one and the same room, serving the purpose of workshop, warehouse, and salesroom. Here in one part are crowded together, in their narrow dwellings, amid the din of forges and hammers, little groups of wiredrawers, braziers, button-makers, and smiths, with four men alternating their rapid blows on the sounding anvil. Here again are to be seen image-makers, lamp-makers, cabinet-makers, carpenters, trunk-makers, wood-turners, curriers, shoemakers, tailors, gold and silver leaf beaters, umbrella-makers, cotton-beaters, grocers, druggists, stone-cutters, engravers, and decorators, all working away in the public gaze at the numerous arts which supply the necessities or luxuries of Chinese life. Thickly interspersed with these are the more gay and lively porcelain-shops, rice and tea stores, curiosity-shops, silk-dealers, trinket-makers, artificial flower shops, lantern stores, and book-rooms. At every corner are to be seen portable kitchens steaming away, and supplying to sundry hungry expectants the savory materials of a hasty meal; while, for the more aristo-

cratic, a succession of cook-shops, wine-shops, tea-rooms, pastry-cooks, and fruiterers, line the way.

Along these thoroughfares, one of the first things to arrest the attention of the foreigner are the numerous temples and buildings erected for religious purposes, their incredible number contrasting strangely with the appearance of general neglect, and the evidences which most of them present of desertion and decay. Nearly every street, and, indeed, sometimes every block or square, contains one or more of these idolatrous temples, their peculiar architecture and elevation above the other buildings everywhere arresting the eye. They abound in the suburbs, are found in every village, are scattered along the public highways, and are often seen standing out alone in the solitary fields. And, as if this were still not enough, we discover almost every mile on the waysides, and every few hundred yards on each street, small chapels or joss-houses, in which are niches occupied by idols, and vases perpetually containing burning incense.

Judging from such sights, the stranger would very naturally conclude that the people of Fuh Chau are devoted in their attachment to their national religions, and are wedded to their idols and superstitions. A closer examination, however, will soon convince him that such is not the case, and that the condition of these masses is rather that of religious indifference; that their idolatrous and unmeaning

systems seem rather to be worn out and effete, and are no longer capable of satisfying the wants and commanding the interest of the people. Not the least evidence of this is presented by these very temples and places of worship themselves. Nearly every one of them exhibits evidences of desertion and decay. Many of them seem never to be opened at all, and are covered with dust and filth. Others, entirely abandoned, are crumbling to ruins; their walls are fallen, and overgrown with weeds and moss; their spacious courts are empty and desolate; and their huge idols are broken and crumbling to dust on their deserted shrines. But few temples are now being built, and most of those now existing were built many years ago.

Such is a rapid outline of the scenes presented by the city of Fuh Chau, a pagan city of more than half a million of souls, and surrounded by a suburban population of more than half a million more, all now open to the missionary enterprise of the Church, and inviting the people of God to enter in and possess it.

But we must pass to a brief review of its missionary history.

Fuh Chau was scarcely known to foreigners before the treaties of 1840-42. It was even but little disturbed during the Anglo-Chinese war which preceded those treaties. It had been, however, for several years a profitable depot for the opium traffic, two

extensive British houses having their receiving ships stationed at the mouth of the river, and their agents residing in the suburbs of the city. Through the influence of these houses it was chosen as one of the ports opened to foreign trade and residence by the treaties, and was immediately occupied by a British consular establishment. Some years, however, were permitted to pass before this vast city attracted attention as a place of trade or a desirable point for missions. The magnitude and importance of the city were first made publicly known by Captain Collinson, of the British Navy, who visited it officially in 1843. In the following year the Church Missionary Society of England sent out the Rev. George Smith, now Bishop of Victoria, for the express purpose of visiting the open ports of China, and reporting on their comparative claims and feasibility as mission stations.

In December, 1845, Mr. Smith reached Fuh Chau, and spent nearly a month in exploring the city and its suburbs, and in investigating the question of its eligibility as a point for missionary action. Mr. S. was at once convinced of the importance and promise of this great city as a missionary field, and strongly recommended it to the Church Missionary Society for immediate occupancy. Its favorable situation, and its vast resources as a place of foreign trade, were only partially made known by this visitor, whose great business was to discover fields for missionary

activity ; and consequently several years more passed before the advantages of this city were discovered and made available for foreign commerce.

On the second day of January, 1846, the first Protestant missionary entered Fuh Chau. This honor belongs to Rev. Stephen Johnson, who already had been laboring for several years among the Chinese at Bangkok, in Siam, and who, as the Chinese at Bangkok were from the province of Fukien, and spoke that dialect, was thought to be an available pioneer, and was directed to enter this port by the American Board of Commissioners, under whose auspices he was acting. Mr. Johnson's knowledge of the Chinese language, as used at Bangkok, was of little avail to him here, as, although in the province of Fukien, the dialect of Fuh Chau differs widely from that used by the Chinese of Siam. Mr. Johnson gave nearly six years of earnest pioneer missionary activity to this infant field, and then, under prostrated health, returned to his native land, where he still lives, abundant in labors, and patiently awaiting the coming of his Lord.

The practised eye of Mr. Johnson soon saw in Fuh Chau a most desirable missionary station, and he recommended its rapid occupancy by the American Board. In a few months Rev. L. B. Peet and family, who had been fellow-laborers with Mr. Johnson in Siam, rejoined him again in Fuh Chau. For about ten years Mr. Peet and his estimable lady labored

efficiently in Fuh Chau, and then Mrs. Peet laid down the armor, and slept with the precious ones who had gone before. In 1856 Mr. Peet and his motherless children returned to America, where he still remains recruiting his health, and awaiting an opportunity to return to Fuh Chau.

In 1846 the attention of the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society was directed toward China, and after very considerable investigation of the claims of the various ports, decided on Fuh Chau for the location of their infant mission. Accordingly Rev. M. C. White and wife, and Rev. J. D. Collins, sailed for that port on the 15th of April, 1847, in the ship Heber, from Boston, and arrived at Fuh Chau early in September of the same year. Just one month after the arrival of these pioneers at Fuh Chau, on the 13th of October, 1847, two more missionaries, Rev. Henry Hickok and wife, and Rev. R. S. Maclay, embarked on the Paul Jones at New-York for the same destination, and reached Fuh Chau early in 1848. About one month after the sailing of these missionaries to reinforce the Methodist Episcopal mission, another company sailed from Philadelphia, and arrived at Fuh Chau on the 7th of May, 1848, to join the mission of the American Board. This little band consisted of Rev. C. C. Baldwin and wife, Rev. Seneca Cummings and wife, and Rev. William Richards. On the 31st of May, 1850, this mission was again strengthened by the

arrival of Rev. J. Doolittle and wife, who were accompanied, on their voyage from Hong Kong, by the Rev. Messrs. Welton and Jackson, who came under the auspices of the Church of England Missionary Society. Early in the same year the Rev. Messrs. Fast and Elquist, the first missionaries sent out to a foreign land from Sweden, by a recent society formed through the agency of Rev. Mr. Fielsteatt, long a missionary in Smyrna, arrived at Fuh Chau.

The history of these young and promising missionaries is brief and melancholy. After much and troublesome negotiation, they obtained the promise of a permanent residence in the neighborhood of the city walls; and in October, 1850, only a few months after their arrival, they visited an English vessel at the mouth of the river to obtain the funds necessary to complete the contract. As they returned in their small boat, they were suddenly attacked by a Chinese piratical craft, filled with armed men, which had put off from one of the villages along the shore. During the encounter Mr. Fast was mortally wounded, and fell from the boat into the river, which was at once his death-bed and his grave. His remains were never recovered. Mr. Elquist, when his friend had fallen, threw himself into the river, and by diving under the water succeeded in reaching the shore, having received several wounds. For two days, smarting under his wounds, and enduring the intensest mental agony, he wandered on the mountains

which skirt the shore of the river, when he finally reached a point of land near to one of the receiving ships, and was discovered and taken on board. One of the pirates, reported to be the leader of the gang, was fatally wounded by a pistol shot from Mr. Fast, of which he shortly after died. The neighboring piratical haunt, from which these murderers had put off, was subsequently destroyed by a military expedition dispatched from Fuh Chau. Mr. Elquist sank under the consequences of the frightful scenes through which he had passed, and in declining health visited Hong Kong early in 1851, in the hope that a change of climate and association would restore him to health. This result not having been realized, in 1852 he embarked for Sweden. Thus terminated this first attempt of the Swedes to establish a mission in China.

On the 9th of July, 1851, the Methodist Episcopal Mission was reinforced by the arrival of Rev. I. W. Wiley and wife, Rev. James Colder and wife, and Miss M. Seely; and on the 9th of June, 1853, the mission of the American Board was strengthened by the arrival of Rev. Charles Hartwell and wife, the latter being a sister of Mrs. Cummings, already in the field.

During this time Rev. Messrs. Hickok, Collins, Richards, Fast, Elquist, Johnson, Jackson, White, and Colder, had been withdrawn from the missions at Fuh Chau, some by death, others by sickness.

The record of those who have finished their labor and gone to their reward, will be found in this work.

In 1855 the Methodist Episcopal Mission was strengthened by Rev. Dr. Wentworth and wife, the last of whom soon fell, and sleeps in the cemetery at Fuh Chau. In the same year the mission was joined by Rev. Otis Gibson and wife, both of whom are still in the field. Dr. Wentworth was accompanied from Hong Kong to Fuh Chau by Rev. Mr. Macaw and wife, and Rev. Mr. Fernley, to strengthen the Church of England Mission. This estimable lady also fell in a few months, and rests in the cemetery attached to the British consulate at Fuh Chau.

Such has been the force that has been sent into this great heathen city since its first occupancy in 1846; in all, thirty-six male and female missionaries, of whom ten have died, thirteen have been compelled to retire by failing health and other causes, and thirteen still remain connected with the various missions.

We present on the next page a tabular exhibit of this missionary force.

The past ten years have been years of successful preparation, breaking up the new soil, and scattering on it the seeds of eternal truth. They are beginning to germinate and grow, and now the first-fruits are being gathered, and everything gives promise of a rich harvest.

Names.	Arrival.	Society.	Departure.	Years of Service.	Remarks.
S. L. Johnson.	1846	A. B. C. F. M.	1851	5	Ill health of Mr. J.
Mrs. Johnson.	1850	A. B. C. F. M.	1851	1	Ill health of Mr. J.
L. B. Peet and wife.	1846	A. B. C. F. M.	1856	20	Mrs. P. died 1856. Mr. P. retired.
M. C. White and wife.	1847	M. E. Miss. Soc.	1852	5	Mrs. W. died May, 1848.
J. D. Collins.	1847	M. E. Miss. Soc.	1851	4	Returned, and died in America.
H. Hickok and wife.	1848	M. E. Miss. Soc.	1849	2	Failure of health.
R. S. Maclay.	1848	M. E. Miss. Soc.	9	Still in the field.
Mrs. Maclay.	1850	M. E. Miss. Soc.	7	Still in the field.
C. C. Baldwin and wife.	1848	A. B. C. F. M.	18	Still in the field.
S. Cummings and wife.	1848	A. B. C. F. M.	1855	14	Mr. C. died August, 1856, in America.
William Richards.	1848	A. B. C. F. M.	1851	3	Died at sea.
Messrs. Fast and Elquist.	1850	Swedish M. S.	1850	1	Mr. F. was killed on the Min, and Mr. E. retired.
J. Doolittle and wife.	1850	A. B. C. F. M.	13	Mrs. D. died in June, 1856. Mr. D. is still in the field.
William Welton.	1850	Ch. of Eng. M. S.	1856	6	Retired in ill health.
Robert Jackson.	1850	Ch. of Eng. M. S.	1851	1	Removed to Ningpo.
I. W. Wiley and wife.	1851	M. E. Miss. Soc.	1854	5	Mrs. W. died Nov., 1853.
James Colder and wife.	1851	M. E. Miss. Soc.	1853	4	Retired.
Miss M. Seely.	1851	M. E. Miss. Soc.	1852	1	Married M. C. White, and returned in ill health.
Charles Hartnell and wife.	1853	A. B. C. F. M.	8	Still in the field.
E. Wentworth and wife.	1855	M. E. Miss. Soc.	3	Mrs. W. died 1855.
Otis Gibson and wife.	1855	M. E. Miss. Soc.	4	Still in the field.
Rev. Mr. Macaw and wife.	1855	Ch. of Eng. M. S.	3	Mrs. M. died 1855.
Rev. Mr. Fernley.	1855	Ch. of Eng. M. S.	3	

Notwithstanding the variable history of these missions, the many that have fallen, the large proportionate number that have had to retire, and the numerous and grave obstacles which have presented themselves, Fuh Chau must be looked upon as a successful missionary station. These first ten years have necessarily been years of arduous and difficult

pioneer work, in a city hitherto unknown; among a people bitterly prejudiced against the foreigner; and through the medium of a language which no foreigner had as yet ever attempted to learn; which is difficult of acquisition, and in which the new and sublime facts and principles of the Gospel had never yet been expressed. Of necessity, then, the field was one of toil and difficulty, and we wonder not, in view of the vast labors resting on these pioneer men and women, so many fell. Yet a vast work has been accomplished for Fuh Chau. The Christian Church has been represented by thirty-six of her sons and daughters in this pagan city. Ten of them have laid down their lives in bearing testimony to our great salvation; six of them still sleep in the suburbs of this city, their silent tombs yet witnessing for Christ; two of them rest beneath the soil of their native land; two of them await in the depths of the great ocean the coming of the Lord. One hundred and thirty-nine years of actual missionary labor have been given as the sum of the toil of these men and women. The language has been mastered and reduced to a method of easy acquisition. Houses have been erected for missionary residences; schools have been founded; chapels have been opened; churches have been built; the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ has been preached; the Bible has been printed and circulated in the classic version; large portions of it have been translated into the colloquial

dialect, and scattered broadcast over the city; books have been published and circulated; prejudices have been overcome and removed; the great plan of salvation has been made known to perhaps a million of souls, and a deep and wide-spread impression has been made on this pagan city in favor of Christianity.

The history of the past ten years, though presenting, as in all pioneer missionary movements, its sad and melancholy pages, has yet been such as to demonstrate the correctness of the action of the American and British missionary societies in selecting it as a field for missionary activity. The fact that so many have fallen, and others under broken health been forced to retire, while it presents a mournful chapter in the history of missions at Fuh Chau, is no real cause for discouragement, nor does it evidence the ineligibility of this city as a missionary station. Perhaps the proportion of fallen missionaries here does not surpass that of other new and untried mission fields; and we must remember, that although other parts of China had been occupied several years by missionaries and foreign residents, yet Fuh Chau was entirely unknown, and presented all the hazards and difficulties of an entirely new field. The missionaries entered it, ignorant of the language, the habits, the modes of living, etc., of the inhabitants. They knew not what articles of clothing, furniture, and even of food, might be procured or could not be had, and for the want of this information had, in many instances,

to endure grave disappointments and serious privations. They had no homes; rude, temporary shelter had to be provided, wholly unadapted to the wants of foreign residents in a new and untried climate. Long months, and even years had to pass before the prejudices of the people could be so far removed as to allow them to build comfortable houses. They met first of all the labor of acquiring a new language, about which no foreigner knew anything, toward which no books from other parts of China could be of service, and for which onerous task no teacher could be provided that could speak a word of English. They were in the midst of a new climate, new scenes, new modes of life, to all which they must learn to accustom themselves, while at the same time they were necessarily meeting grave obstacles and performing gigantic labors. No wonder many of them fell; fell, however, bearing the banner of the Great King in the forefront of the Lord's host.

These difficulties have been met and overcome. The night of toil breaks into the day of promise. Fuh Chau is now an inviting field of labor. Its climate is understood; the wants of the missionary are known and can be provided for; houses have been built, and comfortable residences can be rapidly procured; the language has been mastered, and made comparatively easy of acquisition; the prejudices of the people have melted away; a large foreign trade has grown up; a large foreign community is gather-

ing into the city. Fuh Chau is rapidly becoming an important center of commerce, and the conveniences and necessities of missionary life can be provided on the spot. The pioneer work is nearly done. Henceforth there will be no such drain on missionary life. The climate of Fuh Chau is delightful through eight months of the year; through the remaining four months, the only difficulty is the great heat incident to its tropical position, which can now be greatly provided against by the better homes of the missionaries, and by the numerous cool and refreshing resorts which have been found about the city. Unfortunate, indeed, would be the mistake of the Church were she now to forsake her missions at Fuh Chau, or permit them to languish, just when her sons and daughters have finished their vast preparatory work, when the door is just widely opened, when the field is just white for the harvest, and thus throw away, on the eve of victory, these vast advantages for which she has paid the price of many precious lives. No! let us cherish the memory of these fallen missionaries; let them live in the heart of the Church; let the cemetery at Fuh Chau, instead of startling us from the field, be as a precious voice from those that have borne the heat and burden of the day, calling us to enter into their labors.

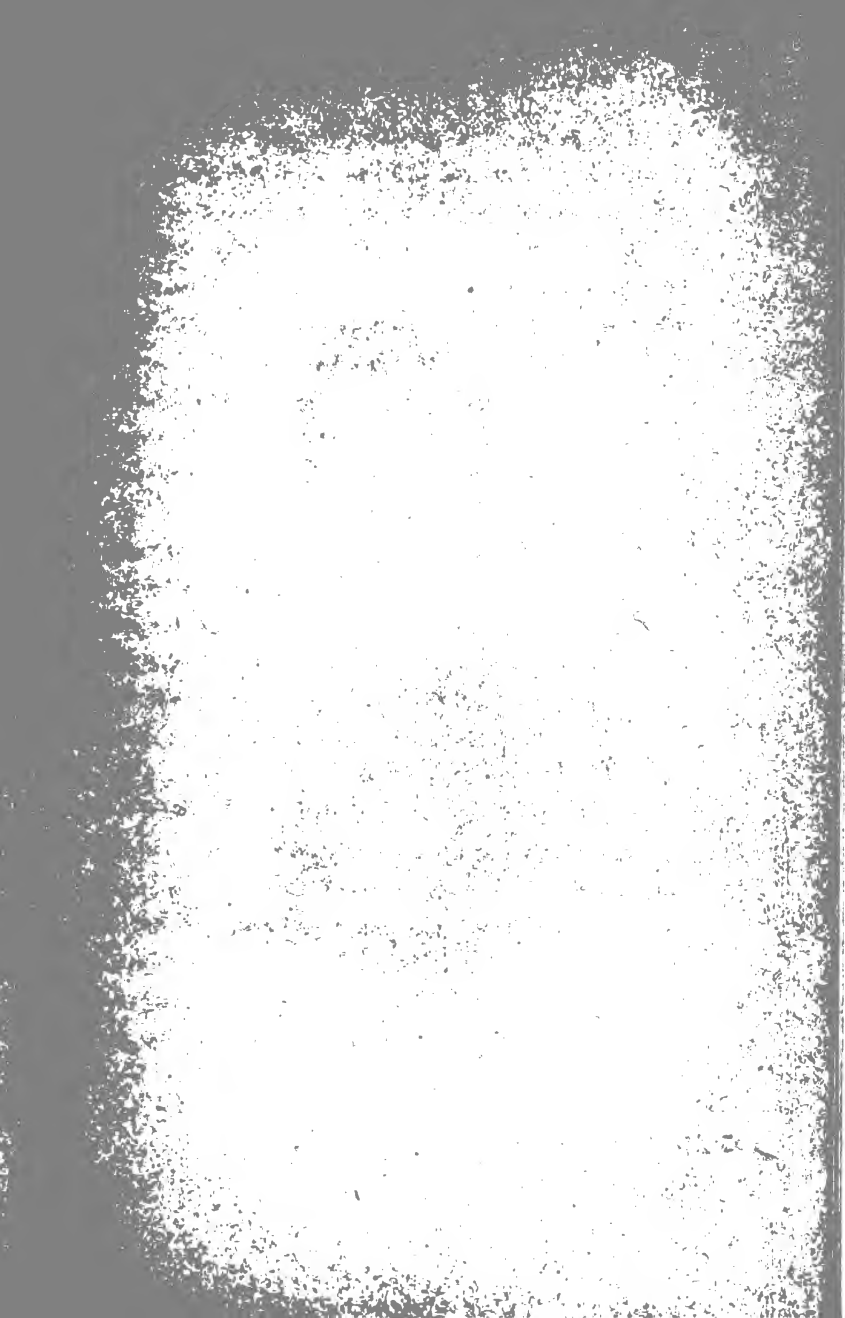
MRS. JANE ISABEL WHITE.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

BY REV. I. W. WILEY, M.D.,

LATE MISSIONARY PHYSICIAN AT FUH CHAU.







MRS JANE ISABEL WHITE

Mrs. Jane Isabel White.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.*

JANE ISABEL ATWATER, the subject of this memoir, was born near Homer, Cortland county, New-York, on the 22d of August, 1822. Her parents, Ezra Atwater and Esther Leaming, were natives of Connecticut, and inherited the principles and spirit of their Puritan ancestors. Isabel was deprived of her mother when only four years of age; but she had, even in that brief period, received impressions from her faithful Christian nurture which were never entirely effaced. She remembered distinctly standing by her bedside, and receiving her dying charge. The scene was never forgotten. Those parting counsels sank into the mind of the child, and did much to mold it to its peculiar pattern.

Miss Atwater's early education was strictly re-

* A large portion of the materials for this memoir has been drawn from an excellent notice of Mrs. White, by Rev. M. J. Hickok, of Rochester, New-York, published in the American Missionary Memorial, edited by H. W. Pierson, A.M., and issued in 1853 by Harper & Brothers.

ligious. Though deprived of her mother, her father still lived, a man of devoted piety, and who exhibited his religion in a remarkable degree in the domestic circle. Mr. Atwater was among the first who entered into the formation of a Methodist society in the region in which he lived, and for many years his house was the home of the earnest and warm-hearted itinerants who were laying the foundations of Methodism in Western New-York. Under the influence of his pious example and touching home lessons, his motherless family grew up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. One of his sons is a prominent minister in one of the conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, while nearly all the family have been zealous and devoted Christians.

Never will the children of this pious father forget the solemn warnings and earnest appeals addressed to them individually every Saturday evening. In Mr. Atwater's family that evening was sacred time, and its hallowing influence did much to impress upon his children that rare stamp of Christian character for which they are remarkable. Yet Isabel ever maintained that his *prayers* were more effectual than his *counsels*. "We knew," she wrote to a friend just before she left America, "the stated times and places of his intercession for us, and even then felt its influence."

Isabel was favored with very early religious impressions, and seems to have become a Christian

when a child. At ten years of age she had read the Bible through in course, for which she received from her father the present of a Bible, which she preserved to the day of her death; and its well-worn leaves attest how faithfully she studied the sacred treasure. She never knew the date of her conversion to Christ. Her early years were passed amid the sweet influences of a Christian family, and she seemed to glide imperceptibly into the experiences of a religious life. Exceedingly amiable in her disposition, docile in temper, and active in the acquisition of knowledge, she discharged her Christian duties with a zeal and a relish uncommon in children. She could not remember the time when she did not endeavor to perform them. Many well-marked and recollected changes occurred in her religious experience, but they seemed to be successive developments of Christian character. One of the most marked and decisive of these changes occurred at the time of her public profession of religion.

In November, 1838, at the age of sixteen, she left home for the purpose of pursuing her studies at the Oneida Conference Seminary, in Cazenovia, Madison County, N. Y., where she remained till March 30, 1840. Here she entered upon a new theater of existence. Her grasping desire for knowledge could now be gratified. Her religious character, also, was to be subjected to new tests and more severe exposures than she had ever known before. Soon after enter-

ing the seminary, the importance of personal faith in Christ, and of making a public profession of Christianity, was deeply impressed upon her heart. Hitherto she had tried to be a Christian without uniting with the Church. Now, however, she says of herself: "Thrown among perfect strangers, destitute of pious influence and restraint in my new home, I felt that the time had come for me to choose on whose side I would rank myself; but I allowed nearly a year to pass before I confessed Christ before the world. I waited for some one to encourage me and invite me to his fold, till I *dared* not wait any longer." These deeper workings of her heart seem to have been awakened by reading the memoir of Miss Hobbie. She says: "I believe this book was the means of inducing me to come out decidedly for the Lord." She united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in Cazenovia on the 21st of January, 1840, and was received into full membership at Homer, December 6, 1840. From that time until the day of her death she was emphatically a "burning and a shining light."

During the summer of 1840 she taught a public school near Homer, where she began to evince the practical character of her religion by opening her school every morning with prayer, an exercise which had just begun to have a decided influence on her pupils, when, greatly to her grief and the disappointment of the scholars, she was ordered to discontinue

the practice by the trustees of the school. During the winter of 1840-41 she attended the academy at Homer, and again taught school during the following summer. She loved teaching, and in this employment was always cheerful and happy. At the close of her summer school she wrote in her journal: "Truly this summer has been to me one green spot on the desert of life." During this time she steadily increased in piety and active Christian virtue, taking her greatest delight in doing good to others.

In September, 1841, she returned to Cazenovia, and re-entered the seminary. Here she began to be inspired by the spirit of missions, and soon was moved with a burning desire to become a missionary to the heathen. Two essays which she read publicly in the seminary at this time, were stirring appeals for the missionary cause, which were long remembered and felt in their influence, and which at the time fell like electric fire on one whose heart was already deeply enlisted in the missionary cause, and who has since gone forth as a herald of the cross to the realms of heathen darkness. In July, 1842, she completed the regular course of study, and received the diploma of the seminary.

In the autumn of 1842 she went to reside at Rochester, and the next April connected herself with the Washington-street Bethel Church in that city. This was a sort of union Bethel or mission church, located in the vicinity of the canal, and in a neigh-

borhood which strongly invited such an aggressive movement. Some earnest Christians, of several denominations, had united in this enterprise, and were accomplishing much good by their active personal efforts among a class of people seldom found in church, unless brought there by others. These zealous Christians would meet at the church on Sabbath morning, some time previous to the hour of service, and then dispersing in several directions, would literally go out into the highways and along the by-places, urging all they found to come to the Gospel feast. This movement at once commended itself to the subject of our memoir, and her missionary spirit and ardent desire to do good where it was most needed, led her to connect herself with this Church; and though it subsequently passed over into other hands, and became the Washington-street Presbyterian Church, yet her genial, catholic spirit found no difficulty in continuing her membership and her labors there. Her manner and spirit in the various walks of Christian usefulness there, are yet held in grateful remembrance. Modest, retiring, unobtrusive, she literally "did good by stealth." Whatever sphere of activity demanded most self-denial and humility, there *she* was found, struggling with difficulties, patiently removing obstacles, cheering with her constant ardor, and charming, by her lovely spirit, all who came into contact with her.

The field of her chief labor and solicitude at

Rochester, was the infant department of the Sabbath school in the Washington-street Church. This was then a laborious and responsible post. From thirty to sixty children were constantly under her care. The most of them were gathered up by personal efforts, and had no other religious training than that which they received in that school. Over them all her large heart yearned with Christian tenderness; and her hands and feet were swift to perform every kind office for their temporal and eternal welfare. No one knew, not even her nearest relatives, how much labor and solicitude she bestowed upon that neglected class of children. In the judgment of her friends she often overtaxed her strength; and to allay their anxiety in her behalf, she performed an untold amount of secret labor, in visiting from house to house, and praying with the objects of her compassion. In speaking of this school, after her connection with it had ceased, she said: "Though sometimes a sense of responsibility connected with it has been so great as to affect my health, I have ever felt it to be a blessed work. My confidence in its efficacy is constantly increasing. It has enlarged my heart toward every little child I meet, with *strong desires* that they may be included in the kingdom of God, and become active laborers in his vineyard. May he forgive me if I have loved the Sabbath-school cause too well, or attached too much importance to it."

Her attention was turned to the subject of missions, as we have seen, as early as 1841. In the autumn of that year, while enjoying a peculiar manifestation of the Saviour's love, her mind was directed to the heathen by an incidental remark. The impression that it was her *duty*, together with the desire that it might be her *lot*, to labor personally and directly in their behalf, from that time began to take possession of her soul. These feelings deepened and strengthened, till she was led to consecrate herself, body, mind, and heart, to this great work. She solemnly resolved, that while life and health were spared, she would hold herself in readiness to engage in it, whenever and wherever the providence of God should direct.

This deliberate purpose of her soul, however, was subjected to a severe trial. For nearly four years she could see no way of its realization. But she never once faltered. In heart and life she was a missionary. She conscientiously adopted those habits of self-denial and endurance which she supposed would be necessary upon the foreign field. In her dress, intercourse, conversation, and whole style of living, she endeavored to exemplify the true missionary spirit. This became at length her master passion. The society of friends, the ties of relationship, the dearest earthly love, were all made to bend sternly to this one controlling desire of her life.

Her acquaintance with Mr. White, the husband

and companion of her missionary life, reached back to the days when they were pursuing their studies together at Cazenovia. Similar views and hopes in regard to the missionary work served to ripen and cherish this acquaintance ; but the consummation of their mutual hope was for years in painful doubt. The Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church had not yet opened any missions in foreign heathen countries, except the colonial mission in Liberia, in Africa, and the policy of sending white missionaries into that field was of doubtful propriety. At length the establishment of a new mission in the Chinese empire was determined upon by the Missionary Board, and Mr. White was strongly recommended as a suitable pioneer missionary in this new enterprise and difficult field. Yet, after months of hesitation and delay, during which these two hearts were kept fluctuating between hope and fear, the decision finally was made to send into this new and untried field an older and more experienced man, and Mr. W. supposed that his labors must necessarily be expended at home.

When this intelligence reached Miss Atwater, it fell upon her like a thunderbolt ! The cherished object of her life seemed to be dashed to the earth, her only idolatry broken and rebuked ! It was a heavy blow, and her sensitive soul struggled with it in silence. An informal note to a confidential friend reveals to us the working of her spirit under this sore

disappointment: "I received a short letter yesterday, but long enough to tell me that I am *disappointed*! The question is *decided*, almost; scarcely a vestige of hope remains! . . . I did not look forward to the appointment with certainty; but my dearest hopes and wishes were centered there, more firmly, indeed, than I had supposed. I feel as if set adrift, with regard to every plan or scheme for the future. . . . This event will be the signal for the renewal of a mental conflict which has raged for two years, and which only subsided while that question was still uncertain. A favorable decision would have ended that conflict forever. But if the recommendation of the bishop is carried into effect, the pole-star of my existence for the last few years will be blotted from the sky! It is indeed a dark cloud that now intervenes."

These expressions indicate the deepest emotions. By far the most painful struggle of her life occurred at this time. Should she give up her cherished missionary longings, and settle down upon this decision as the expressed will of Providence? Most individuals would not have hesitated to do so. Many would have been glad to avail themselves of such an interpretation of the ways of Providence. But she could not thus sever herself from the cherished purpose of her soul. The missionary spirit in her was not only the offspring of a sense of duty, but was pervaded also by the earnest desire of her heart. Hence,

while she bowed in silent submission to the dark dispensation, she did not relinquish the hope of spending her life as a missionary. Her fear on that point was her only bitterness. There were no groveling or selfish feelings in her experience; but the grand difficulty which weighed upon her spirits and enfeebled her health, was to give up the cherished passion of her life, and leave the heathen world to die without any personal agency in giving it the Gospel!

But her pious desires and purposes were not to be wholly disappointed. God first tried his servants, and then opened the way for the fulfillment of their cherished object. The singular train of providences which resulted, in the course of a few months, in the substitution of Mr. White for the man who had been originally designated to that field, need not here be explained. They were unanticipated, and, to human view, mysterious. The final appointment was made but a few weeks before the missionaries sailed. They were weeks of high exultation to Mrs. White. She had been brought to submit cheerfully to the great Disposer of all events before she had any intimation of his will in the ultimate disposition of this matter. She herself recognized in her own unaccountable calmness, even when all was dark, the *assurance* that her chief desire should be gratified. "I will bring the blind by a way that they know not," was to her not only a sweet promise, but a prophetic

announcement. She trusted it, and found that her confidence was not misplaced. She entered upon the missionary work at last under circumstances more auspicious, perhaps, than she had ever pictured to her glowing fancy. It is thus that many of the dark dispensations in the life of God's children are but disciplinary preparations for higher manifestations of God's favor and love.

Time was short, and but a few weeks were before our young missionaries to prepare for their long voyage and arduous mission. On the 13th of March, 1847, they were married in the Washington-street Church, Rochester, before a large concourse of sympathizing friends, by Rev. Samuel Luckey, D.D., presiding elder of Rochester district. But a single month passed, busily occupied in preparing their outfit, and on the 15th of April they sailed from Boston in the ship "Heber." Their colleague in this new enterprise was Rev. J. D. Collins, who accompanied them in their voyage, and who, after a few years of earnest and successful missionary toil, returned to America broken in health, to find a grave in the country of his fathers. His memoir occupies a place in this record of the fallen missionaries of Fuh Chau. They were also accompanied on their voyage by Rev. Mr. Doty and wife, and Rev. S. V. A. Talmage, missionaries of the American Board, who were destined for Amoy, where they still live, doing noble work for the Master's cause.

We need not follow them in their journeyings across the great sea. A pleasant and prosperous voyage of one hundred and ten days brought them to the shores of China, and on the evening of August 4, 1847, they anchored off the city of Macao. They remained several days in the vicinity of Macao, Canton, and Hong Kong, making preparations for their further voyage up the coast of China, for they had yet a voyage of five hundred miles to make, at that time the most dangerous and trying part of the voyage to Fuh Chau. From Hong Kong she dropped the following note to her brother, breathing the same earnest and hopeful spirit, and evincing the same courage and trust in God which characterized her Christian life in America, and which accompanied her down to the shades of death itself.

“DEAR BROTHER,—As I have given a minute account of our voyage, in letters that are now *en route*, I will only say in this, that with God’s blessing we anchored safely at Macao, on the fourth of August, after a voyage of one hundred and ten days from Boston. The sum total of our voyage is, that we had a pleasant passage, little sickness, no ‘ennui,’ a kind captain, agreeable passengers, and no accidents. We stopped one day at Macao, and left the next for Whampoa, the anchorage for shipping about twelve miles from Canton. To accomplish this trip we all got into a ‘sam-pan,’ a small Chinese boat worked by rowers, and were soon landed at Dr. Parker’s,

where we took dinner. Canton is the most indescribable place I ever saw. I could scarcely obtain a correct or clear idea of it myself. It seemed to be just one mass of buildings, as the streets are mere paved paths, not so wide as the side walks in Boston, and covered most of the way by verandahs meeting above. The foreign part is more open, and contains some splendid buildings. Adjoining it is the American garden, a fine promenade, and the only one the foreign residents have, as they do not venture into the streets much. I walked a mile through the city in company with Dr. Ball and daughter to his house, where we had been invited to breakfast. It was thought quite a feat, as females had scarcely begun to venture into the streets since the troubles in April. Our appearance created some sensation, though we were not disturbed.

“We left Canton in a Chinese ‘fast boat,’ a crazy looking but sufficiently comfortable craft, for Hong Kong, distant seventy miles. We stopped at the Heber on the way, and took in our luggage, bidding good-by to the captain and crew, and the noble ship that had brought us so safely on our trackless journey. There was so much freight among us six passengers that we had to charter two boats, living in one, and trusting most of our things to the honesty of the Chinese in the other. We provided for ourselves, the natives doing our cooking. Dr. Parker furnished our ‘chow chow,’ which is the phrase here for sup-

plies of food; while kind Captain T., of the Heber, contributed a boiled ham, bread, cheese, etc. We reached Hong Kong in thirty-six hours, and were warmly welcomed by the missionaries of the American Board. In heathen lands, blessed be God, we are all one in Christ. Here we separated from our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Doty and Rev. Brother Talmage, who had gone on their way to Amoy. Being now all ready to start for Fuh Chau, where, unless we arrive before the change of monsoon, (which is near,) we cannot go till next spring, you may judge of our joy at the arrival on Tuesday of the 'T. W. Sears,' with our truant chattels. As there was no vessel going direct to Fuh Chau, we have been obliged to charter a small lorcha, in which we must make the remainder of our voyage.

"Through the kindness of my Boston friends, to whom a lasting debt of gratitude is due, I was made very comfortable on the voyage. May the Lord reward them a hundred fold. We expect to leave to-morrow. All well and happy. Do not be over anxious for us.

"We have experienced abundant evidence of the especial care and protection of our heavenly Father. His guiding hand has, indeed, been over us. I have no fears for the future, though I know that a difficult and toilsome, if not dangerous path is before me."

On the morning of August 21 they embarked on the lorcha, and sailed for Fuh Chau, where they arrived

on the 7th of September, 1847. Of the five consular cities or ports of China open to foreigners, this is the middle one, and in point of population the second. In all respects, perhaps, this is the most desirable place of residence for missionaries in China. Situated about thirty miles from the ocean, on the river Min, which, for beauty, grandeur, and sublimity, surpasses even the noble Hudson, but then considered dangerous for the navigation of foreign vessels, Fuh Chau had as yet been unvisited by any of those influences which too often spring from extensive foreign intercourse in heathen countries, and which too often operate as obstacles to missionary work. Quietly seated in its own vast amphitheater, made by the towering mountains which surround it, the whole great valley presenting a scene of beauty but seldom witnessed, and covered by the great city and its wide-spreading suburbs, with their population of a million souls, it presented to our young missionaries a vast, open, and promising field. They were the first to enter it from the United States; for though they were warmly greeted by Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Peet, and Rev. S. Johnson, of the American Board, who had arrived a few months before, these last were already tried and experienced missionaries, and had entered China from Siam.

A small island in the river, densely populated, constitutes a part of the suburbs of this great city. On this island Mr. and Mrs. White, and Mr. Collins, took

up their residence. Here, amid the most charming scenery in the world, surrounded by nearly a million perishing heathen, whose earthly abodes could all be seen at a single glance, the subject of our memoir entered with a full heart upon her actual missionary life. Here all her evangelical sympathies were awakened, and she devoted herself to her preparatory labors with a zeal too fervent for her delicate constitution. Sad mistake, too often made, but hard to avoid by the young, enthusiastic missionary. A heavy task, amid novel duties, strange scenes, and in a new and untried field, pressed upon her. Her earnest spirit urged her too rapidly to attempt its accomplishment. She managed the domestic concerns of the missionary family, and spent several hours of each day in intense study, endeavoring to master the gigantic difficulties of the Chinese language. Whenever she went about the streets she was thronged with benighted women and children, to whom she longed to communicate the knowledge of a Saviour. But her tongue was tied! The gift of speech in that most difficult of all languages was, indeed, an acquisition highly to be prized. Mrs. White desired it earnestly, and sought it with a vigor and perseverance which broke her constitution, and probably cut short her days. She had contracted a slight cold in the autumn, soon after she arrived in the country, and her extraordinary labors in the exhausting atmosphere of a new climate, and through

a damp, chilly winter, brought on a disease of the lungs, which carried her rapidly to the grave. We must remember, too, the trials and exposures to which our pioneer missionaries were subjected, in the impossibility of securing comfortable homes, and providing many of the necessities of life in this heathen city, where all was then new and unknown.

Mrs. White began soon to realize that her missionary life was to be a short one, and that her mission to China was to be like that of those who being dead still speak. She was to make the first missionary grave in Fuh Chau, and her preaching was to be the silent preaching of the fallen pioneer, addressed to the missionaries and the heathen around her, and to the Church that sent her forth. Yet this conviction did not shake her faith, nor make her spirits droop, nor subdue the ardor of her missionary devotion. She worked while she lived, and trusted in the God of missions when she died. That remarkable exhilaration of spirits at the prospect of devoting her life to the missionary work, which to her friends was so wonderful and so distressing, swallowing up all the pain of parting with them and with her dear native land in one absorbing passion, *never once left her!* All who knew her feared the reaction of a toilsome missionary life upon such high excitement, *but it never came.*

When leaving the harbor of Boston, and the blue hills of her home and country were fast sinking be-

hind her, she felt no misgivings, no gloom. "That blue line of native land," she wrote to a friend, "is engraven indelibly on my memory; I would not have it effaced; but I saw the last dim outline without any regret." The tedious and enervating monotony of sea life never affected her spirits. For nearly four months the dull routine of ship scenery and employments was entered upon with unimpaired relish. This triumphant devotion to her chosen work never abated, amid all the toils and trials of a new missionary field in the heart of the Chinese empire. Even withering consumption, as it advanced with remorseless steps, could not quench her enthusiasm.

At length her system, which had been gradually sinking under the exhausting influences of a new climate and oppressive duties, was invaded by disease of a formidable and threatening character. When it became apparent that she must sink very quickly to the grave, it was suggested to her, in accordance with the advice of her physician, that she should *return to America* as the only hope of saving her life. When she heard this proposition she burst into tears, and said: "She could not bear the idea of leaving the field; she came to labor and to die there whenever God saw fit to call her." About this time she wrote also to her brother, in view of the dark prospect before her. She says in conclusion: "I have loved my dear Saviour before, and think I have loved him and still love him with *all my heart*; but never did I

know so much of that exhaustless *ocean* of his love as since this affliction has fallen upon me. I am not sorry I left America. I am not unwilling to be afflicted to any extent, if God will stand by me as he does in this time of trial. I love the cause of my Master, and earnestly desire the salvation of these perishing millions of Chinese. I regard still that day when I was commissioned to come to this field of labor as the happiest era in my life. Though cut off in a great measure from communication with friends at home, I know that many prayers ascend in my behalf and for the prosperity of this mission, and it is in answer to these fervent prayers that such great blessings and comforts are conferred upon me." To another she wrote: "I have no hope of recovery; but what of that? I know in whom I have believed, and there is no reason why I should be cast down. I can see the hand of God plainer now than ever in bringing me here, though for so short a time. I had much rather lay my body here in China than in America." This spirit of cheerful and even joyous resignation to the will of God continued till the close of life.

As the spring approached the symptoms of her disease became alarmingly worse. Every effort in the power of the mission was put forth to arrest it, but all in vain. Advice was obtained from an English physician in Amoy, to whom an account of her case was sent, and the surgeon of an English man-of-war which visited the port called to see her. But her system

was already too weak to respond to the power of medicine. Being conscious in March that her recovery was hopeless, she commenced setting her house in order. With a calmness that was even wonderful, she gave her directions concerning such things as she wished attended to after her death, and wrote to her nearest friends in view of her approaching dissolution. Her last words to her brother were as calm and peaceful as if they concerned the most common matter. Her confidence in the Saviour of sinners was firm and unshaken. For several weeks before her death her mind was so weak that she found it difficult to collect her thoughts to engage in prayer, but frequently remarked that when she could do this she had seasons of rich spiritual enjoyment. A few days before she died she was asked if she found any difficulty in her weak state to rely upon Christ as her Saviour. No, was the reply. Do you feel a satisfactory assurance that he accepts you? Yes, for the last week *especially*, was her reply.

On the night before her death, when it seemed evident she had but a few hours to live, she was informed that she was in a dying state; and though for weeks she had been able to converse but very little, and had been so weak that it was difficult to collect her thoughts, she now had a lucid interval in which her mind was clear, and she was enabled to bear testimony to the power of Divine grace in the most clear and satisfactory manner. She had wished for a week

or more, if it could be the will of God, to have a little time for clear and collected thought before she was called away. Her prayer now seemed to be fully answered. The little missionary band to whom she had strongly attached herself, and three of whom have since gone to meet her, gathered around her dying couch, and zealously ministered to every want. Steadily the destroyer moved on, his very foot-prints began to be visible, and Mrs. White was told she could live but a few hours. She manifested no surprise, no fear. She asked the privilege of being *alone* with her husband for a little season, before they parted to meet on earth no more.

The sacred privacies of that sweet and awful hour we must not invade. A single passage only of that high communion we are permitted to contemplate. When assured that no one else could hear what she said, the dying saint, drawing her earthly companion close to her bosom, delivered her dying charge: "My dear husband live for *one* thing, and one *only*; only *one thing, just one thing. The glory of God! The glory of God!*" When asked if she was afraid to die, she replied, in a slow, clear, and collected manner: "No! I am not afraid to die; I am not afraid to stand before the judgment-seat. But it is because I trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. I felt myself perfectly helpless, and I renounced every other dependance, and cast myself entirely on Christ, and now I am not afraid to die."

It was late in the evening, and all the missionary brethren stood once more around her bed. She thanked them for their great kindness to her, especially during her last sickness. She gave each of them some solemn parting message, and, in the presence of them all, and almost with the disinterestedness of an angel, said to her husband: "Mr. White, I beg of you, not for my sake, but for the sake of these poor heathen, that you control your grief, and avoid giving way to your feelings when I am gone, for at least three months, and let them see how Jesus can support his people in times of trial." And then turning to the little missionary company, she requested all, as they became able to speak the language, to tell the people, as her dying testimony, that Jesus can make his people happy when they die. Her attachment to the cause of missions burned to the last. It was obviously her "ruling passion strong in death." It swallowed up the love of friends and of life. Amid the absorbing interests and mysteries of a dying moment, she would press even the anguish of parting and the desolations of the mourner into the means of its advancement.

She lingered through the night in a partially unconscious state, and about eight o'clock in the morning of May 25, in China, but about seven o'clock in the evening of May 24, American time, she fell asleep in Jesus, aged twenty-six years. As she ceased to breathe a single tear dropped from each

eye and rolled down her cheek; but all was silent, and the revelations of the blessed world must interpret the significance of these silent tears. Perhaps they only started from their fountains in response to the following portion of one of Luther's hymns, the failing sounds of which fell on her dying ear as she passed away, but to which she could make no reply in words:

“Not in mine innocence I trust,
I bow before thee in the dust;
And through my Saviour's blood alone,
I look for mercy at Thy throne.

“I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends that linger here;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.”

The next day, in the afternoon, a sermon was preached before the little missionary company that assembled to attend the solemnities of the first Christian funeral in the city of Fuh Chau. Rev. J. D. Collins, the colleague of Mr. White, and who was himself the next to fall, improved the solemn occasion. Toward evening her remains, in a plain coffin, suspended from bamboo poles, and borne on the shoulders of four Chinamen, were conveyed to a beautiful and sequestered spot on the south side of the river, and deposited in what has since become the “Mission Cemetery.” There, under a wide-

spreading olive-tree, deep in the soil of that land she loved so well, lie the mortal remains of our dear departed sister, peacefully awaiting the "resurrection of the just." The small and stricken procession was followed by a curious crowd of noisy and stupid heathen, who mourned not because they knew not their loss.

Such zeal and devotion, brief as may be their career, are the choicest legacies which can be left to the cause of missions. These missionary graves are sacred. In the language of Mr. Collins, in his touching address at the funeral of this fallen missionary, "This missionary field cannot now be abandoned. Her grave cannot be left as the only testimony to the power of religion in this heathen city. God will yet have these hills and these plains resounding with praises to Immanuel. The olive branch that waves over her grave shall extend its benign influence, speaking of peace and good-will to men, till the millions of China are converted to God!" Such examples dignify our common humanity, and shed new value and beauty upon our Christian hopes. The reality and power of the grace of God are placed before us in new vividness. To use the beautiful language of Rev. Mr. Hickok, a former pastor of this beloved sister, and from whose memorial of her we have already largely drawn, "The worth of the soul and the nearness of eternity impress us with extraordinary solemnity in the light of such a life as that of

Mrs. White. She trampled upon difficulties ; she courted self-sacrifice, and counted not her own life dear. No pleasure could fill her soul like the angelic luxury of doing good. No enjoyment could elevate and thrill her very being like the privilege of devoting herself to the welfare of the dying heathen. This master-desire of her heart was gratified, and she rejoices, we cannot doubt, with all an angel's emotion, that she was permitted to *die* for the cause of missions.

“Although she did not survive her preparatory work ; although she was not permitted to utter a single saving truth, nor unfold one Gospel promise to the perishing Chinese, over whom her heart yearned so intensely, yet she lived not in vain. Her martyr spirit shall be a perpetual source of missionary power. She ‘being dead, yet speaketh.’ While her memory lives in that crowded Valley of the Min, evangelical labors there shall be quickened with a holier devotion. Many a tired laborer may hereafter stir up his flagging energies by a visit to her grave. Many a chafed and weary brother, ready to sink under the burden of missionary life in that dark empire, perchance shall be thrilled with loftier heroism as he recalls the modest activity, the quiet enthusiasm, the quenchless ardor, and triumphant end of Jane Isabel White, of Fuh Chau.”

REV. WILLIAM L. RICHARDS.

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS.

BY REV. C. C. BALDWIN,

MISSIONARY OF THE A. B. C. F. M. AT FUH CHAU.

Rev. William L. Richards.

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS.

THE Rev. William L. Richards was the son of a missionary. His father, the Rev. William Richards, was one of the earliest members of the Sandwich Island Mission, having arrived at Lahaina in May, 1823. The subject of this sketch was born at Lahaina, Sandwich Islands, December 3, 1823, and was the eldest of a family of eight children. He resided in the islands with his parents until the fall of 1836, when he embarked with his parents and five brothers and sisters for the United States. During this period of thirteen years he was most sedulously guarded against contact with idolatry. This was through the wise management and complete domestic arrangements of his parents. He often spoke of this fact with interest, and accorded to these dear parents the highest meed of praise for their persevering efforts, which, through God's blessing, secured the almost perfect isolation of their children from the debasing influences of heathenism. Without was thick darkness, but they had "light in their dwelling." It was under such blessed culture, stimulated and hallowed

by a father's and a mother's prayers, that the mind and character of our brother were molded in their first unfoldings.

Up to this period, also, he received all his instruction, with but one slight exception, at home, there being at that time no other mode of instruction for missionary children. The Rev. Mr. Spaulding, a near neighbor, for a few months previous to his leaving for the United States heard his recitations in Latin, while his father instructed him in Hebrew. From a mere child his fondness for reading and study was great, and having his father's large library at command, he treasured up much useful and valuable knowledge, so that upon his arrival in the United States he was considered well prepared to enter college, which nothing but his extreme youth prevented him from doing immediately. While in his twelfth year, during a revival among the mission children at the islands, he indulged a hope that he had met with a change of heart; but after he entered college he gave up his hope and confidence, though he continued extremely sensitive and thoughtful on the subject of religion.

His parents, after having provided for the comfort and education of their children, soon bade them farewell, and with the true missionary spirit returned to the Sandwich Islands, leaving their loved ones behind. A severe trial was this to both parents and children. William felt the separation keenly, and

often relieved his young heart of its burden of affection and its longings for communion with parents. It will not be out of place in this "missionary memorial," to insert one of the letters of this lonely missionary boy to his parents far away in the islands of the sea. Under date of August 24, 1839, he writes:

"MY DEAR PARENTS,—I now take up my pen to write you, dear father and mother, again. But when I think of you I feel homesick to think that we are separated from each other by such a distance as eighteen thousand miles; to think I cannot visit home in vacations, as other students do. Yet I feel glad to think I may see you again in three or four years. In two years more, if nothing happens, I shall finish my collegiate education. I shall be at that time about eighteen years old. But I will not look forward, for all my hopes may be cut off as were my brother's. I will look back to those pleasant days we had at Lahaina. How happy we were then! We never thought how hard it was to part with home. No one scarcely imagined it. I could not *then* think what a hard thing it would be to have no parents to watch over me. Now I know, and feel it too. Every little thing like home reminds me of it. I presume, yes I know, that almost every thing you see reminds you of us. You anxiously look for something from each of us on the arrival of every vessel from the United States. And when you receive the letter how joyful you must feel, though at the same time you fear

lest there should be some sad news in it. I am just so. I have not received a letter from you for six months; but I expect one every day. I received mother's journal of your voyage out, which was much worse than ours to America. I have not received many letters from my brothers and sisters, and have not seen them either since I left them."

Same letter, September 12th: "Again my thoughts revert to home, to its happy scenes. It seems to me now as if I never could forget home. Every day that passes by brings new recollections of home to my mind, and only increases my desire to see you. I can, by my memory, see home as plainly as if I had seen it but an hour ago. I do not feel as happy as I have been, though I am not unhappy. . . . On the subject of religion I feel still as I have for a long time. Once in a while I feel serious, and make good resolutions, but I soon forget them all. Whenever I think of you I feel sad, because I know that you are sad on my account, and now I shall feel still worse whenever I think of the Sandwich Islands, and remember that even those whom I have looked upon as heathen are praying for me. No one ever speaks to me on religious subjects here. I have not heard anything from my brothers and sisters."

It is a sad thought that this loving young missionary orphan was never permitted to see that endeared mother again. We shall see in his further history the rising of another love that triumphed over

this, and led him far off in another direction from his beloved island home.

Soon after his arrival in this country he was received into the family of Rev. Dr. Brown, president of Jefferson College, at Cannonsburgh, in Pennsylvania, who kindly offered to act as guardian, and defray his expenses through college. Soon after this he lost his best friend in the death of Mrs. Brown, who had taken him under her special care and guidance. He entered the college at Cannonsburgh in the fall of 1838, and was received into the Sophomore class. Here he remained for two years, during which he was not only making rapid progress in his collegiate studies, but was rapidly passing over into a clear and deep religious experience. The deep religious working of his mind, and the process through which he entered into the Christian life, are well furnished to us by his letters to his parents.

He writes Dec. 3d, 1839: "Dear father and mother, I suppose you are now thinking of me on my birthday; perhaps weeping to think that I cannot say, 'My God, thou art the guide of my youth;' to think that sixteen years have passed away and I have not given myself to *Him* to whom I was dedicated in my infancy. Yet though I know all this, though I have enjoyed privileges superior to those which many have, still I have not sought Christ as my refuge. But think not, dear father and mother, that I do not think at all about religion. O no. Not till I forget my

parents and my home, not till every trace of them is swept from my mind, (and will that ever be?) can I forget the religious instructions I have received. Whenever I think of home, they rise into my mind, and often when gayety is pictured on my countenance, something else than gayety is in my heart. I feel very unhappy generally, though I appear to others to be very cheerful and perhaps happy. But who can be happy without religion? No one. Then why does not that consideration alone lead me to give up my heart to God? is the question which rises in my mind. I cannot answer it."

In the autumn of 1840, under the advice of friends, he entered the University of New-York, but only remained in connection with this school during the winter, and in the following April returned to Canonsburg, where he graduated at the commencement of 1841, being eighteen years of age. While at the university, and subsequently at the college, his mind was still deeply exercised on the subject of personal religion, and soon after his graduation we find him entering into the Christian's hope. In February, 1841, he writes to his parents: "Often I think I will give up my heart to God now, and sometimes I think I have done it; but all my resolutions are vain. Often I think of you and your instructions; they will never be forgotten." About this time occurred the death of Lucy Thurston, a precious missionary child who had been his companion and playmate in the

islands, and who had only returned to the States to die. This affected him deeply.

In March, 1841, we find him rejoicing in the Lord. He writes: "Dear father and mother, I hope there has been a change in my feelings. I hope that now I can look up to God as *my Father*, to Christ as *my Saviour and Redeemer*. How strange that I should never have embraced him as my Saviour; that I should not instantly have embraced Christ on such terms as he has offered in the Gospel. O how strange! and yet it is so. How true it is that the carnal heart is enmity against God! O how strange that I should have refused Christ when he had so much love as to die for *me*! I hope it will be my employ forever to serve him and his cause; that now I may be the humble instrument in God's hands of turning many to God. I hope there is about to be a revival in the university soon. Prayer meetings are held every morning. O that I may be able to do something for Him who has done so much for me! Love, infinite love, shall be my theme. O may I ever keep by Christ, humbly looking up to him, for if I do not have his guidance I shall fall away. I hope that Christ has plucked me as a brand from the burning. If I keep by Christ and trust in him, I know, I am sure, yes I am sure, that I shall not fall away."

During the summer of this year, 1841, he united with the Church at Cannonsburg. He writes again: "Since I wrote last I have joined the Church; my

life is devoted to the service of Christ. Doubts often seize me, but still I hope in Christ. I trust that God will lead me in the right way. He alone is able to keep me. Often I reflect how I have sinned against God in grieving his Holy Spirit, and the love of Him who is greater than all others. May I find my greatest delight in endeavoring to love and serve him!"

After graduating he became private tutor in the family of Mr. William Buchanan, of Woodington, near Wheeling, Virginia, where he remained a little over a year. He then came to New-York to meet his father, who was again on a visit to the United States. The greater part of the year following he spent in traveling with his father, and entered the Union Theological Seminary at New York in October, 1843. It would have been his choice not to commence his theological studies so soon, but the Providence of God seemed to order it otherwise. At this time his health was excellent. He made his home with his uncle, then living in Brooklyn, and was able to walk daily to and from the seminary, making a distance of about seven miles. In Brooklyn he became an active and efficient member of the "South Presbyterian Church," under the pastoral charge of Rev. S. T. Spear. This Church took much interest in him, and afforded him much pecuniary aid while in the seminary, and furnished him many necessary articles for his outfit when he sailed for China. The

affection and interest which existed between them developed itself in a correspondence between himself and the Church, carried on through their pastor.

Mr. Richards was a missionary from his youth up. Born of missionary parents, on missionary ground, and receiving his first lessons and experiences of life in the midst of heathenism, the purpose of serving God in the great missionary enterprise was among the first purposes of his young heart. It pleased God to lead him early to the experience of religion, and his growth in grace was rapid. During a revival of religion among the students at the seminary, he made a new dedication of himself to God, and, in company with five others, consecrated himself fully to the missionary work. Hitherto he had been looking toward the Sandwich Islands as the field of his future labors; but at this time he gave himself up to go wherever the great Head of missions might lead the way. The process by which his heart was turned toward China, instead of the islands of the Pacific, is interesting, and is fully traced for us in his letters to his parents on this important subject.

In a letter of November 3, 1846, he writes: "I drop now this subject, and turn to another of more importance. I wish I had more time to write upon it. In my last letter I spoke briefly on the subject of my future field of labor. I feel that I ought to speak more freely on this point. I doubt not that it will be painful to you, a trial of your feelings, a disap-

pointment of your cherished hopes, that I should select, or rather that I should be directed to any other field than my own home in the isles of the sea. I dare not dwell long on this, for I think I can form some conception of what your feelings would be in such a case; nor can I trust the influence of my natural feelings on the calmer and more unbiased decisions of my mind. But, my dear parents, I think I know you well enough to believe that, however trying it may be, you will ever rejoice in the will of God. I have, my dear parents, committed my way to the Lord, both in trust and in consecration of self to his service, and in submission to his will. The Lord *will* guide me. He will lead me for his own name's sake. If I go to the islands of the sea, it will be because it is his will. If to China, or to India, or to Africa, his hand will have led me thither. The consciousness of his guidance and presence shall strengthen and encourage me, though I be called to walk through the valley of the shadow of death.

“You will ask me how have my feelings become changed? I answer briefly. The Lord, of his free mercy, brought me to the knowledge of his love, through faith in him, as I had never known it before. He led me to cast myself into his hands, to be fashioned and guided by his will. He led me then to consecrate myself to his service, with a consecration unknown before. The *world* was the field of his service before me; no longer merely one spot in it,

I had looked upon the Sandwich Islands as the field of my future labors, as a matter of course, because the son of missionaries there; because it was their desire that I should go there; because those that educated me wished me to go there, and because I could not excuse myself from going. Such a decision must be reviewed. The question came up, 'Are you willing to go anywhere the Lord may call?' This is the question I am called to decide. When I look upon other parts of the world, whose necessities are far greater, and whose call for laborers is louder than from the Sandwich Islands, I feel there is a weighty reason here why my life should be engaged in labor elsewhere. I know that they still need more laborers there; but where is the part of the world where there is not some destitution? and it is *far, far* greater in China, in India, in Africa."

After mentioning two or three minor reasons for turning his thoughts to the more destitute portions of the earth, he writes: "It is the desire of my heart to serve my Saviour in the best way I can. The Lord has put these desires in my breast. He has awakened my mind to this subject, and directed my attention specially to it. He has led me to count no sacrifice, no trial, no labor too great. May not these awakenings be the direction of the Lord, pointing me to some place of more trial, and where more sacrifice is demanded, and more labor required? In these days, when so few are ready to devote themselves to

the service of Christ in the more difficult and trying situations, may not that readiness which the Lord has given me be the token of his will? My mind is now inclined to China more than to any other field. It is one where laborers are most needed; the language I think I could learn with less difficulty than many experience; the climate, I believe, would agree with my health better than a warmer one; the field for doing good seems greater there than elsewhere, and if more trials are to be endured there I rejoice in them."

Such were the reasonings, and such the spirit which determined the course to be pursued by this young missionary. He offered himself to the American Board as a missionary, to be sent to whatever field presented the most urgent claim for laborers. In the spring of 1847 he received license to preach, and during that summer visited his relatives and friends in the United States. He soon received notice from the Prudential Committee that he had been selected for their new mission at Fuh Chau, China. The appointment was accepted, and he again wrote to his parents. As will be seen by his letter, no answer to previous communications on this subject had yet been received from his parents. In May, 1847, he writes:

"It has been a great trial to me to act on so important a subject, and one so much affecting you, without any certain knowledge as to what your views

and feelings are. Yet the more I reflect on the subject and the decision made, the more I feel convinced you will approve the course I have taken, and the decision the committee has made. I feel that there is much of a trial involved in this change of plans, even more than I at first conceived. Sometimes I am almost ready to shrink, so great do the difficulties and trials appear. I have no hesitation in my conviction of duty, nor do I feel any regret that this is my appointed field of labor; yet I tremble in view of the difficulties, and feel that God alone can sustain me. I believe that I can fully trust in *him*, so long as I make his service the object of my existence. You will be ready to ask, 'Shall we not see you again?' I cannot but hope that some way will be provided by which I may see you once more. Some of my friends have suggested stopping at the islands on my way to China. I see no other way. I trust this will be brought about. I give myself little anxiety on the subject, but wait the openings of Providence. It would be a great, a very great trial to me, if I could not enjoy this hope. Much more would it be for you, my dear parents. Perhaps this change in my destination will be too much of a trial for you; but I trust you will be enabled to bear it, and even to rejoice in it."

This last hope of the young missionary, that he might be permitted again to see his parents, and go forth from their last embrace upon his life-work, was

not to be realized. A previous voyage to the Sandwich Islands was impossible; and Mr. Richards, who had not seen his beloved mother since he was thirteen years old, must endure this severest trial of all. He did endure it without a misgiving, and went forth leaning, not on the arm of a father or mother, but upon the strong arm of God. We cannot but pause in admiration before this exhibition of moral heroism. There is something truly sublime in the devotion of this young man; something that speaks of the Divine in this resistless purpose, this holy consecration, this love for Christ and his cause, transcending every earthly love!

His father did not live to read his numerous letters on this subject. He saw the first only, and seemed disappointed at this decision of his son; but before the others came, announcing that the step had actually been taken, he had finished his course and gone to his reward.

The time of his embarkation was near at hand. A few weeks were spent in visiting and parting with his friends. In October he was ordered to be in readiness to sail by the first opportunity. His ordination took place on the 14th of that month, at Mr. Spear's church, in Brooklyn, Rev. Dr. Cox preaching the sermon. Two or three days previous to his departure, his brothers and sisters, then in the United States, met at Brooklyn to bid him farewell. His last conversations with some of them will never be

forgotten. He seemed to be impressed with the conviction that they should never meet again. He left Brooklyn on the 4th of November and proceeded to Philadelphia, where he received his instructions, and from whence he sailed on the 11th of November, 1847, in the ship Valparaiso, in company with Rev. S. Cummings and wife and the family of the writer.

We have before us the breathings of his last farewell, coming from on board the Valparaiso :

“I have prayed much for the guidance of God, and trust that my prayers will be answered, though it is in free grace alone I trust. God is a righteous God, and will take some way to reward those who fear him and who put their trust in him ; nor will he suffer those who, with proper anxiety and care, are exercising wisdom, to be no better off than those who care little or nothing for themselves. The longer I live I see the necessity of holiness and wisdom ; and blessed be God for his discipline, which elevates our character and conforms us to his own glorious character. The longer I live the more I see that trust in God and faith in Christ imply the exercise of wisdom and a holy walk. Holy, holy, holy is the Lord, and righteous are all his judgments. But now farewell. God is my fortress and my refuge, as I embark on the deep. He will be with me and guide my steps. Farewell, my dear parents ;

farewell, my dear sisters, in bonds which can never be broken."

The voyage, though long, was very pleasant. Captain Lockwood kindly furnished every facility not only for our personal comfort, but for unrestricted religious intercourse with the seamen when off duty, and for preaching on deck on the Sabbath. Mr. Richards engaged with much interest in frequent consultations with others respecting the spiritual welfare of the seamen, and plans for preaching, conversation, and tract distribution. One of his discourses has left an indelible impression on my mind. It was founded on the parable of the prodigal son; and perhaps it is not too much to hope that he has already met, or will yet meet, in the mansions of glory, some poor souls saved through the instrumentality of his preaching and prayers. He began his work as a missionary on board that vessel; and in view of the exceeding brevity of his career on heathen ground, how sweet the thought that, through God's grace, he may have received some of his own countrymen as seals of his ministry. The good man's tears, and prayers, and efforts for Christ are *never lost*.

Among the recollections of the voyage is one that I cannot omit. We frequently met, three names only, in this dear brother's state-room for reading, conference, and prayer. They were, indeed, most precious seasons, when heart answered heart, and

our souls burned within us while Jesus revealed himself and conversed with us. And thus was cemented between us a tender and sympathizing friendship, which knew no diminution, and which death even has failed to sever. Two have been "taken" to glory, and one "left;" but the sacred bond remains, and its attractive power will be felt till the blessed reunion occurs.

Arriving at his field of labor May 7, 1848, Mr. Richards commenced at once the study of the language, and pursued it with untiring assiduity. One has remarked: "His heart was in his work, and he labored, perhaps, beyond his strength." Another says: "He undoubtedly confined himself too assiduously to the study of the language." To this I may add, that he was a person of remarkable prudence and judgment; and had he been fully aware of the fatal tendencies of his physical constitution, he would doubtless have spared himself for the sake of the cause he loved so dearly. Among his earliest efforts was that of securing a place for the public proclamation of the Gospel to the heathen. At that time the suspicions and prejudices of the government and people touching the movements of missionaries were greater than they now are, so that the fears and hopes of our brother were long in suspense. But at length he succeeded in renting a deep, narrow room, at an advanced post toward the city proper. In this humble place, repaired at trifling expense to suit his

purpose, he continued to proclaim the precious Gospel till his brief career was interrupted by alarming illness.

In September, 1850, about three years after his departure from the United States, he was attacked with hemorrhage of the lungs. At first the symptoms were so slight that he judged his ailment to be only in the throat. His friends, while sympathizing with him in his hopes, were much alarmed, and strove to fortify their minds against the depressing effects of a loss which seemed at once so imminent and so great. The real nature of his disease soon became apparent, and his physician recommended a sea voyage as the only probable means of prolonging his life.

He embarked for Canton November 12, 1850, amid the tears and prayers of his afflicted brethren and sisters in Fuh Chau. On his way he spent some time at Amoy and Hong Kong, and reached Canton January 3, 1851. He was strongly advised by physicians to take a long sea voyage. He embarked for the United States on the ship "Sea," Captain Spring, in company with the Rev. George Loomis, formerly seamen's chaplain at Canton, and finally bade farewell to the shores of China March 5th. Just three months from this date, far from his missionary friends and his dear relatives, his spirit took its flight from the bosom of the deep to the throne of God.

The last words of a *friend* are precious; the views of a *Christian* in prospect of death are deeply in-

structive ; but there is something peculiarly touching and soul-subduing in the language of a *young* Christian, when his earthly hopes are suddenly cut off and he girds himself for his last conflict. Let us sit for a few moments at the feet of this young Christian missionary as he gradually approaches the verge of life. Let us hear what he says of himself, of others, of death, of God and Christ.

The following are brief extracts from his letters to his missionary brethren and sisters at Fuh Chau :

“*Amoy, November 19, 1850.*—As to health during my stay on the lorcha, my lungs seemed to be much strengthened ; my cough was only in occasional turns, as it was frequently at Fuh Chau. I think I have coughed rather more since coming on shore. I have been speaking of myself all this time ; but my thoughts turn constantly to you. I feel anxious to hear from or of you. You and yours have my constant and most sincere prayers.”

“*Amoy, November 23, 1850.*—I need not say I have been waiting anxiously to hear from you. Yesterday morning my anxiety was increased by learning for the first time of the murder of our beloved Brother Fast. We felt glad to hear that it did not occur in his own house, or in his walks among the people. Yet even as it did occur, it presents a dark, fearful view of the character of those among whom you live, and shows the insecurity of our lives, except when the passions of wicked men

are restrained of God. That week of which you speak was indeed a trying week to you, one whose scenes must deeply affect your feelings. For Brother Fast we cannot mourn; but for his fellow-laborers, for the missionary cause among you, for those who sent him forth with many hopes. These are afflicted, but not by One who loves to afflict. The Author we know, we trust in, and sorrow not as those who have no hope. My sympathies are with you in all that passes among you. I have rejoiced where you have had occasion to rejoice, and am afflicted with you in other events of God's providence."

"*Hong Kong, December 16, 1850.*—MY DEAR SISTER —, I trust that by the good providence of God you are now restored to your usual health, so that I may think of you not as on that long-to-be-remembered morning of parting, but as you once moved around in the family circle. I need not say my thoughts have often turned to you, nor that you have been constantly remembered at the throne of grace, that 'mercy-seat' where 'friends, though sundered far,' by 'faith may meet.' Since I have learned how near God has come to you, how he has touched the tender feelings of a parent's heart, I have felt more than ever your need of heavenly sources of consolation. Shall I ask, 'Is it well with thee?' O how hard sometimes to answer! But the darkest afflictions are the best to work grace in us. Have you not found such good from affliction as to be able

from a warm heart to thank God for it? Who that has experienced its benefits would be without it? But what force is yet in those words of the apostle: 'No chastening for the present seemeth joyous, but grievous!' You will inquire after my health. I think I am safe in saying that I have, since leaving Fuh Chau, improved greatly in all respects, excepting my cough. I cannot judge whether this is better or worse; it is not as troublesome as often at Fuh Chau, but is more settled and uniform."

"*Hong Kong, December 20, 1850.*—How much you need to have strong hold on heavenly sources of consolation; how much the meek submissive spirit that will say 'Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight.' I know something how dark and sudden afflictions can overwhelm the soul; I trust you know far less and have had far more grace to meet them. From having felt my own need, from having known the darkness which the suggestions of Satan and a sinful heart can bring into the soul, I judge of others. Though I dare not impute to them the same weakness with myself, I always feel that none but God may know the afflictions of the afflicted, and I pray for them as needing far more than human eye can see. Be assured always of my kindest remembrance of you and yours."

"*Canton, January 15, 1851.*—I regret on your account to say [the underscoring is my own, to mark a beautiful feature in his feelings toward us at Fuh

Chau.—C. C. B.] that my health has been much poorer since I last wrote. On the 28th of last month I had a return of the hemorrhage from the lungs. It occurred during the night, and without any immediately exciting cause. Since then my lungs have been more readily affected by change of air, by cold, etc.; my cough and expectoration increased, and my strength somewhat reduced. The trip up here (from H. K.) was quite severe upon me, but since my arrival I have improved considerably. I am not, however, as well as before the relapse. I still find pleasure in resting in the hands of a heavenly Father myself and all these matters. My hopes in Him have been the same through all the changes which have passed upon me since I was with you."

"*Ship 'Sea,' near Hong Kong, March 5, 1851.*—The captain of the vessel having changed his plans since I closed a letter to —, I have a few moments more for writing. We left Whampoa (below Canton) to go down to Hong Kong for a crew, before setting sail for the United States. Information just comes that they are now on the way to the vessel, so in an hour or two we shall probably be able to say 'Bound for New-York.' You will hear from my letter to — of my favorable prospects. Truly God has prospered me. You all have my constant kind remembrance. I hope that I may yet be permitted to meet you. But now I enter upon my long

departure from these shores, so farewell, dear brother and sister. Affectionately yours.

“W. L. RICHARDS.”

The following unfinished letter I copy entire. It was probably interrupted by extreme weakness, and seems to contain the last words which he penned with his own hand to one of his Fuh Chau friends.

“*Ship ‘Sea,’ April 17, 1851.*—MY DEAR SISTER —, I am mindful of my promise to write you, though I was not able to send letters ashore at Angier. Neither did my health permit me to write, nor did any suitable opportunity for sending ashore occur when we passed the place. I bade adieu to Fuh Chau brethren and sisters while near the harbor of Hong Kong, on the morning of March 5th. It was not till evening that we had sufficient wind to bear us on our course. For a few days we had a fine strong breeze, then ensued a long tedious spell of calms, light winds, and hot weather. I lost strength under this very rapidly, and became weaker than when I left Fuh Chau. Then when we came into cooler latitudes, with the south-east trades blowing fresh, my lungs were not able to bear the change. I suffered then so much from oppression in breathing, difficulty of raising phlegm from the lungs, pains in the chest, and various symptoms of extreme weakness, that it seemed as if my course on earth might soon be closed. However, by the mercy of God, I have had some improvement

of health, since for five or six days past I have improved slightly each day. I am able to walk very little, nor can I go out much on deck on account of the wind; but I am able to sit up most of the day, read considerably, and to day feel mental vigor enough to attempt writing. Our progress has been very slow. We have experienced so much of calms, light winds, or variable or contrary winds, as much to protract the length of the passage. From the difficulty a sick man experiences in finding modes to spend time, you may well judge that time passes away somewhat heavily; but in all my pains and trials I endeavor to remember the hand that inflicts, and forbear murmuring thought."

On the same sheet Mr. Loomis wrote as follows: "At sea, June 3d. East longitude 1°, south latitude 18°. (I write at the dictation of Brother Richards. George Loomis.)"

"Our progress has been long and tedious since I took up my pen. My disease has increased with considerable rapidity. I am now confined to my bed, unable scarcely to eat anything. I have become so weak that I am not able to write you now. I deem myself near my fast-approaching end, and ere I depart I would send my kind remembrances to you all at Fuh Chau. I feel that I can trust all to the will of God, although it is a trial no more to see you with whom I have labored so pleasantly; and it is a very great trial to give up the hope of seeing any more my

dear, *dear* mother. Yet the approach of death is to me a matter of rejoicing. I know that God has all power to raise me up, and he may spare me a while longer; but under my present circumstances I must bid you all a long kind farewell, wishing that you may have the support of the Holy Spirit in your labors of love. My last words to all the friends at Fuh Chau."

Mr. Loomis then adds: "Before inclosing the 'last words' of our dear Brother Richards, I write a few lines at his request. He has been constantly failing since he left Hong Kong, and in all human probability will not live to reach his native land. He is so weak that he cannot raise himself up in his bed. His appetite is gone. He has given up all hope of recovery. His trust is in God. He told me on Sunday (June 1st) that he would like to live to see his mother once more, for *her* sake more than his own; that he should rejoice when the hour of his release should come. We had an unusually long and stormy passage around the Cape. During this time he seemed to fail very fast. The weather *now* is most delightful and the sea very smooth. Still he fails. Yet it is a matter of great joy that he seems so resigned to the will of God, that he reposes with so much confidence in the Saviour, and entertains so strong a hope of a blissful immortality. Having been associated so long and intimately with Brother Richards, I can fully sympathize with you in your loss, and can only com-

mend you to God and the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, praying that in God's good time we all may meet our brother in our Father's house above. I am your sympathizing brother,

“GEORGE LOOMIS.”

On the day subsequent to the date of the above, June 4th, he dictated his last words to his mother and other near relatives. I must not invade the sacred sanctuary of home, the blessed retreat of domestic love, by copying those words. Neither is this necessary. It is easy to imagine what sentiments of affection would rise spontaneously from such a heart as that of our sainted brother. As a son, as a brother, he deeply loved the mother, brothers, and sisters who were left to mourn his early death. His “last words” breathe love and sympathy for them all, an irrepressible anxiety for their spiritual welfare, and a hope of meeting them above. “To all I must say farewell. There is hope that we may meet in the morning of the resurrection and enjoy together a blissful eternity.”

In a letter written on the day following, Mr. Loomis describes the closing scenes in the life of this dear missionary :

“At SEA, south latitude 16° 22', west longitude 4° 24' }
Near St. Helena, June 5, 1851. }

“TO THE BRETHREN AT FUH CHAU.—I feel it to be my duty, though a painful one, to announce to you that this afternoon we committed the remains of our

dear Brother Richards to the deep, there to rest till the sea shall give up its dead. This morning about ten o'clock he breathed his last. A solemn sadness pervades our ship. I mourn a brother in Christ departed. The tears will flow, yet I do not call in question God's goodness even in this afflictive dispensation. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. The scenes of the past few days, I trust, will make me wiser and more holy. Brother Richards embarked with strong hopes of reaching his mother's native land. For several days he was quite strong, appetite good, and he took his turn in conducting our evening worship.

"While in the China sea he asked to be excused from conducting service. The evening air seemed to affect his lungs. His weakness increased although his appetite was good. We made the coast of Africa May 1st. For nearly four weeks we had alternate gales and calms, and a most rough and uncomfortable sea. During this time he failed very fast. Still he was able to dress himself and walk about the cabin. May 26th he remarked to me that his body could not hold out much longer. From this time it was necessary to lift him from his berth to the sofa in the cabin, as long as he had strength to endure being moved. His appetite failed. He was exceedingly emaciated. I felt that he had not many days to live. Sunday morning, June 1st, I talked with him about dying and preparation for the same. He

talked about death as a subject that was familiar to his own mind. He said if he had deferred preparation till that time, he should be in a poor condition to prepare to die. His trust was in God. He said that he had hoped to live to get home on his mother's account. On Tuesday he gave me instructions in relation to some books which he wished sent to Fuh Chau, and also dictated his last message to his Fuh Chau friends. They had a large place in his affections, and he used to talk to me about them with apparent delight. He gave directions about some of his personal effects. He said that he had then done all, except writing to his mother, brothers, and sisters. Wednesday he was exceedingly weak. It was with some difficulty that I could induce him to dictate his last words to his mother. 'O! I am so weak.' Yet he sent his dying message to his mother, brothers, and sisters. To me it was a most sad duty to pen those last words, so full of affectionate regard. Eighteen hours afterward he slept in death. This morning his weakness had so increased that he could not throw the matter from his lungs. For some time he was in great pain. I saw his end was near. I asked him if amid his pains he trusted in Christ, if his Saviour was precious to him. '*Yes, precious,*' said he. Shortly after he asked me to turn him over on his back. He folded his hands together on his breast, and about ten o'clock his spirit took its flight to the spirit land. At five o'clock this afternoon he was buried in the vast sea.

“We mourn, but not as those without hope.

“‘How pleasant to think of the absent we love,
If we miss them below we shall meet them above.’”

“God grant that this afflictive dispensation may be sanctified to our spiritual and eternal good.

“Yours in Christ, GEORGE LOOMIS.”

Thus died, in his twenty-eighth year, this devoted servant of Christ. The mission, speaking in a public letter of the cause of his death, very carefully and anxiously guard against the supposition that it was at all due to climatic influence. They say: “We all fully agree with Dr. Welton (his physician at Fuh Chau) in the opinion that Mr. Richards’s illness is not attributable to the influence of this climate.” The high opinion of his worth entertained by this mission is well expressed in a series of resolutions passed by them on the receipt of the mournful tidings of his decease. They were drafted by the lamented Cummings, and are as follows:

“*Whereas* it has pleased Almighty God to remove from time to eternity the Rev. William L. Richards, who died at sea of consumption June 5, 1851, while on a passage to America, therefore,

“*Resolved*, That by this deeply afflictive event this mission has been bereaved of an efficient member and a highly esteemed Christian brother.

“Resolved, That while we mourn the loss which we and the cause of Christ in this place have sustained in the early removal of a devoted and promising missionary, it yet becomes us to bow submissively to Him by whose righteous will all events are wisely ordered, and to acknowledge with gratitude his great goodness in the rich effusions of his Spirit vouchsafed to the deceased, by which he was enabled to maintain a singularly mature and consistent piety during his residence among this people, and to leave abundant evidence that, though he now rests from his labors his works do follow him.

“Resolved, That our warmest sympathies are hereby tendered to the bereaved mother, the brothers, and sisters, and other relatives of the deceased, in view of the great affliction which God by a mysterious providence has brought upon them, and in our prayers we earnestly commend them to Him who in the hour of deepest sorrow can bestow beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

It requires no affectation of humility to say that I cannot do full justice to the mind and character of this eminent servant of Christ.

He possessed mental powers of a high order, and these powers had reached a point of singular maturity. They were God's bequest, and their maturity, in great measure, was the product of his providence. Mr. Richards in his early youth was obliged to grapple

with difficulties, and settle points of duty in the prosecution of his aims, so that at the age of twenty-four, when he commenced his missionary career, he possessed the mental growth of many much more advanced in life.

His early discipline, too, had imparted to his mind elements of vigor, strength, and manly independence, which admirably fitted him for the work of an evangelist in a new field. His energy and perseverance seemed adequate to the attainment of any object within the scope of possibility. His whole bearing seemed plainly to say, not "It cannot be done," but "I will try to do it."

To choose suitable objects on which to exert his energies he possessed discrimination. He thoroughly examined and sifted his plan; his mind penetrated to the very bottom of his proposition, and then his judgment, trained in many a trial, decided the case.

He possessed prudence and circumspection far beyond his years. These seemed at times almost intuitive in their exercise, but were, in fact, the natural products of unremitted self-discipline, and close observation of men and things.

An intellect thus furnished and trained for the conflict of life, gave promise of speedy success in the acquisition of this difficult language. His "progress was indeed flattering." He soon mastered first the rudiments, then the construction of the spoken language, and was rapidly acquiring familiarity in its

use, when God saw fit to lay him aside from his work.

The piety of our brother may be described by many of the same terms which have been applied to his mental powers. It was mature, strong, vigorous, active, and determined. He threw his whole soul into it. Still he never *assumed* its features as true, nor placed a favorable construction on his experiences without due evidence from God's word. He anxiously scanned his motives, and deeply pondered his thoughts, feelings, and emotions. His standard of piety was not reached nor maintained without many a severe struggle. Sometimes his thoughts overwhelmed him, and his feelings refused him utterance in the very act of prayer.

At times he seemed to long with unutterable desire for convincing manifestations of the love of God to his soul. He "*thirsted*" for God. The third chapter of Lamentations was with him a favorite portion of the Scriptures. He used to speak particularly of the twenty-seventh verse: "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth;" and this probably well expressed his sense of the importance of that spiritual discipline which he had experienced. Still his struggles were not of a nature to unfit him for a cheerful prosecution of his work. They gave his piety *force* rather than weakness, and *hope* rather than despondency. He wished to possess a sense of acceptance with God, the full pardon of sin, complete

salvation through Christ's righteousness alone, and the submission of his whole nature to the will of his heavenly Father.

He loved Christ and his cause, and the souls of the heathen. His solemn purpose and aim were to devote to these his whole being. He seemed to keep nothing back, but to lay all on the Saviour's altar.

He loved his kindred and his brethren in Christ with a deep and generous affection. It was for their sakes that he wished to reach America and recover from sickness. In this respect he appeared to think more about others than himself. Some expressions in the letters above quoted show this, and present his character in a light most sweet and amiable.

He always loved to commune with Christian friends on matters of religious experience, a trait of character as rare as it is important and desirable. I well remember such seasons as the sweetest feasts of soul that can be enjoyed this side of heaven, except communion with God himself.

In his closing hours two traits of his character shone most conspicuously—resignation to God's will and trust in the Saviour's love. These sweetly blended, and rested in a crown of glory on the head of the dying Christian. And as the life-tide ebbed fast, the Saviour was near to sustain his soul.

“Is the Saviour still precious?”

“Yes, precious.”

With this dying testimony he calmly confronted

the king of terrors, and, in yielding to his stroke, vanquished him. He folded his hands on his breast, and without a struggle his spirit took its flight heavenward.

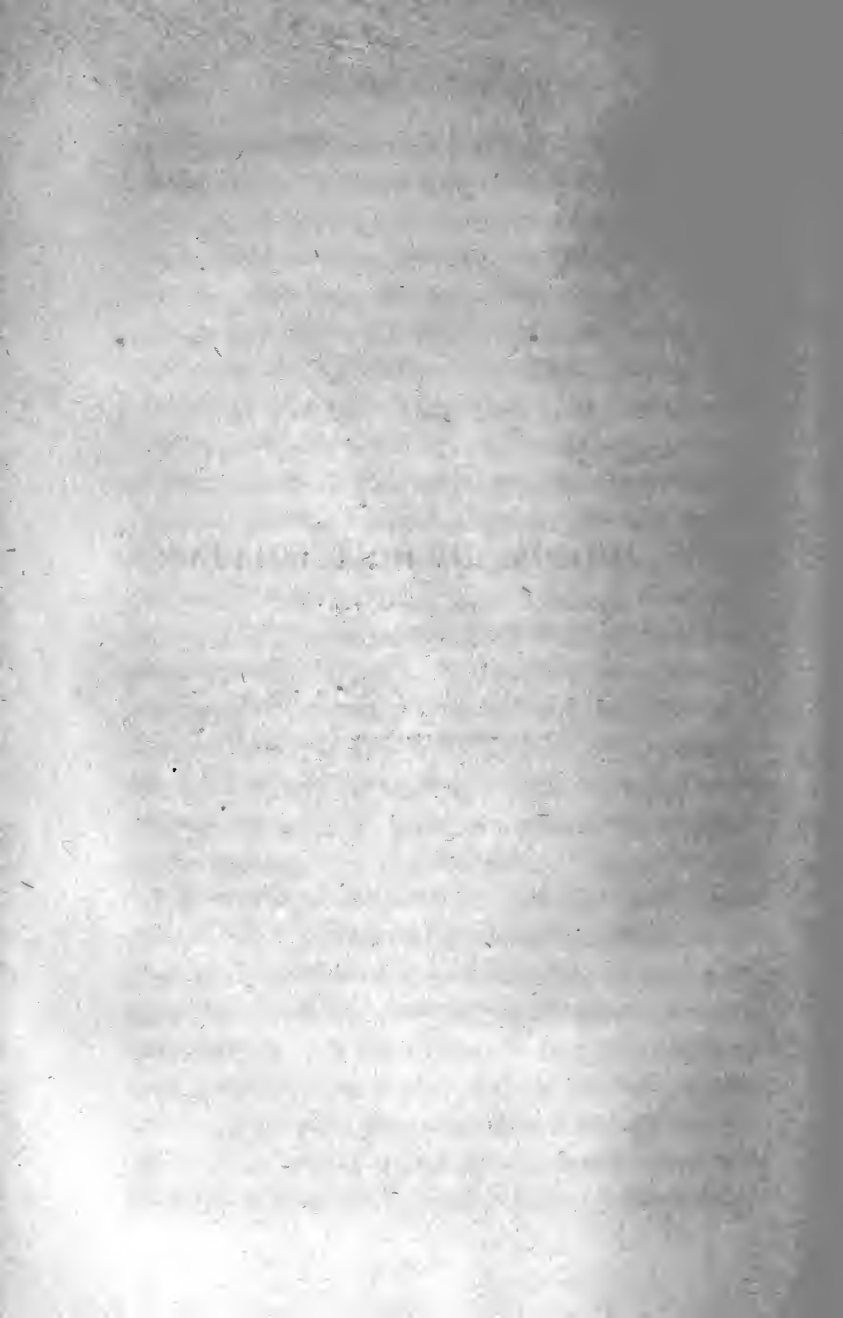
Dear reader, can you die as this Christian soldier? You certainly cannot unless you possess the like precious humility, penitence, faith, and love. Are you impenitent? I beseech you, delay no longer the great work of salvation. Refuse not to cast yourself a helpless sinner at the feet of sovereign mercy. Tread the world under your feet and struggle for an immortal crown. Dear Christian brother, sister, whose eye has glanced over this little sketch, take courage from the example set before you. You have not to seek the Saviour for the first time, you have already found him. He is your joy, your delight, your song. Fear not. He will be your victory in death. You may die in a wilderness, or in a strange land, or in the midst of the broad ocean, when loved friends are far away and cannot know your mortal agony; but Jesus will be near to sustain you with his everlasting arms, and you will die with "precious Saviour" as the last, the absorbing thought of your soul. Perhaps the eye of a toil-worn missionary will fall upon these pages, and it will brighten while scanning the character depicted in them. After a few more days, or at the most years, my fellow-laborer, your work will be done, and then come rest and glory. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

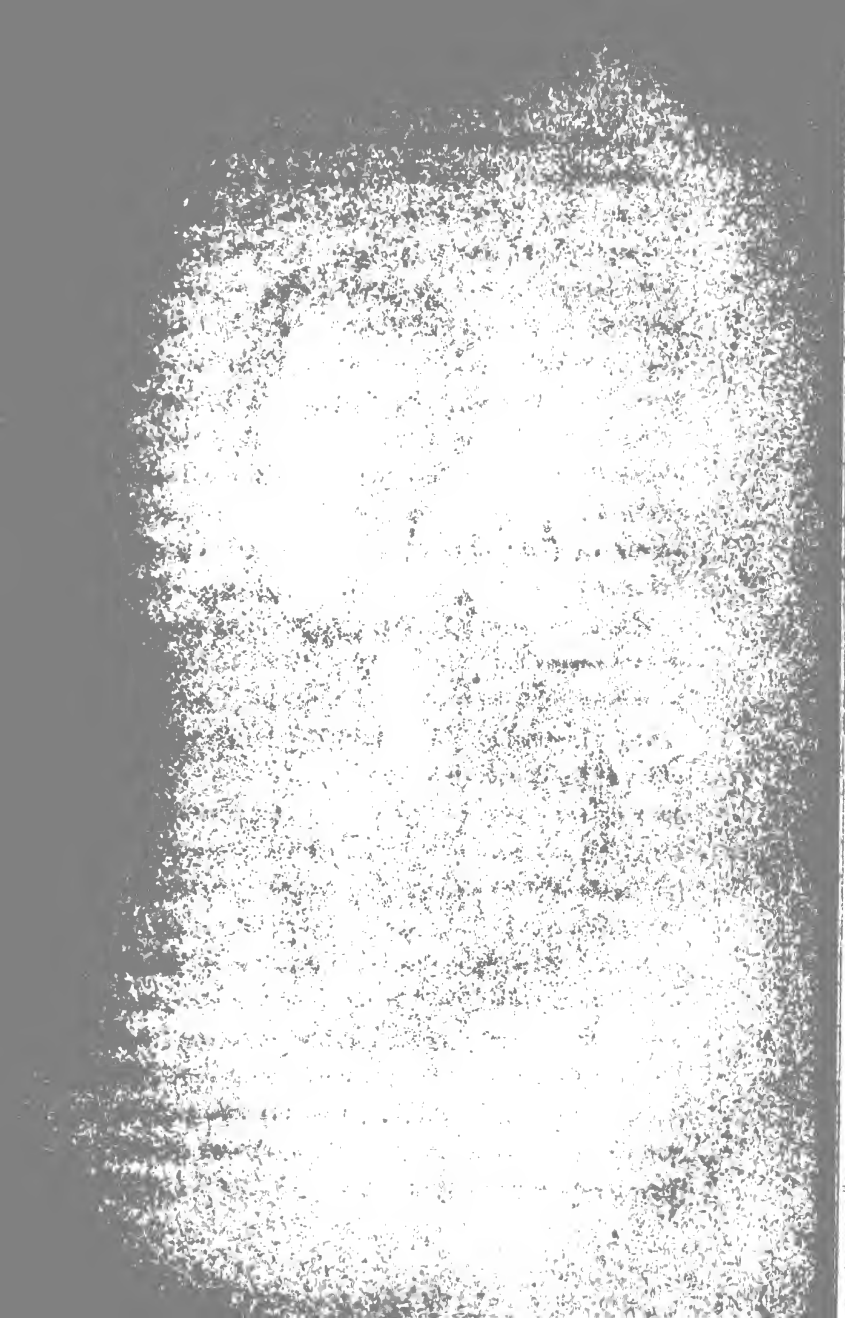
REV. JUDSON DWIGHT COLLINS.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL MISSION, FUH CHAU.

BY REV. W. H. COLLINS,

OF THE MICHIGAN CONFERENCE.







REV J D. COLLINS.

Rev. J. D. Collins.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL MISSION, FUH CHAU.

JUDSON DWIGHT COLLINS, the subject of this memoir, was born in the town of Ross, Wayne County, New-York, February 12, 1822. His ancestors, on the side of both father and mother, were among the early emigrants to America: the former, English, settling in Connecticut; the latter, German, and settling in New-Jersey. His parents, Alpheus and Betsey Collins, being members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and their house a home for the itinerant ministers, he was favored with early religious instruction. It was probably impossible for him at adult age to recollect his first religious impressions, or the time when his first prayer was offered to God. Reared in the midst of an intelligent and moral rural population, early disciplined to habits of industry and economy, favored with the advantages of family worship, faithful Sunday-school instruction, and an evangelical ministry, his early youth was passed free from those habits of irreligion and vice which so often enervate the foundation of

character and poison the very fountain of life, dooming their victims to a life of outbreking depravity, or to perpetual instability and worthlessness in religion.

At an early period he manifested a taste and aptness for learning, which he commenced in the common school, under the tuition of Miss Abigail Buner, a lady of rare merit, the influence of whose vigorous intellect and positive piety, under God, contributed in no small degree to give moral tone to his juvenile years, and character and shape to his future life. Of this early friend he retained a grateful remembrance as long as he lived.

In the spring of 1831 he emigrated with his parents to Michigan, and settled in the town of Pittsfield, Washtenaw County. The country was new, and educational and religious privileges few, but these were carefully improved. In summer he labored with his father and brothers in improving a new farm, and in winter attended the district school. On the opening of an academy in Ann Arbor he was permitted to attend it, though he was obliged to walk the distance of three and a half miles morning and evening. When the first class was organized in the Michigan University he was prepared for admission, and graduated in August, 1845.

Having made a profession of religion when about fourteen years of age, and united himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church, his school boy and col-

lege life was characterized by a cheerful active piety, equally removed from a cold barren asceticism, on the one hand, and a parasitical sentimentality obsequiously suiting itself to any society, and to all occasions, on the other. His life was marked by principle, his devotions by warmth, and his social intercourse by courtesy. His young life having commenced in a Christian atmosphere, it was developed ideally upon a Christian model; all its necessities, obligations, and purposes were seen in its light. Not that his heart was exempt from the moral obliquity common to our nature. Of this few ever had clearer conceptions, and his private memoranda and journal attest that in respect to it he had the most bitter experience; but having taken in with his first thoughts the idea of a Christian world as the world he had to live in here, there was no necessity for a great intellectual revolution to adapt him to its responsibilities and labors, when, in conversion, his heart was made right with God.

As he acquired ability, he was ready to employ it in the service of his Master. The Sunday school opened to him a field for which he was peculiarly fitted, and in which his labors were varied, abundant, and successful. The happiest hours of his life were spent in this department of Christian enterprise. He distributed Bibles to the destitute, administered consolation to the unfortunate in the asylum for the poor, visited the erring shut up in prison, and con-

scientiously rebuked profane, and warned careless sinners at large.

As a class-leader, steward, and local preacher, he sought, in the spirit of his Master, to discharge the varied duties imposed upon him by the Discipline of the Church of his choice. He practically repudiated the idea that responsibility to do all the good possible is assumed only at the termination of college life and with the charge of a congregation; that a young man has a right to lead a heartless, rollicking life, because he is at college. He was seeking knowledge that he might do good, but seemed to feel that a diligent use of what he already possessed was the best pledge for the better use of more. He therefore entered every open door of usefulness as though determined, if his pilgrimage should close while yet "under tutors and governors," he might have some fruit of life's labor, however abruptly it might terminate. In the Church and community where he spent these years of study and performed these labors of love, "his name is as ointment poured forth."

It is proper to mention, also, that his circumstances afforded him no special advantages for active Christian effort, as a considerable portion of his time was taken from his studies in conducting a preparatory school, and other efforts by which he, in part, sustained himself pecuniarily at the university. Nor can it be supposed, judging from his journal, that he

possessed any unwonted natural proclivity to exertion; he wrote the most bitter things against himself for indolence, which he struggled against with solemn and oft-repeated vows, fastings, and prayer.

In September, 1845, he was employed as professor of Natural and Moral Science in the Wesleyan Seminary at Albion, where he rendered the highest satisfaction to patrons and pupils.

At an early period of his religious experience his mind seems to have been directed to the missionary work as his peculiar province; and before any public movement had been made in the Methodist Episcopal Church in relation to a mission in China, he had settled upon that as the field of his future toil. By what instrumentality his mind was turned in this direction, is not now definitely known; but when it settled there it never wandered till the day of his death. He regarded himself as divinely called to that work, and every enterprise in which he engaged was made tributary thereto. With avidity he seized upon every means of information respecting that land. "He searched through every library," said a classmate, "in the university and village to find ancient and modern works on China." As he gazed upon the great map of this vast empire, threaded in every direction by mighty rivers and endless canals, the great highways of her immense inland commerce, its thousands of cities and villages, thickly dotting every part of its broad surface, and teeming with

hundreds of millions of civilized pagans, all possessing one language, and united under one government, whose antiquity reached far into the myths beyond the age of authentic history, and claiming to embody the elements of an immortal future, his eye would kindle with religious enthusiasm, and his heart throb with loyal ambition to share in its conquest to Christ.

To enter this field, with him was only a question of time. He proposed to offer himself to the Church; if the Church would send him he would gladly go under her auspices, for every feeling of his heart was loyal to her interest and honor; but if the Church was pre-occupied with other fields, so as to afford him no protection or patronage, he proposed to go alone. However chimerical this might appear to others, it was the plain path of rational Christian duty to him. It was not in the spirit of a wild adventurer he determined to go, but as a Christian. His resolution was the legitimate offspring of an intelligent and sublime faith in both the precept and promise of the great commission, "Go ye into all the world," and "Lo I am with you alway." He said he could work his way to China before the mast, if no other way should offer. And why not? he reasoned: men work before the mast for money and for fame, and why not for the salvation of the world? He maintained he could support himself as a clerk or agent while acquiring the language. He had observed that

foreigners in our country, mingling exclusively with the people for the purpose of business or trade, acquired our language in a comparatively short period. Why might not the same thing be done in China? True, this might be a slow process, and be attended with discouragements; but it would be a beginning; it would attract attention; it would invite others to the same field. He had too much knowledge of human nature to suppose China could be converted in a day or a lifetime; yet he hoped that his life, if patiently and laboriously consecrated to the conversion of China, would make a beginning, and he fondly hoped the beginning of a glorious end. The following letter from Bishop Janes shows the position of the M. E. Church in relation to a mission in China at this time.

EASTON, MARYLAND, *Dec.*, 1845.

TO REV. W. H. COLLINS.

Rev. and Dear Brother,—When at your conference last fall, I received a letter from your brother, requesting me to make inquiries and give him information respecting the establishment of a mission in China by the M. E. Church. I could not satisfy myself earlier what would probably be done by the Church in this matter, and I consequently have postponed writing to your brother. I have now no certain information on the subject, but feel I ought to write to him. I am now from home, and have not your brother's letter with me, and have forgotten his

Christian name. I write to you, presuming you will take pleasure in communicating it to him. I think *there is a strong probability* that our Church will establish a mission in China next year. I would advise your brother to hold himself in readiness in case the Board should so determine and call for him. I did not think it best for him to work his passage to China, as he proposed. The time may come when I should advise this, but I think it is not yet. We shall know pretty definitely what the Church will do in May next. I hope he will lose none of his interest in the mission by the delay to establish it.

Yours fraternally,

EDMUND S. JANES.

In his journal, under date of June 22d, 1856, is the following: "Read in the *Missionary Advocate* that it had been determined to send two missionaries to China. I have long desired and expected to go to that field of labor. My name is before the mission committee and the public, yet I do not know whether I shall be sent. I feel to leave all in the hands of God. If there are others who would better serve the Church of Christ in that region I pray that they may be sent. Yet I long to be on that soil, learning their language, and preaching to them the unsearchable riches of the Gospel of Christ. In the mean time I pray for more grace rightly to discharge my duties here,"

It had become so evident to him that he would be called to this work, that he resigned his place in the seminary at the close of the year, and devoted himself to the work of the ministry. In September, 1846, he was admitted on trial in the Michigan Annual Conference, and appointed junior preacher on Tompkins circuit, with the understanding that he might be called to the mission work at any time during the year. Tompkins was a large four weeks' circuit, which he traveled on foot, filling all his appointments, three on the Sabbath and others on week-days, and visiting from house to house with great zeal and faithfulness. The reason he assigned for adopting this primitive and apostolic mode of conveyance was that he might test his powers of endurance, and inure himself to the hardships to which he would be subject in a missionary life.

"I well remember," says Dr. Hinman, in an address on his life and character, "the peculiar emotions I experienced, and the feelings of admiration I had for the Christ-like devotion of our brother, when, soon after my arrival in the state, I heard from his own lips a modest narrative of his life. He was then on his circuit rejoicing in the midst of his labors, traveling on foot, preaching on Sabbaths and week-days, and visiting from house to house, to gather up the scattered sheep in the wilderness. The college graduate, the seminary professor, the minister of the Gospel, without a permanent home, threading his way

through uncultivated wilds on foot, solitary and alone, with the love of souls burning in his heart, how I admired him! How I loved his devotion to the cause of Christ! But there was another fire, lit with a coal from the same altar, burning deeper in his heart. It was the fire of missionary zeal. He was in hourly expectation of a call from the Missionary Board for China. I was with him when he heard of the arrival of the letter in a distant village. It was dark, and the village was distant. He could hardly stay to take a piece of bread ere he was on his way for his commission. Before the morning sunlight he had it in his hand. He opened it, and sure enough there was China! The big tear stood in his eye. His heart swelled with emotion, and on his knees he thanked God he was a missionary to China. To the antiquarian, the historian, the philosopher, or the tradesman, there is something desirable and exciting in this land; but for him it was a vast continent of souls of idolators perishing for lack of knowledge, an inviting, yet a fearful field.

On the 3d day of March, 1847, he took leave of his friends at home, made more solemn to him by what was then supposed to be the mortal sickness of his mother, and set out to find his new field of labor. At Rochester, N. Y., he met his colleague, Rev. M. White. In New York he learned for the first time that the mission was to be established at Fuh Chau. On the 15th of April he sailed from Boston, reaching his

destination on the 6th of September. He says : " We reached the city of Fuh Chau about nine o'clock P. M. in health and safety, having had a missionary concert prayer-meeting on the way up the river, it being the first Monday evening in the month."

A few days sufficed to secure a house; and make the necessary arrangements for living, and he addressed himself to the Herculean task of learning the language. He says, September 19: " Made it my principal business to-day to look for a teacher, but do not succeed in securing one before Friday, and so conclude I will not commence regular study until Monday. But I desire earnestly to become acquainted with the language of this people, that I may tell them of the Saviour. I have been permitted to feel deeply their condition, and to cry out in spirit, " O Lord, how long?" But his active mind could not be confined to the study of the language exclusively within doors. His habit from early life had been to use knowledge as he acquired it, and to acquire more in the use of what he possessed. He therefore at once commenced an exploration of his parish, to make an early acquaintance with the country, and the customs and condition of the people. He was eager to have some seeds of truth germinating in that soil, and so commenced at once to scatter it in tracts and books. His letter journal, exchanged monthly with his brother at home during his stay in China, shows the cheerful interest with which he prosecuted this work; and as

it so well illustrates missionary life in China, as well as his tastes, habits, and labors, an occasional extract will be instructive and interesting:

“*September 20th, Monday.*—To-day I commenced the study of Chinese under a teacher. He is a young looking man, and wears a cue. Around its base a little circle of hair has been permitted to grow of late, while the remaining portion of his head has been shaved. This little frill is now about four inches long, and makes a nice appearance, standing out around like a little boy's ruffle. I think he lisps a little, a great fault in my eyes, as the same thing has caused me great trouble. The weather is warm, the thermometer having stood at ninety degrees for several days; but I enjoy good health, for which I ought to be grateful. We live on an island in the river Min, on the bank of the river, so that I can run out before any one is stirring in the morning and take a bath, which I find very refreshing. I read the Bible in the Greek and Hebrew before breakfast, and study Chinese during the day. I write or do miscellaneous work in the evening. I wish to improve all my time, and I think a missionary above all men should be acquainted with the Bible. At four o'clock this evening I walked into the country. They have no roads or farms as in our country. I traveled along a winding foot-path among tombs and trees perhaps two miles, not having passed a single house, when I came suddenly upon a small village of perhaps one hundred

houses. They were one story, high walls of plaster, and tile roofs. I passed peach and olive orchards, and orange and banian trees. Sugar-cane was growing in small patches more rank than is usual with Indian corn, which it resembles. I passed through a rice field on a path of large blocks of granite. The rice-fields are much like our marshes, being covered with water. The rice is sown, and when it springs up it is all transplanted into drills, about eight inches apart; it is now just beginning to head. I saw a few cattle, which were finely formed and in good condition, though small; they were all tied, as there are no fences in this country. Large quantities of manure are brought from the city for the land. It is borne on the shoulders of men. Men were here and there at work, or, having just completed their tasks, were returning to their homes in the village. One boy had been fishing in a kind of cistern for *tadpoles*, of which he had a string about one foot in length. The hills outside the city are reserved for burying places, with here and there little incense houses among the tombs. O how dark are these minds in relation to eternity! I distributed a few tracts, which the people seemed anxious to possess.

His teacher not giving satisfaction was dismissed, and another employed, with whom his first interview is thus described:

“*October 1.*—I have had a new teacher to-day, and think I shall be pleased with him. You wonder how

we manage with our teachers, as each is unacquainted with the other's language, and really it is a predicament to be in. The teacher comes in, clothed in a long white gown, bare headed, his cue hanging down his back, and his long white stockings tied over his trowsers below the knee. He bows obsequiously, and I motion him to a seat by the table. Thus far we have progressed finely; but now comes the tug of war. For a few moments we sit minutely eyeing each other. I make the first demonstration by writing some word in Chinese, which I have somewhere picked up. He pronounces it, and I pronounce it after him. This goes badly. I manipulate my head, and flourish toward him. He stares at me, not knowing but I am mad, I suppose. At length the poor man sees what I am at. I want the Chinese word for *head*, and he enunciates it. I cheer him, and write it down, and flourish for him to write it in Chinese; he takes the little brush pencil and writes it, and I imitate him. I next manipulate my nose, and the same process is gone through with, and so on with various things. Now and then I pick up a Chinese word. I make what use I can of books, and so creep along *a-la-baby*."

The residence first taken by the missionaries was on *the Island*, three miles from the walled city. From the first he determined, if possible, to gain a residence within the walls, but in this he met the most inveterate opposition. Several contracts were

made, but as often broken by the natives. At one time he considered his purpose accomplished, and thus relates the transaction :

“*October 14.*—I have hired a house, a part of a heathen temple, being one of a collection of temples inside the city. It is pleasantly situated on the brow of a hill, in a large open space, where there are some fine bold rocks, and with a venerable banian tree, and beautiful flowers before it. The house is sixty-five feet long and thirty-five wide. I gave ninety-six dollars, with the stipulation that the idols, which are large, and covered with gold, one of which has eighteen hands, are not to be removed. This morning I called a carpenter and was directing him to bring the wall around, so as to form a ceiling in front of the idols, when the priest of the place objected. A long controversy then ensued, in such manner as it could be by the aid of my smatter of Chinese, my teacher, and a vocabulary. The priest claimed to understand that he was to have the privilege of coming from time to time and performing his heathenish ceremonies before these idols. For five dollars he agreed to turn the front ones around and permit me to ceil up before them. The proposition did not please me, as I did not wish so far to respect their lumps of clay as to pay for the privilege of making a wall even in their very teeth. I proposed that if I could have a permanent lease of the premises I would give thirty dollars to take the idols away.

At length this was acceded to, and to-morrow they are to clear the premises. But I know not what a day may bring forth." In the course of a few days he learned that he could not retain his house, and after many similar efforts the design was abandoned. The cupidity of individuals would sometimes induce them to offer their houses for rent, but the prejudice of their neighbors against foreigners usually compelled them to violate their contracts, and the authorities, who were equally averse to foreigners settling within the walls, could not be induced to enforce them. Yet no obstacle was presented to the distribution of books and tracts either in city or country.

October 9th he says: "I visited a mountain east of the city, which is said to be three thousand feet high. I had a grand prospect. I could see the ocean and the whole valley of Fuh Chau. There were five hundred villages in sight, all accessible to the Gospel. The fields are white. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the vineyard that he send more laborers."

On the 28th of February, 1848, a school was organized consisting of eight boys, and on Sunday, March 4, a Sunday school was opened. He says: "To-day it has been my privilege to attend a Sabbath school. You may be sure the event has awakened a crowd of interesting reminiscences of the past, and excited bright hopes for the future. I had appointed half past nine as the time for the children to come, but most of them were present by eight o'clock. The observa-

tion of the day was to be a new era in their lives, and with no proper notions of its sanctity they were far more boisterous and noisy than was proper. By gently rebuking them, and placing a trusty person over them, they were in a good degree kept in order. At the time appointed, I went in company with Brother White to the school-room. All were quiet. We sang in Chinese the L. M. Doxology to the tune of Old Hundred. The Lord's Prayer was then read in Chinese, and explained; and all kneeling down, Brother White led our devotions in the use of the Lord's Prayer in English. The second chapter of St. Matthew's gospel was then read and explained, the boys being frequently questioned individually in regard to their understanding of it. They seemed interested through the entire exercises. We closed at eleven o'clock with singing and the Lord's Prayer. At one o'clock I again met the boys, and after the opening service, much as in the morning, I spent the time upon the ten commandments. O my brother, it was a sight to gladden the angels! These little Chinese boys, hitherto nurtured in the darkness of heathenism, and in the midst of idolatrous rites, assembled for the purpose of learning the claims of the great Jehovah to our worship, and his denunciation of all creature worship. And when thus assembled to hear them repeating these blessed principles of inspiration, to see their sparkling eyes and expressions of delight, it seemed as though they were casting their idolatry

away and eagerly receiving into their minds the word of God. I bless God for permitting me to witness such a sight, and to participate in such an honor." This school gave him great encouragement as it increased in numbers, and its members improved in knowledge of the Scriptures. As he progressed in the language he extended his efforts for the salvation of the people; but as yet no regular appointments were made for distributing tracts, and no effort to address the people in their own language. On the 18th of August he says he selected a place for this purpose. An open building on the south side of the river seems suitable.

"*August 20.*—I went with a trembling heart to my meeting place, having a few tracts in my hand. On reaching the place, the people came around me begging books. I asked them to listen, and they made a great silence, hearing me speak in the Chinese tongue. I spoke for some time to them of some of the great principles of our religion earnestly, and I think intelligibly. I left an appointment for this day week. O that the Lord may bless this the beginning of my evangelical labors in China!"

Regarding himself as settled for a life-long labor in the missionary cause in and around Fuh Chau, and feeling from the first the importance of a thorough acquaintance with his field, when he had become familiar with the more prominent features of interest in the city and immediate vicinity, he

made excursions into the surrounding country in every direction; sometimes extending but a few miles, at others reaching distant villages, and occupying several days in their accomplishment. These afforded a healthy relaxation from study, and favorable opportunities for extending his knowledge of the physical aspects of the country, and every department of natural science, as well as the social and moral condition of the people. The varied scenery of the country filled him with the highest delight. In communion with nature he never seemed weary. His epistolary journal abounds with sketches, incidents, and observations, taken in those rambles, from which materials might be drawn for an interesting and profitable volume.

In September, 1848, he made a journey to the north of Fuh Chau. Passing over the tea hills, he reached the banks of the river Ling Kong, and taking passage upon a boat, descended to the city of that name.

He says: "I embarked upon the river, the waters of which were clear, and glided down its rapid current fifteen or twenty miles to the city of Ling Kong. It is a walled town, situated about twenty miles from the ocean, contains one hundred thousand inhabitants, and was said never to have been visited before by a foreigner. The people thronged about me with the most intense curiosity. I met them by thousands in a temple, where I addressed them; and,

distributing a few hundred tracts, I left the city at sunset, and went out to an inn by the wayside and slept."

In another excursion, in company with one of his colleagues, he thus describes the termination of his voyage up the river Min:

"*January 4, 1849.*—At two o'clock we are about seventy miles from Fuh Chau, and within five miles of Chui Kang, a mandarin station, where all boats are expected to pay duty. We conclude to return homeward soon. Lofty peaks, rising almost from the river bank, are towering above us. The clouds are dispersing, and the atmosphere is beautifully transparent. Our decision is taken to land, climb the mountain, and look as far and as satisfactorily as we can, and then face about for home. The path up the mountain led along the edge of a deep ravine, affording us many grand and impressive views. As we progressed upward the prospect widened; but midway in the ascent our path dwindled, and though there were no trees of great size, yet the small trees were tall and thickly covered the ground, which, together with the grass and fern, seemed to render our further progress impossible. Fortunately we heard the voice of a woodman, and soon called him to our aid. At the first sight of us *outsiders* the old man seemed scarcely to know whether he should faint, fight, or fly. He soon, however, began to berate us most furiously, and then to ply us with questions,

mingled with expressions of wonder, followed by intimations that we had better be elsewhere. But hearing his language from our lips soon modified him, and the promise of cash soon brought him quite over, and he cheerfully undertook the task of leading us to the top of the mountain by the right path. It was hard tugging up the steep way, but after two hours' toiling we stood upon the summit. The scene was surpassingly grand. Partially toward Fuh Chau a mountain more lofty than our own intercepted our view; but to the north and east sight had its widest range. The river was at our feet, and along its upward course hill arose beyond hill, and mountain above and beyond mountain, till earth and sky were blended in impenetrable distance. Chui Kang seemed hardly a mile distant, though it was five miles away; but besides this scarcely another human habitation was to be seen. There were no cultivated fields or grazing flocks, no wide-spread plains nor barren rocks; but hills, hills, and mountains, rugged, and often steep, but fertile, and covered with a dense growth of underwood, grasses, and ferns, the habitations of wild beasts and wild birds, freshening and withering with the succession of seasons, as from age to age they have been doing in this old land in all the past. I find more and more ground for my opinion, that the resources of China for the support of human life are far from being fully developed; and that, out of its great cities and away from its rice

plantations, it is a sparsely inhabited country. I believe there is no seventy miles on the Huron, or St. Joseph, in your state, where a person in passing would not see four times as many houses and men as we have seen since leaving the vicinity of Fuh Chau. We hastened down to the river, and about sunset began our downward way. The current was strong, and swept us rapidly on, till at fall of dark we ran behind the bank, and took position for the night."

The government officers, if consulted, would probably have discouraged, perhaps prohibited, these explorations; but the people, who have but little sympathy with state officials in China, seldom interfere with them. He conversed with the people in the streets, in their houses and temples, around their altars, and in presence of their idols; exposed their folly and wickedness, and preached Jesus with as complete immunity from personal indignity, though often alone and unprotected, as he could have preached and labored with the same faithfulness among sinners at home. His intercourse with the people was entirely unrestrained by any fear of personal injury. Indeed from childhood he seemed a stranger to fear; but his reliance was in moral rather than physical strength. He disciplined himself to feel that *to be right was to be safe*. He also held inviolate the moral convictions of others; even the conscience of a heathen commanded his respect. He addressed himself to the work of bringing them to

Christianity by enlightening their conscience, not by violating or seducing it. He knew that the cause of Christ would be hindered, rather than helped, by other than true evangelical conversions, and hence acted upon the policy that it would be better to labor on for long years, if need be, in patient hope, without visible fruit, than to dim the prestige of the Church he represented for true spirituality by the illusion of unconverted converts. Yet he did not entirely escape opposition.

The labor of the missionary in China is, on many accounts, difficult, tedious, and discouraging. The thousands of different characters to be learned in acquiring the written language; the many nice, but important distinctions of sound in pronunciation; the diversity of dialects in different cities, and in different classes in the same city; the prejudice existing between different classes socially, amounting practically to *caste*, are among the causes that render Christian access to the people more complicated than in any other field occupied by the Christian Church. The difficulties of the language are thus described:

August 27, 1849.—"I have told you, but I do not know that you remember it, so I tell you again, that the Chinese language is manifold, yet but one, thus: The character is common to the empire, and in all parts of it; those who know how to read look upon the same book and understand it alike. Collect men from different parts, however, and while they are thus

silently looking at the characters of the same work, and the same train of thought is passing through the mind of each, just then tell them to read aloud, and you would have a Babel let loose ; every man speaking, but not hearing in his own tongue ; for the pronunciation of the same character in the different dialects, and they are almost as numerous as the cities of China, differ very materially. Now, set a Fuh Chau man to reading from a book to a Fuh Chau man who does not know how to read, and the poor illiterate is as ignorant as before, for he has not understood one word ; because ideas expressed by the sounds of the written characters are not represented by the same sounds as in the common conversation of the people. So, to make the man who cannot read understand, the sounds used in ordinary conversation must be used, and not those used to pronounce the character. In a word, to make him understand, I must give him the colloquial and not the reading sound. There is a colloquial dictionary in the Fuh Chau dialect, in which the colloquial sounds are represented, each by a couple of characters, which answer the purpose of alphabetic letters. By the help of these characters I have had the Gospel of Matthew written out in the colloquial. My morning exercise is to read a portion of the Gospel in this dialect repeatedly until it has become familiar, or until my teacher comes. I then read with him the corresponding portion printed in the regular character. Now

each word has a character of its own, and when I learn a new word I have to learn a new character, the sound of which I cannot judge of in the least from the form. Then I converse with the teacher in regard to the lesson, and when at length I feel prepared, I send for the other members of the family, and we read a verse each, giving the reading sound; and having gone over the lesson in this way, each gives in succession a verse in the colloquial, and when the occasion calls for it I make some explanatory or hortatory remarks. After this we all kneel down, I pray, and the exercise is closed. In speaking of the language, I have left out of the account the Mandarin or court dialect, which is a still different pronunciation of the character, but which is essentially the same all over the empire." On another occasion he says: "One difficulty, of no small magnitude, is the graduated nature of the language. I mean by this the prevalence of one style of expression in one grade of society, and another in another grade or class. I noticed it particularly to-day. Teacher would first read the characters from the books; these of course he understood, but it was so much English to the servants. Then it was rendered into the spoken language, such as is common, I suppose, in the better circles, but was too high for the comprehension of the uneducated; for when I questioned them they looked blank, and said they did not understand what had been said, and so a still more diluted exposition had to be given. By

this time the teacher had become full-blown with a conceit of his far remove in superiority from the poor illiterate. The precepts of the Gospel were delivered as though he was the inspired oracle whence the wisdom originated; and though the exercise was intended for him as much as them, he forgot to take the sense to himself in his eagerness to impart it to others."

For the most part instruction was communicated in conversation; even the preaching, to a great extent, partook of this style. Their knowledge of theology and religion, their tastes and capabilities, but ill qualified them for listening to a set discourse. To this kind of preaching he was well adapted by nature and cultivation. Christianity in this field was in its early seed-time; no fruit, or blossom, or even a blade, had yet appeared, and it was necessary to broadcast the sacred seed over the land; a work that required the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove. To this work he addressed himself, seeking to be instant in season and out of season; entering the rude chapel, the heathen temple, or standing by the wayside to dispense the precious truth to all who would hear, sometimes to many, at other times to few. January 19 he says: "After breakfast, I put on my overcoat and walked away to the city the first time for a long while, to fill my appointment there. Near the center of the city is a great building, spanning the main street, the upper story of which is inclosed in one great room; the

lower story is left quite open in front and rear. There I have several times gone before to declare my message, as a company is readily assembled there to hear. At one end of the building no one seems inclined to carry on business, at the other are several tables and a small furnace or two, and also seats, where tea is made, and sold, and drank. To-day I walked up to one of the tables, and took a seat opposite a respectable looking person who was sipping his tea, and asked for a cup for myself, and began conversation with my neighbor. With the inquisitiveness common among Chinese, he asked me how long I had been in the country, my age, where my house was, and whether I was engaged in trade? all of which I answered. He then asked me if I bought and sold opium; I answered No; and added some remarks upon the great wickedness and injury of using that drug, which elicited applause from the people who had gathered around. "How then do you live?" he wished to know; and I told him my friends supported me. And, "Why do you stay?" "To declare the doctrines of Jesus!" "Are you acquainted with them?" I then went on to gratify the interest which had become considerable to him, to hear what those doctrines were, and I felt great liberty in preaching Jesus and the resurrection to from fifty to one hundred persons from my tea bench. I took a swallow or two of tea, paid about half a cent, and after distributing a few tracts left the place, receiving

several invitations to come again, and sit, and drink tea, and converse. I trust I am grateful to God for so quiet and favorable an opportunity of declaring the truths of his blessed word."

There is one trait of character in the Chinese which, perhaps more than any other, discouraged him in regard to immediate success. It is described in Psalm lviii, 3: "They go astray as soon as they be born, speaking lies." He regarded lying as the great national sin, that rendered them helpless under the ravages of their rank public vices. These views he expressed, in connection with the evil of smoking opium, October 15, 1849.

"To be an opium smoker, I judge, is about the worst of all human misfortunes. It does not make a man a fury, as alcohol does; at least I have never seen such a case. But it makes him a poor imbecile. It blunts his perceptions, diminishes his strength, hollows his cheeks, and dims his eyes. His appetite is gone, his energy is gone, and his property is squandered. From morning to night, and from night to morning, he must be inhaling the fumes. His constitution is shattered; all moral sense is lost; all natural affections gone; he will even sell his wives to get opium. Prematurely old, he drops into the grave, and into perdition. Its hold upon its victims is even stronger than that of strong drink. Certain it is, we can not bring to bear upon its victims any motives which will in any wise prevail upon them to

reform, as you do sometimes upon the inebriate. Voluntary temperance associations can do no good. We know they have done a great work for America; but they had a people nurtured under the influence of Christianity to work upon. You cannot realize the vast difference here. *They are false to each other* in all their transactions; they would be so in promises of reformation from vice. There is no hope of reforming this people from alcohol and opium drunkenness until there exists among them a public and private morality, based upon the principles of the Gospel."

Having a clear, strong faith in the evangelization of China, and believing from the present state of the Christian Church, and the condition of this vast empire, that it would require long years, perhaps ages, for its accomplishment, he desired to see everything done in the present incipient state of things in a manner to become the broad, enduring foundation of so vast and glorious an enterprise. As an effort was then being made in China by the different missionaries to secure a correct and uniform version of the Scriptures, he gave it his hearty approval, and so far as he had opportunity he labored with an earnest catholic spirit for its accomplishment; and though he knew it might require several years to execute the work, and that it would be attended with a large expense of men and means, yet its importance would justify the outlay, and it was his earnest wish that

his own Church might be identified with the work. He therefore sought to have it represented in the committee of revision, and to have it assume its proper share of the responsibility. Such were his views at that time of the subject, viewed from the foreign mission side of the question.

In February, 1849, just as Brother Hickok and wife were about to return to America, in consequence of failure of health, he was attacked with typhus fever, by which he was brought to the door of death. For many days he lingered upon the very brink of the grave. But, by the blessing of God upon the kind attention of missionary friends, under the judicious treatment of Brother White, who was his physician, his strong constitution rallied, and in a few weeks he was convalescent, though it is doubtful whether he ever entirely recovered from the shock. He says, with respect to his sickness: "I know that my case was considered dangerous. At some moments I seemed to myself, as to this life, as gliding away into eternity, and felt peace in commending my soul to my God. I had no fear, and I believe no dread to die."

Finding the warm season approaching before he had gained sufficient strength to labor, by the advice of brethren he made a voyage at sea, which occupied several weeks, of which he says: "I think I might have continued to recover slowly had I remained at Fuh Chau; but in view of the warm season, which is

just at hand, and the severe trial it would likely be to my enfeebled system, in consideration also of the fact that if I were to remain at home, several weeks yet must be passed in inability to enter upon my regular labor, I have, with the advice especially of Brother White, who has been my physician during my sickness, concluded to spend some part of that time in a sea voyage. In the prosecution of that purpose I am now on board a lorch, just at the mouth of the river Min, bound up the coast for Ningpo. She has under her protection a fleet of about thirty Chinese junks, from which she is to keep off the pirates."

The fleet moved slowly, which was all the better for him, enabling him frequently to go ashore, and distribute tracts among the people of the villages, or ramble amid the rural scenery of the coast country.

This voyage, extending to Ningpo and Shanghai, occupied a little more than two months; and he returned to Fuh Chau, June 18th, greatly improved in health and heart, and with his mind stored with a variety of useful facts, gathered from his association with men of larger experience in the missionary field. He addressed himself to his work with renewed ardor.

Having become satisfied of the impracticability of obtaining a residence within the walls of the city, he selected a site for a residence on the south side of the river, and commenced the erection of a dwelling.

He says: "It is on a hill, with olive-trees growing upon it. It is one hundred and seventy feet long, and one hundred and twenty wide; for which I am to pay about forty-four dollars rent per annum, without taxes. To all appearance it is as healthy a location as I have seen in China. If the way had been open, I should have been willing to sacrifice some of the advantages which this place presents for those of being in or near the city. As that could not be done, I have been compelled to take a place more beautiful of itself, and far more commanding than any I have seen about Fuh Chau, and my observation has not been limited. It will always be within reach of the society of several mission families. You wonder that there are not enough houses in so old and populous a country as China to rent without the trouble and expense of building. The Chinese houses are mostly shiftless affairs. This is especially the case here, and south of us. Indeed I have never seen one which it would be prudent for a foreigner to live in continuously without repairs. Toward the north, as the climate is more stern, the houses are better. To repair a rented house suitably costs nearly as much as to build, and when done it is still old. The roof will be leaking, and the timber will be nests for white ants and cockroaches. The uniform sentiment here, at present, is in favor of building anew."

November 21, he says: "The carpenter begins the

building of my house in good earnest to-day." November 22: "Go up to look at the workmen. They have put up a shanty to sleep in, and made a couple of mud arches in which to set their kettles for cooking. They are a stout, laughing, noisy set of fellows. All the timber for the house is brought into the ground on men's shoulders. Some of the pieces are a foot through, and sixty feet long. They are brought full a quarter of a mile, over a miserably rough, hilly way. Men teams have the entire monopoly here. It is hard, tearing work. They receive probably from ten to fifteen cents per day for their services, and board themselves."

By the 1st of April his house was completed, and he commenced house-keeping by himself. He had hoped to be more retired here, and to prosecute his studies with new vigor. The pleasantness of the situation, and the exercise of cultivating and adorning his grounds, for which he had a fine taste, he hoped would be favorable to his health. These hopes were for a time realized in part. But perfect health it seems he was never destined to gain in this world, though he uncomplainingly worked on, ardently hoping for better days.

After the departure of Brother Hickok, the mission was without an authorized superintendent until May 2, 1850, when he says, in his private journal: "Received a letter from Bishop Morris that much surprises and embarrasses me. The position in which it

places me is one of peculiar difficulty and embarrassment, both to enter upon and carry forward. I look to the All-wise for that wisdom which he knows I do not possess. Much in the past I have to forget, and much to regret. I have much to conquer in the future. O for grace from on high!"

Having taken time for consultation, reflection, and prayer, he returned the following letter to Bishop Morris:

"FUH CHAU, *May 7, 1850.*

"TO BISHOP MORRIS.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Your letter, dated December 5, 1849, appointing me to the superintendency of this mission, was received on the 2d instant. Did I not believe that such is the interest of God's people in the evangelization of China, that I should have the benefit of their fervent prayers that his blessing and guidance shall be granted me in the discharge of the duties of this office, I could not go forward in it. Assured of this, and looking to the Lord for strength and grace as my day shall be, and trusting in him to supply the abilities which by nature and habit I do not have, I enter humbly upon the work.

"Affectionately, your brother in the Gospel.

"J. D. COLLINS."

"The work," he continues in his journal, "is full of difficulties, and requiring at many points much delicacy of dealing, and I am not delicate. But I

shall not prosper by management, worldly wisdom, or tact. I must go to the Wise for wisdom. I must plead my case earnestly and long before God. I must lose self in him; must regard his glory; must have my heart warmed with love to God, to my brethren, and to precious, immortal souls, for whom Christ died. I must have a child-like simplicity and integrity of purpose, which, if in God, will win my way for me."

It was in this spirit he entered upon the responsible duties imposed upon him by the authority of the Church. But it was not long that he was permitted to go forward in the active execution of his commission. The enervating influence of a climate not three degrees removed from the Tropic of Cancer, was becoming more visibly marked upon his now wasting constitution. From the beginning of his residence in China there was an occasional tendency to derangement of the bowels, as is common to foreigners from a more northern latitude. His severe sickness, in the spring of 1849, seems to have effectually undermined his health. An immediate removal to a temperate climate might have restored him in time, but was impossible then. It is likely also that his extreme delicacy in regard to the use of the modes of conveyance common to the country, induced him to take more exercise in the discharge of his duties during the warm season, in the heat of the day, than was compatible with safety. He greatly regretted

this, but not until it was too late. The following, from his epistolary journal to his brother, presents a sad view of his health :

January 1, 1850.—"A new year, and a happy one may it be to you, your family, and all my dear friends on your side of the wide waters. It has not been an unhappy one to me, though it has not been one of great mirth or cheerfulness. I commence the year with more misgivings in regard to whether I shall see its conclusion, than I remember ever to have commenced one before. It is well for us always to be mindful that this is not our abiding place, and during the past year I have been made to feel how frail I am. I have been with but a step between me and the grave. During the past three months I have been the subject of growing indisposition. My system seems fast sinking under a derangement of the bowels, a protracted diarrhoea, passing into a settled and painful dysentery. I have hardly been able to bear up under it to-day so as to be about. I succeeded in walking up to my house, now being built, to see how the workmen are getting along. The house will be needed in the mission if I do not occupy it. You will naturally desire to know my feelings under these circumstances. I trust that, without being guilty of a stupid sentiment of fatality, I feel resigned to any event which the providence of God in the future may develop. I am willing, his grace supporting me, to abide and labor here; I am willing, if such be his

holy will, to go away. Heaven is a happier place than earth, and so plainly is my faith permitted to apprehend this, that it does not seem to me a grievous thing to exchange earth for heaven. I feel grateful for the opportunity which has been afforded me of preaching the word. I have been allowed to speak to many hundreds of this dear people of the adorable Redeemer. I believe some fruit will appear, though perhaps not until after many days. I do not often speak of my ailments here. I think I am usually considered a cheerful person, and I hope I may continue so. I trust the Lord has done all things well, and I gratefully receive what he metes out to me. You will not suffer yourself to entertain any anxiety on my account. I am well provided for. I have spoken very plainly to you, and you must not think there is anything hidden from you. I have made as frank a statement of my case as possible. In any event, the Lord has been good to me. How kindly has he dealt with me! How truly dark is that dispensation which has been meted out to my play-fellow in childhood, my companion in the halls of learning, L. W., his reason dethroned on the very threshold of active life, a hopeless maniac! By letter from a classmate I learn that another college classmate, R. of K., on his return from the Mexican war, was attacked by disease which became chronic, and probably before this time has proved fatal. I will not institute comparisons; but I prefer, if it comes to

that, to have taken my fatal wound fighting under the banner of the cross than any other, even that of my beloved America."

He had now the advantage of good physicians, some of whom had had long practice in China. Various remedies were prescribed, sometimes with a temporary success, but with no permanent good. Excursions were made into the country, and in September a voyage to Hong Kong; but he returned little better. The question of his return to America was discussed. To this he was opposed, only as the last resort. He says, December 16: "Brother Peet called this morning and urged me to go home for the benefit of my health. I should not like to go home sick. This mission has an unjust reputation for unhealthiness now. I do not think it a dangerous climate, and should not, therefore, like to encourage the belief that is now too wide-spread, by going home under such circumstances. I will try to hope and suffer on, though I do not suffer much pain. Perhaps I will get well by and by. People are sick at home as well as here. How many who were well when I left home have sickened and died since I came here!" But these hopes were never realized. He continued still to get worse. He had become feeble, and wasted to a skeleton. He could scarcely walk longer. His medical advisers, Dr. Welton and Brother White, assured him there was no hope for him to recover but in a long sea voyage, and that if he returned home

immediately he might possibly recover. This determined him. He would have toiled on and slept in China; but the chance of living longer to labor there reconciled him to his return home. On the 23d of April, 1851, he left Fuh Chau, and crossing the Pacific, reached California July 14th. Spending a few days with his esteemed friend and former pastor, S. D. Simonds, he made inquiry in regard to the encouragement for missionary labor among the Chinese emigrants in California, as this probably was one motive that influenced his return by this route. He says in his journal, July 29. "Advised Brother Simonds not to be too free in proclaiming to the Church the advantage of Missionary labor among the Chinese in California. I think a school might be of advantage." He reached home in September, so wasted and wan that even his parents could scarcely recognize him; but his spirit was unbroken, his zeal unabated by disease. His heart beat as true and as strong for his mission work as when, in the strength of youthful health and vigor, he first entered the field. He visited different places during autumn and early winter, in compliance with numerous requests for service in the cause of missions; but these he was compelled eventually to decline, in the hope that perfect quiet might be secured. He remained mostly within doors, but it was difficult to secure quiet in a mind so thoroughly possessed with a great and stirring enterprise as was his; for though his body declined

every day, the intensity of his interest in no wise abated in the great work that had been inwrought to his soul by years of absorbing thought and care. Nor was it until the very last that he relinquished the hope of returning to his work again. It was extinguished only with the last hope of life, and constituted its severest pang. Yet when his physician informed him there was no longer hope, he received the intelligence with a calm submission that said, "Nevertheless, Thy will, not mine, be done."

For many months, as his private journal indicates, he was a great sufferer, and all he said was corroborated by the terrible marks inflicted upon his wasted frame; but for a few days previous to his death his sufferings became truly intense. Yet he bore them all patiently, often expressing thankfulness that they were no worse. The day before his death his sufferings were so great that he swooned; on recovering his mother, who watched over him in his dying moments, asked, "Is Jesus precious?" He answered, "O yes, mother." Many expressions of trust and confidence in the Saviour, and of his hope of a glorious immortality, fell from his lips during his last hours, giving assurance that he was not forsaken in his sufferings. On the thirteenth of May, 1852, he slept in Jesus, and all suffering was forever past with him.

Thus died our dear brother, in the thirtieth year of his age. In stature he was slightly above the medium height, and of a spare rather than a full habit. He

had light hair, blue eyes, and a ruddy, pleasant countenance. He was temperate in diet, industrious and active. His mind was of a philosophical turn, clear, and, considering his age, well cultivated by study, and enlarged by an extensive and attentive observation of men and things. Socially he was free and genial, retaining the simplicity of childhood in manner, as he acquired the knowledge of a man. As a Christian he was consistent and uniform, believing, and striving to realize and exemplify daily in his life, that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. As a minister he possessed burning zeal for the salvation of sinners, and was evangelical and loyal to the Church of his choice. He made no pretension to oratory, having never had a large practice in formal public speaking, yet he was earnest and instructive; and in the colloquial style adapted to the inquisitive, subtile heathen, he was fast becoming a workman that needed not to be ashamed. His missionary zeal knew no limit in degree but capacity, and no bound in duration but death. He possessed a large amount of that power of practical adaptation to the exigencies of the occasion, usually denominated common sense, which needs only to be enlarged by exercise and matured by time to ripen into wisdom; and such, doubtless, would have been his reputation had Providence been pleased to spare his life to old age. He fell soon; yet, considering his age, he labored long, because he commenced without wasting any part of

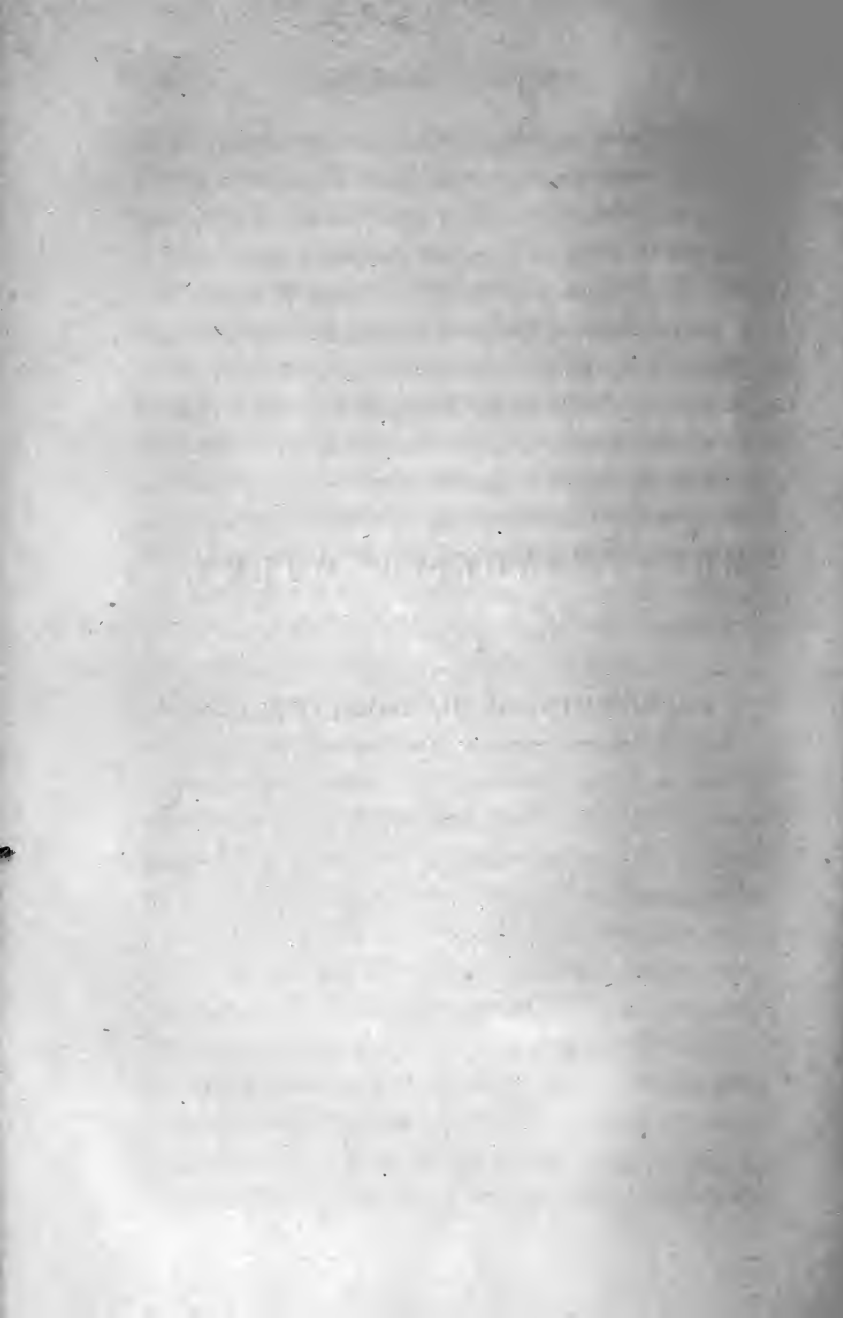
his morning; and he fell a living missionary, under the notice of the Lord of the vineyard, who can, and we trust will, cause the early dead of the infant missions at Fuh Chau to become a strong bond to the Church, leading to the final conquest of China to Christ. His remains sleep quietly in his family cemetery in the town of Lyndon, Washtenaw county, Michigan; marked by a neat marble slab, on which is inscribed his name, age, office, and death, appropriately subscribed by the loyal exclamation of submission given by the great apostle to the Gentiles: "Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether by life or by death."

MRS. FRANCES J. WILEY.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL MISSION, FUH CHAU.

BY SOPHIA A. H. DOOLITTLE,

MISSIONARY OF THE A. B. C. F. M. AT FUH CHAU.





MRS. FRANCES J. WILEY.

Mrs. Frances J. Wiley.

ON the third of November, 1853, death removed from our midst this excellent servant of God and esteemed companion in the missionary work. We cannot but think that one so useful in her life, and so highly honored of the Lord in her death, deserves more than a mere passing notice.

FRANCES J. MARTIN was born in Northumberland county, Pennsylvania, on the seventeenth of January, 1823, and was the youngest daughter of Joseph and Sarah Martin. Her father was born in Londonderry, Ireland, and was left a lonely orphan at the age of seven years, when he was received into the family of his grandfather, with whom he remained until he was nineteen years of age. At this early age his mind began to be filled with golden visions of the prospects offered to the young and aspiring in the new nation that was rising on the Western continent. Alone in the world, having but few ties to bind him to the land of his nativity, he determined to seek a home and fortune in the New World. He came to the United States, and settled for some years, as an

industrious farmer, in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania. Here he formed the acquaintance of Miss Sarah Hueston, with whom he was married in 1808. The rich counties of northern Pennsylvania were just then beginning to open the great mineral and agricultural resources which they have subsequently spread before the country with so lavish a hand, and Mr. Martin determined to locate here. He secured a tract of land in Northumberland County, on which he located, with his young family, in 1812, and where he remained, an honest, frugal, and prosperous farmer, until 1823, when he was suddenly called away to try the realities of another world.

His youngest daughter, Frances, was then but a few months old, and was thus left with three sisters and three brothers, all yet young, dependent upon the care of her widowed mother. But that mother was eminently endowed, both by nature and grace, for the responsible and onerous charge which rested upon her. Of strong, clear mind; rich in faith and in the experience of the things of God; firm in her convictions of duty and of right, yet remarkably gentle and affectionate in her manners, she was just the mother to take charge of seven orphaned lambkins, and bring them up for usefulness and for God. It was a pious household, and this lonely mother was an inheritor of the precious promises of the book of God, and these promises were faithfully fulfilled. God was a husband to the widow, and a father to her

children. He blessed their home, sheltered them from the rude blasts of the world, overshadowed their lonely dwelling with his wing, preserved them by his Spirit, and restrained them by his grace, and they dwelt in peace and prosperity under the roof of the old homestead. One by one they grew up to manhood and womanhood, and went forth individually to engage in the battle of life, all imbued with virtuous and religious principles received from this faithful mother, who, as long as she lived, received in return their grateful love and devotion.

Mrs. Martin was a devout Christian and an exemplary mother, and therefore, under circumstances in which many widowed mothers fail, she succeeded in rearing a family of rare excellence, and forming in her seven children characters strong and valuable. Each bore the impress of her own molding hand: firm, yet gentle; inflexible in principle, but affectionate, unselfish, and sympathizing, active, industrious, and persevering; formed for success and usefulness in the world, yet strongly imbued with the tender and gentle sensibilities of our nature. Such, in an eminent degree, was the character of her youngest daughter Frances. It was a lovely and loving family; four sisters and three brothers, each strong in individual character, and all united in the tenderest affection. Seven marked days are preserved in the records of this family; the days when, one after another, these sons and daughters stepped

out of the charmed circle, and went forth from beneath the parental roof to engage in the active duties of life ; and one day more than all the others, when, in 1848, that venerated mother left them all and went to God. These brothers and sisters all still live, except the precious one that sleeps beneath the olive trees in the cemetery of Fuh Chau.

In 1832, at the age of nine years, Frances, with her mother, entered into the family of her brother Amos, who was then in prosperous business in Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, with whom she lived six years, receiving such an education as was furnished by the "country school." At the age of fifteen she was placed by her brother, contrary to the wishes of her mother, in a Catholic institution, under the direction of the "Sisters of Mercy," in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, where she remained several years, and received an excellent education. Her friends justly looked upon this as a dangerous experiment, and remonstrated with her brother; but to all these his reply was, that he had confidence in the character of his sister. Such confidence, however injudicious in itself, and dangerous in its exercise, was a compliment to the early maturity and strength of her character ; nor was it misplaced. So far from imbibing any errors, or swerving from the faith of her parents, she was, in this very institution, brought under deep exercise of mind on the subject of experimental religion, and was driven by the empty relig-

ious forms imposed on the pupils of the school, to seek for a religion that possessed more of life and power, and that would satisfy the yearnings of the soul. Such a religion she found, in the winter of 1841, at the altar of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Pottsville, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. J. B. Hagany. She immediately became a member of that Church, and continued a growing, active, zealous, and devout Christian until she laid down her martyr life in China.

In 1842 she entered into the family of her sister in the beautiful valley of the Tuscarora, and engaged in teaching. Here she was soon joined by her mother and the family of her brother. Her beautiful character, modest, affectionate, pious and firm, and unbending in whatever was good and right as the hills of Tuscarora, soon won the love and confidence of a large circle of friends. The Methodist Church, of which she was a member, was then just forming, and spreading its borders through this beautiful valley. On a part of the large farm owned by her brother and brother-in-law was then being erected the first modest frame church in that vicinity, and here, once in a fortnight, the earnest preacher would break the bread of life to the little flock, finding a home beneath her sister's roof, leaving with them his blessing, and then leaving them and the small company of the Church to take care of themselves until he had again swept round the large circuit. In this pioneer work,

and in these forming movements of the infant Church, she took an active and valuable part. It was to her a labor of love to contribute and to secure contributions to the erecting of the chapel, to gather in the children of the neighborhood and organize the Sabbath school, to be always found in the class-meeting and the prayer-meeting, to visit the sick, to give comfort to the poor, to offer encouragement to the weak and failing, and to attend to the wants of the preacher. Said her brother, who has since found the pearl of great price, and taken her place in active labors in the Church, and who is foremost in every good work throughout the whole circuit: "Through the influence of her pious life, her active, constant devotion to the Saviour and his cause, more than by any other influence, was I led to believe in the reality of the Gospel, and to seek and find an interest in the blood of Jesus.

The leading preacher in charge of the circuit at that time was the venerable and eccentric Jacob Gruber, one of those early pioneers of Methodism, mighty in faith, in labors, and in fruits, and who seemed so intent upon the Master's work, and so absorbed in the theme of the unsearchable riches of Christ, and the salvation of perishing sinners, that it seemed almost impossible to find an avenue to their hearts or touch their sensibilities, except by the cry of penitence, or the question, "What must I do to be saved?" Such a preacher was Jacob Gruber. He

lived within himself; was a man of one work and one purpose. He had no time but to preach the Gospel and save souls, and therefore disliked the annoyance of forms and conventional customs, and seldom stooped to form acquaintances and cultivate friendships.

It is a proof of the beautiful character of the subject of this sketch, and an evidence of its power, that it penetrated the hard outside of this eccentric preacher, and even his heart, securing for her an intimacy and friendship with this venerable man that was granted to but few. Hers was just such a character as would suit and please him. Her vigor of thought, her strength of principle, her firm, unbending integrity, pleased him; while to find united with these a rare gentleness and affectionateness of heart and life, interested him, and made him her friend. He did for her what he could be rarely prevailed upon to do for any. He wrote her long letters of advice and instruction, he admitted her to his confidence and friendship, he conversed freely with her, he wrote in her album, he took her to his home and introduced her to his family. In allusion to her connection with the Catholic school, and as she thought in expression of his own wishes, he called her his "little nun;" and when she afterward removed to Lewistown, the place of his residence, he watched over her with almost a father's tenderness and care, and at last, when he came to die, gave her one of the only three daguerreotypes of himself that he would permit to be taken. This

memento of the esteem of this venerable and good man she carried with her to China, and cherished it and the memory of her eccentric friend until death.

But Miss Martin was not a "nun" either in principle or in purpose. In October, 1846, she was married to Dr. Wiley, whose early desires and training had been directed toward the Gospel ministry, but who had been diverted from this work by a sudden failure of the throat, and who was then engaged in the practice of medicine in western Pennsylvania. In the following spring Dr. W. and his young wife removed to Pottsville, and soon after succeeded in laying the foundations of a lucrative practice in Port Carbon, one of the outlets of the great coal field of Pennsylvania. But the practice of medicine was not in itself the work God had in view for his servant; it was only one of the side issues which Providence had entailed upon him, to fit him more fully for his true work. He was therefore restless in his profession. His desires and sense of duty were constantly pointing toward the ministry; his mind found greater delight in the study of theology than of medicine, and in the cure of souls than of bodies. From early life he had looked to the foreign missionary field as his calling, and had even selected China as the one where he would love to labor. Just at this time an urgent call came from Fuh Chau for a reinforcement of the young mission which the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church had opened in that city. The Cor-

responding Secretary addressed a letter to Dr. Wiley, inquiring if he would be willing to entertain the question of becoming missionary physician in China.

It came like the voice of Providence. He had told no one of his restlessness and of his earnest desires. He had not even whispered to his wife that his heart was then yearning to enter the missionary field; yet some intelligence had detected the workings of his heart, and an invisible hand was opening the door for the accomplishment of his long-cherished purposes. The letter was laid before his young wife. She was then a mother, was in her own home, a home which her genial spirit and frugal hands had made happy, and in which she had begun to think of spending her days in ease and happiness; she was surrounded by a large circle of endeared friends and acquaintances, and the world was bright and promising; yet she calmly received from her husband's hands the letter that pointed to a heathen land and a missionary life, and acted with reference to it as she did with every important thing in her life. She calmly read it, thought over it, weighed the subject in all its relations, prayed over it, reached her conclusion concerning it, and returned it with the answer, "Where thou goest I will go, and thy God shall be my God."

This was missionary heroism; an exemplification of her noble spirit and of her Christian faith, which, in the trying positions of her subsequent missionary life, was followed by many similar instances. The

secret of this calm and decisive action with reference to a movement so important, was found in her strong faith in the Gospel and her full consecration to the Redeemer's service. Mrs. Wiley habitually realized that she was not her own, but had been bought with a price, and her Christian spirit was ever uttering, "Thy will be done." In the present instance duty, Christian principle, pious inclination, and present opportunity, pointed to China; she heard the Master's voice and she followed him.

They were appointed to China. Several months were spent in necessary preparation, and on the 13th of March, 1851, they embarked for this city, in company with Rev. James Colder and wife, and Miss Seely. On the 9th of July, in the same year, we welcomed them to our number in Fuh Chau. It was a day not to be forgotten by us, who hail with such keen relish any one from civilized Christendom, and especially Christian co-laborers from our native land. After a little consultation, it was thought best that Dr. Wiley's family should immediately commence housekeeping, occupying the dwelling recently vacated by Rev. J. D. Collins, who had then returned to America, and who has since gone to his reward. This decision brought with it many immediate cares, and a demand for personal labor which a pastor's wife in a Christian land, where kind friends are near to give timely aid, and where civilization has heaped up her arts for domestic need and comfort, cannot

fully understand. Ingenuity must invent, watchful care oversee, and personal effort perform, not only physical labor, but do this in connection with great mental effort in acquiring this difficult language. All this makes household duties a great and trying work; and for her who frees her husband from domestic cares, in order that his time and strength may be spent in making known the word of God, this is a *good work*, which will certainly have its reward. This was Mrs. Wiley's leading desire, and in this she truly excelled. But not to domestic duties only was her mind directed; for during her short missionary life she did much for the spiritual good of the heathen over whom she held an influence, and her faithfulness in this part of her labor can only be fully known and rewarded in that bright land to which she has gone.

On the 30th of November, a few months after her arrival at Fuh Chau, she gave birth to a daughter. During the first days of her illness the open and exposed condition of the house caused her to take cold, in consequence of which she was confined to bed about eight weeks with acute rheumatism, which was followed by a very painful and obstinate affection, which did much to break up her constitution, and there was even then much danger of a fatal termination. During this long-continued suffering great meekness and patience, and much sweet communion with God, were her characteristics and her strong fortress. When others feared, she manifested perfect

resignation to the will of God, either to live or to die as he might please.

In April, 1852, after all medical prescription had been tried in vain, she was called upon to consider the question of returning to America, or, at least, of taking a sea voyage, as the only hope of recovery. She freely conversed with her husband on the subject; but, with striking devotion and resignation, finally concluded that she preferred to remain at Fuh Chau, and die when her heavenly Father should please, than be the means of severing him from the work in which she saw his heart so deeply interested, and only for the uncertain relief which might be hoped for from a sea voyage. This was a question which involved large interests, over which much prayer had been offered, and to which many serious hours of consideration had been devoted; and when she had arrived at the conclusion to remain, both felt that it was the work of the Lord, and praised God for the grace he had given them in his providence. The result showed the decision to be a correct one; and soon after her health began to improve, and during the following year (except occasional attacks of her painful malady) she enjoyed comfortable health, and rejoiced in the conclusion she had made, feeling that God, being satisfied with the trial of her faith, had arrested the progress of disease and prolonged her life.

Her heart and faith were destined, however, to experience another trial. Her watchful eye soon de-

tected the evidences of failing health in her husband. At this time the character of one "who looketh well to the ways of her household" manifested itself in all its loveliness and excellence in her. In every possible way she endeavored to lighten his duties and relieve his sufferings. But notwithstanding all her attentions, in September, 1852, he was confined to bed with a severe attack of dysentery, threatening his life. For six weeks her sympathizing heart was wrung with anxiety, forgetting her own feebleness, and becoming completely absorbed in her attentions to him. During the day she was constantly near him, anticipating his every wish, and lightening with her own gentle hand the pains and anxieties incident to the severe affection under which he labored. At night she only yielded her place at his bedside at the earnest solicitation of missionary friends, who stood ready to relieve her, if possible, in some degree. During ten days, while all hope of her husband's recovery was despaired of, she exhibited that Christian courage, fortitude, and meek resignation which shone as stars in her character. She scarcely thought of herself, or of the trying situation in which she would be placed by her husband's death. Her widowhood, her loneliness and desolation in a heathen land, even the wants and interests of her children, all seemed to be forgotten in her devotedness to her husband, and in her deep interest in his soul's welfare at that trying hour. She talked with him freely of his prospects in

death, prayed with him, read to him, wept and rejoiced with him; constantly calling away his thoughts from dwelling upon the trying situation of her and her children, to fix them upon God, the Saviour, and heaven. Her joy was inexpressible when he began to recover. Day after day she poured forth her gratitude to God with tearful eyes and a swelling heart; and the many letters which she then wrote to her friends were largely made up of thankfulness and praise to God for sparing to her her loved companion.

The succeeding winter was one of great domestic happiness and religious enjoyment, and she delighted to spend its quiet hours in prayer and praise. This winter was the last, and, as she said, the happiest of her life. The severe illness and merciful recovery of her husband had revealed to herself the depth of her affection for her little family, and it became her delight to watch over their wants with the tenderness of a devoted wife and the affection of a tender and gentle mother. A cheerful and happy heart, the gentleness of her disposition, and the activity of her sympathies, had secured for herself a happy home, and had won the esteem and love of all about her. She was ever desirous to benefit the heathen around her, and had already acquired considerable of the spoken language, though, in her own estimation, not sufficient to take the charge of a school; consequently they formed the plan of taking native children into their family to be trained under their immediate super-

vision. This pleased Mrs. Wiley much. A plan by which this might be effected was drawn up, and sanctioned by the mission. In December they succeeded in obtaining two promising boys, about fifteen years of age. They soon became greatly attached to Mrs. Wiley, who spent much time in teaching them to read and speak the English language; and they always seemed to listen with affectionate attention when she endeavored to convey to their minds the precious truths of our religion in their own tongue. To her Chinese woman she was devotedly attached and ever faithful, teaching her many useful things, and often and earnestly conversing with her about the great interests of her immortal soul. In her private devotions these members of her family were often a subject of special prayer, and in family worship, in which she was often pleased to take the lead, she manifested great earnestness in her petitions for them. Her heart was deeply interested in the missionary work; and when the state of her husband's health caused them to fear they would be obliged to leave the field, she prayed the more earnestly that they might both be restored to health, and permitted to remain.

In the spring of 1853 the news of the rapid and successful progress of the rebellion in China began to reach us at Fuh Chau, and another trial awaited Mrs. Wiley. For awhile much excitement prevailed among the people here, and some of the foreign residents began to fear it would soon become dangerous

to remain at Fuh Chau. The ladies of the mission to which Mrs. Wiley belonged participated much in these fears; and as the danger seemed to grow more threatening, the two other families of the mission felt it their duty to leave Fuh Chau, to seek safety and quietness at some other port, and in May began to make preparations for leaving. This was for a time a sore trial to her. Her husband, in consequence of delicate health, had already been urged to seek relief by taking a voyage to some other port; the progress and result of the rebellion could not be foretold, and no one could predict the circumstances in which foreign residents might be placed in case of an insurrection at Fuh Chau. Mrs. Wiley, however, considered the case of her husband more embarrassing than her own; and seeing that he could not decide to leave, and that the missionaries of the other Boards had concluded to remain, and meet the unknown events before them, she was anxious to remain till dangers should at least assume a more threatening character. The eighth of May, when the subject came before her mind for a final decision, was a day of much prayer, followed by a sleepless but prayerful night. In the morning she felt that the path of duty was plain, and her mind was clear upon this point. She decided to remain. Her husband, knowing the question to be an important one, and one which involved the feelings and safety of his beloved companion more than his own, left the decision almost

entirely to the workings of her own mind. On the twelfth of May the other two families of the mission left for Hong Kong. How could it be otherwise than a severe stroke to the affectionate feelings of a heart so capable of the highest degree of friendship and love, thus hastily to be separated from her female companions of her own mission, with one of whom she had crossed the sea, and to whom she had become warmly and intimately attached? The separation gave her many sad hours, from which she only found relief in frequent prayer, and in meek resignation to the will of Him in whose hands she had placed her all.

The dwelling which Dr. Wiley and family had hitherto occupied had been frequently visited, and once or twice entered by night thieves, bold and successful robbers, who much infest Fuh Chau in the winter season. The removal of one of the mission families from the same neighborhood left their dwelling in quite an exposed and lonely situation; and they therefore concluded that their peace and safety would be better secured by removing to one of the vacant houses of the American Board Mission, located in a more thickly inhabited district. This house had been partially abandoned by our mission as a residence, and was somewhat dilapidated; and they soon found that it was very warm and uncomfortable, and when the melting heat of our summer had fully set in, it was very evident that the health of both Dr. and Mrs. Wiley was rapidly failing. Mrs. Wiley

again became much troubled with her obstinate affection; and with the hope of obtaining some temporary relief from the scorching heat, they, with another missionary family, made an excursion in July on the river. This proved a delightful recreation, and had a happy influence on the mind and body of our dear friend; so much so, that later in the month they attempted to avail themselves again of the invigorating sea air blowing about the mouth of the river.

This proved an unfortunate movement; for soon after reaching the anchorage a fearful typhoon, accompanied with drenching rain, came on, rendering their situation, in their rude Chinese boat, not only uncomfortable, but exposed and dangerous. For nine days they were closely confined to their boat, during which time the wind, with the strength of a hurricane, blew over them. The rain poured down in torrents, and the river, overflowing its banks, spread over a large extent of low land around them, placing them in the midst of a wide-spreading and angry flood. There was no possibility of escaping from this perilous situation; nor could any Chinaman be persuaded to launch his boat upon the threatening river, and go to their relief. "Here," says her husband, "Mrs. Wiley exhibited prominently two striking traits of her character—patience and fortitude in the midst of trials over which she could have no control." Though their situation was one of great discomfort and peril, she exhibited the same cheerful

and resigned spirit which so often appeared in her character in trying circumstances. After the ninth day the wind greatly abated, and the clouds began to clear away somewhat, though heavy showers of rain continued, and the river still was fearfully high. They concluded, however, to make an effort to reach Fuh Chau, and were able, after some search, to find two Chinese, who, with their small row boat, were willing to try to ascend the rapid stream. They had scarcely embarked on the little boat, on which, with their children, they were crowded into a very small space, when it began to rain heavily. They had a tedious passage to Fuh Chau, not reaching the suburbs till ten at night; and at that hour all the street gates were closed, rendering it impossible for them to leave their little boat. The rain continued, and the night was fearfully dark, while the current near the city became so strong that they were obliged to make their boat fast in a small eddy, and make the best they could of their close quarters for the night. Fortunately the boat had a close cover, which defended them from the rain, but could not keep out the cold, damp air, in which they passed a sleepless night.

Both the Dr. and Mrs. Wiley soon suffered seriously from the effects of this exposure. Mrs. Wiley was soon attacked by a recurrence of her disease, from which she never again recovered. Her husband's health failed rapidly, and they were both confined much of the time during the months of August and

September to their beds; and finally, after much consultation, prayer, and reflection, they decided to leave Fuh Chau, and seek restoration of health by traveling to another port, or, if necessary, by returning to their native land. All of us at that time, and especially Mrs. Wiley, thought the change necessary more on her husband's account than her own. "How easy," says her husband, "was it for all of us to be deceived! Free from all selfishness, and constantly thinking and doing more for the wants and sufferings of others than for herself, her mind could easily overlook the symptoms of serious disease appearing in her own person, and ever uncomplaining, others were saved from those fears which otherwise would have been excited." Still she suffered much during the summer, often requiring medical attention, and often causing the heart of her husband to shudder at what might be the result of her suffering.

In September the affection with which she had been so much troubled in China assumed a more threatening character, and medicine no longer seemed to exert any control over it. Still, as she and her family were all ready to leave Fuh Chau as soon as an opportunity presented, we all hoped that the bracing sea air would arrest the disease, and her life be prolonged. But God willed it otherwise; no opportunity for leaving occurred, and her disease marched steadily on toward a fatal consummation. On Friday, the 14th of October, she gave premature

birth to a child. Her husband, as well as others, began then to feel her case to be hopeless, and we trembled for the result. Her anxious companion watched her, if possible, with more intense anxiety and care, and was somewhat encouraged to find that she had for several days escaped those alarming results which we feared would at once end her life. Some slight hopes were now entertained of her recovery; but at the end of another week it became evident that she still was sinking. She was already much wasted, and her debilitating disease—chronic diarrhoea—continued the work of emaciation in despite of the most diligent and careful application of food and medicine. On Thursday, October 27, a sudden change in her disease rendered it evident that she could not live; and from that time she sank gradually till, on Thursday afternoon, November 3, she fell asleep in Jesus.

And now what shall I say of the last days of our beloved sister? To dwell upon all the pleasant and hope-inspiring incidents of her triumphant death would swell this article to too great a length; to pass them by with a very brief notice would be a wrong to our holy Christianity, which is able to impart such peace and joy in the dying hour. During her last sickness her mind dwelt much on death. From the first she frequently said she must soon have relief or she must die. Still she had some hope of recovery till the birth of her little one, after which she thought she would not recover, and began to put her house

in order. On the Thursday preceding her death she became convinced she would die. Her husband talked with her respecting the prospects of her case, and communicated to her his fears that she could not survive. She replied, with much calmness, that she had been thinking so, and requested him to pray with her and for her. He asked her if she had strong desires to live. She said her desires for life were not very strong; that she was willing to die; but, if it were God's will, she would be pleased to live for the sake of her dear family. During the following Friday and Saturday her mind was much engaged in prayer. When asked if she felt prepared to die, she replied, "Not fully prepared." Her anxious husband then asked if death had any terrors to her mind. "O no," said she; "I know God will give me the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. I do not fear to die; but I would like more joy and bliss in dying." She then asked him to read to her from the Bible, and sought for passages speaking of the great work of the Redeemer, and calculated to lead the soul to Christ. Her husband read to her some passages speaking of the hopes of the dying Christian and of the glories of heaven, when she said: "O my dear, I know heaven is all glorious. God has taken care of all that. Read me passages which speak about Christ, which will lead right to Jesus. My soul can only find rest in Christ."

On Sabbath morning Mr. Welton, of the Church of England Mission, and her husband visited her in

consultation. They felt there was no chance of recovery, and it became the duty of the former to communicate to her their opinion. After Mr. Welton told her there was no possibility of her getting well she gave up all hope of life, and at once became happy in the prospect of death. Her first exclamation after receiving this information, which strikes dismay into the hearts of so many, was: "O how much better to die here than return to America! I shall soon be with God and my friends in heaven, instead of being with my friends at home." Her soul was exceeding joyful in the prospect of death. She said she would love to send many messages to her relatives and friends, but was too weak. "Tell them," she said, "that I die in great peace; that the Saviour is very precious; that though I have endured many trials and afflictions in China, I have never regretted coming to this heathen land; that if I possessed another life I would willingly devote it to the same work." She then praised God, repeating frequently, "Precious Saviour! precious Saviour! glory to God in the highest!" She spoke very affectionately of her dear little ones; praised God for giving them to her, and said she felt they were precious gifts from the hand of God, and that she would love to live and train them for him; and then with great calmness gave some brief orders about herself and her effects after death. In the afternoon she wished some of the friends to meet for singing and prayer in the

adjoining room, requesting they would pray that God would give her grace to die in peace and to his glory. As they sang,

“On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand,”

she exclaimed, “Stand by me till I land!” A dear friend who was much with her participating most deeply in the happy prospects which seemed ever before the mind of the dying saint, said: “I almost feel as though I must go with you;” when she replied: “Perhaps *your* time has not yet come. The Lord has a work for you to do here; but maybe he needs me up there.” Often during the singing and prayer she exclaimed, “How precious! O how precious!” and praised the Saviour for drawing so very near to her.

In the evening her eldest daughter came to bid her “good-night.” The presence of her precious child awakened all the tender feelings of the affectionate mother. She addressed a few words of encouragement and exhortation to her, and said: “Now kiss me good-night, for mamma is about to die. To-night Adah will kiss me good-by; then, after many years, perhaps, when Adah has grown to be a woman, and has given her heart to God, and lived to his glory, then some time Adah will fall asleep and wake up in heaven, and find her long-lost mother: with what joy will we meet to part no more?” During Sabbath afternoon she frequently said that death had no terrors, and she had no desire to live, and

spoke of her death and burial with much minuteness and great composure, as though about entering upon a brief but delightful voyage. How often she repeated the words: "My only hope is in Christ; O how could I die without Christ! he is a precious Saviour!" She also said: "I look away from myself, and look to Jesus, then I have great peace." But we cannot repeat all the precious words which flowed from her full and happy heart. It was truly a precious privilege to be with her. Her countenance constantly wore a pleasant and lovely expression while these words of peace and joy fell from her lips. One could not be with her without feeling that she was very near heaven. During Sabbath night her mind wandered greatly; but during her occasional periods of reason she manifested great peace.

On Monday morning her mind was freed from the wanderings of disease, and the day passed in a state of heavenly calmness. She spoke of going where she would be free from sin and sorrow, and said: "I should like to go home soon, but God's will be done!" Many precious passages of Scripture were strongly impressed on her mind, giving her much consolation and support. The declaration of our blessed Saviour in Mark x, 29, 30, was applied to her case with peculiar force and much comfort. The language of the Psalmist: "Though I walk through the valley and shadow of death," etc.; the Saviour's words in John xiv, 2, 3: "In my Father's house are many mansions,"

etc., were rich in consolation; and the last clause of the passage, "that where I am, ye may be also," she frequently repeated. On the previous evening, feeling that she would most probably die during the night, she had bid farewell with a very dear female friend. That friend returned again to see her in the morning, when she said: "I am still here, but some morning you will come and find that I have gone; but fear not, some morning you will find me again in that better world." Her little ones being again brought to her, she exhibited much affectionate feeling, and spoke to the eldest one in encouraging language, telling her not to weep, that her mother was going to heaven to be with Jesus. Again she commended them to God, and requested her husband to present them to her friends as two precious treasures which God had given her. This idea of her children being peculiarly the gift of God, was a prominent one in the mind of Mrs. Wiley, and exerted a strong influence over all her intercourse with them. She viewed them not as hers, but as God's—as sacred trusts which he had deposited in her care. When asked at this time if she felt desirous to depart and be with Christ, she replied: "O yes; but I am in no hurry; to-day or to-morrow, when God shall please, will do for the welcome messenger to come." One of the little native boys who had been living in their family, and in whom Mrs. Wiley had taken a deep interest, came to see her this morning. She spoke a

short time to him in Chinese in words of affectionate exhortation and encouragement, but soon found that the effort exhausted her strength. She then gave her husband several kind messages to interpret to him. The little fellow was much affected, declared his confidence in the power of Jesus to save, and promised to believe on him, that he also might go to heaven.

During most of the day on Tuesday she was in perfect possession of her mind. This was a happy day. A heavenly sweetness seemed to prevail around her. She felt that she was almost home. Though tarrying with us, and blessing us by her peaceful and happy presence, she appeared to live in heaven. About noon she thought the hour of her deliverance had come, and called us into the room to pray with her. During the prayer she manifested much joyful feeling and great confidence in God, praising him for enabling her to die so sweetly. It was, indeed, a blessed privilege to witness death so completely divested of its sting, and the grave of its victory. During the night and the following day her intellect was much affected. On Wednesday a calm expression settled upon her countenance, and a peaceful smile gathered around her lips; and thus was passed the day, without scarcely speaking a word. In the evening her mind became more actively delirious, and she talked incessantly during the night, her wanderings being of a happy and innocent character, indicative of the deep peace which prevailed in her soul. On

Thursday her reason did not again return ; but her wanderings ceased, and her strength began to give way, and we felt that our dear friend was dying. She continued to sink away gradually and softly, free from all pain, and about four and a half o'clock in the afternoon she gently fell asleep in Jesus. Her sweet spirit, gentle in life, gentle in death, had peacefully gone to be forever with the Lord. Nearly all our little missionary board, with several natives, including her teacher and her woman, stood around her bed in silence, with tearful eyes and sad hearts, yet rejoicing in this perfect triumph of grace through the redeeming love of Christ. It was a beautiful day ; a soft and mellow atmosphere prevailed around ; an atmosphere of love and heaven filled the room ; and thus, in the midst of befitting circumstances, her spirit passed away ; and we saw by an eye of faith the angel-messengers, and the company which no man could number, and Jesus, the glory of the heavenly city, ready to welcome her to a home in heaven.

There is another very interesting and encouraging incident connected with the death of our dear friend which we feel unwilling to pass by. This was the presence and devotion of her faithful Chinese woman. She is a young married woman, of excellent character, and had lived with Mrs. Wiley a little more than two years, and had been as faithful and devoted a servant as she had found an affectionate and gentle mistress. They had frequently talked together of

death, of God, and of the Saviour, and a mutual strong attachment had sprung up between them. During the last days of Mrs. Wiley's illness this faithful woman was almost constantly at her side, eager to know and gratify every wish. During the day of her death she stood by her bedside all the time in the deepest distress, holding the hand of her dying friend, and, in a peculiarly affectionate Chinese movement, gently rubbing her limbs, while she was sobbing with grief, and the tears were flowing constantly from her eyes. At length when death came, and the spirit of our sister had gone, she wept as if her heart would break; and when we kneeled down to pray, she fell upon her knees close by the side of the bereaved husband, at the bedside of her loved friend, and we could not but feel that she was really his nearest companion in grief. May we not hope that God will sanctify this dispensation of his providence to her, and make it one means of leading her heart to that Saviour who gave so peaceful a death to one she had so much loved!

We need add but little in illustration of the character of our departed sister. We might easily swell this article to a much greater length by dwelling upon the excellent traits which were exhibited in her life, and it would be a delightful office to recall many precious reminiscences of our cherished intercourse with her. Deep humility, gentleness and sweetness of disposition, active and far-reaching sympathies, meek-

ness, resignation, and fortitude, combined with the most unwavering faith in our Redeemer, were the traits which rendered her life so useful, which so greatly endeared her to all who knew her, and which gave such interest to the scenes connected with her last hours. This character shone most beautifully on her death-bed. During the whole of her sickness she was in a cheerful and thankful frame of mind. Every kind office performed for her was received with expressions of thankfulness, and almost invariably with a cheerful smile. A warm flannel applied to her body, a cup of fresh, warm tea, or an agreeable article of food, always elicited her thanks to the giver, and expressions of gratitude to God for the many comforts afforded her in her afflictions.

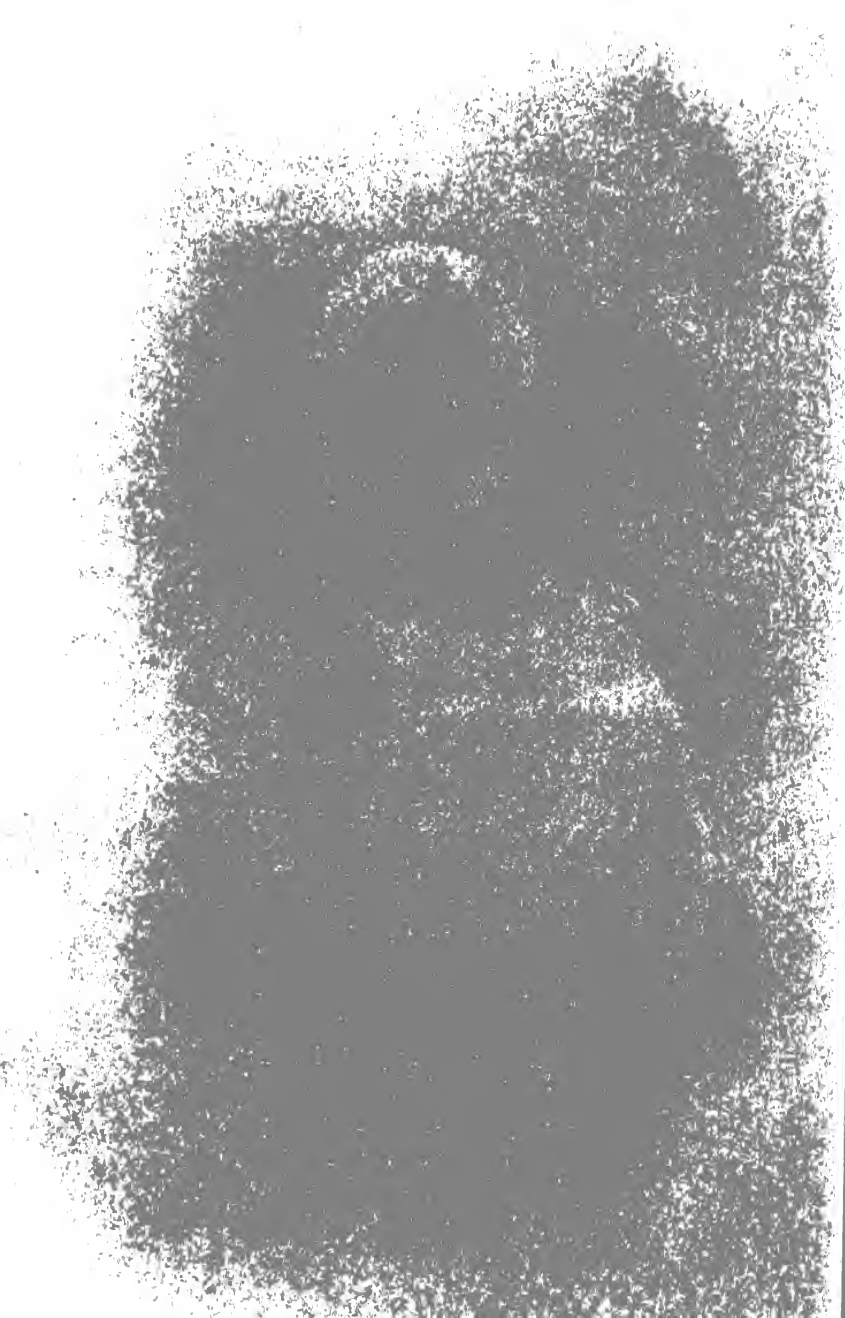
I cannot refrain from noting the following little incident, which illustrates so much of her character. Bathing her feverish face and hands in cold water was peculiarly refreshing to her, and often drew from her earnest expressions of thanks. On one occasion, while her husband was performing this grateful office, she said to him: "O how sorry I am I did not know that this was so refreshing to the sick: I might have given you so much comfort when you were sick a year ago. But I did not know; and then you were not so low as I am." "No," replied her husband, "I was not so low as you are." "Well," said she, "God's will be done; I only wish to do and suffer his will."

MRS. ANNA M. WENTWORTH.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL MISSION, FUH CHIAU.

By REV. D. D. LORE,

OF THE NEWARK CONFERENCE.





MRS. ANNA M. WENTWORTH.

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METHODIST EPISCOPAL MISSION, FUH CHAU.

THE American Church has been greatly honored by its female missionaries. The names of many among them are imperishable, and their memories are as ointment poured forth. Our Christian women have gone everywhere; have made every sacrifice for Christ and humanity's sake, not counting their lives dear unto them. In this volume only a few of these spiritual gems are set, sparkling in all their beauty and brilliancy; adornments of the bride of the Lamb, reflecting light upon the Church of God. We come with our jewel for this casket, which is one of rare excellence.

Anna M., the daughter of J. J. Lewis, Esq., and wife of Rev. Dr. Wentworth, was the youngest of this devoted band of Christian missionaries. Her work was short. Her footsteps merely marked her field of toil to show the way from thence to heaven. She greeted the heathen land with a smile, bade it an affectionate farewell, and passed on over Jordan, leaving her co-laborers gazing after her as an angel

visitant. The subject of this sketch was born in West Chester, Pa., on the 11th of June, 1829. Nor did that month of bloom, amid its numberless bursting buds, produce one more bright and fragrant than Anna M. Lewis. Her home was beautifully situated in one of the richest farming districts of her native state, only two miles distant from the Brandywine River, the loveliest of streams to those who, in childhood, have plucked flowers from its banks, and heard its stories of Revolutionary heroism, and its legends of Indian life and war.

Here, amid the quiet spirit-talk of nature, Anna's young life was passed, and, as is perfectly natural amid such surroundings, her mind early became contemplative and imbued with a love of nature. These characteristics were ever after prominent: contemplative in habit, and loving and communing with nature.

Anna was further blessed with the excellent influences of a pious home circle. Mother, the presiding spirit in a group of little ones, molds in moral form and beauty, and trains and strengthens in principle, the characters developed around her. In this circle piety and intelligence combined presided. The family training was a practical one. Religion was taught as a life of usefulness, the influence of which was early manifested by Anna in an earnest desire to do something; and being the eldest of a large family of children, she had the opportunity of prac-

ting it. Activity was a marked characteristic through life.

In this Christian home there was also the additional advantage of witnessing the power of religion in suffering; and seen under no other aspect can religion make so deep an impression of its worth and loveliness. And the example here was the most favorable one. The sufferer was the mother, always in feeble health from the earliest recollection of her first-born; and the piety was of that patient, confiding, cheerful type that sits and sings:

“ With Thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my Lord, art near.”

How much this suffering glorified Christ, and recommended religion, and influenced the heart and mind of Anna to choose the good part, cannot be known. But it must have done much. This state of health also brought the daughter into early and immediate importance to her mother. She was the ministering angel at her bedside; she shared her counsels, and performed duties and bore responsibilities from which, under other circumstances, she would have been free. This called forth, and rapidly developed, all the tender qualities of her heart, and gave a maturity to thought and habit beyond her years. These features were strikingly exhibited in Anna's after life.

The circumstances here enumerated were all formative influences, natural and powerful in their effects, producing those excellences of character possessed by the subject of this sketch. But in addition to these, and above them all, was the early washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost. The swelling bud of character was rounded into form, and the opening flower developed, under the sanctifying influences of the grace of God. In the fourteenth year of her age, while under the sheltering wing of home, Anna sought and found the forgiveness of sin, and the renewal of her moral nature. From that hour she entered upon that higher life hid with Christ in God. This blessed change was experienced on the 12th of November, 1842, during a season of revival, under the ministry of Rev. Mr. Nicholson, who has also entered upon his heavenly reward.

One of Anna's earliest and most intimate friends writes concerning this period and event: "We were thrown very much together, and many a serious talk we had about the impressions we received at Sabbath school; but it was not until the revival in the Methodist Episcopal Church during Mr. Nicholson's ministry that they became deep enough to induce us to give our hearts to Him who said, 'They that seek me early shall find me.' How indelibly all that transpired then is stamped on my memory. It was at a Saturday night prayer-meeting that Anna received the small beginnings of grace which afterward shone so

beautifully in her life. Some one came to me saying Anna wanted me. I found her whole countenance lighted up with the blessed change, and while tears of joy bedewed her face, she exclaimed: 'O Annie! help me to praise the Lord;' and then, in the beautiful words of the Psalmist, her full heart found utterance: 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name!'"

Here we have a satisfactory and Scriptural conversion. In view of her youth, and the solemnity and responsibility of Church membership, it was thought advisable by her parents that she should postpone her Church connection for the present, and test her newborn experience in daily life. Accordingly this step was deferred until her ensuing birthday; yet in the mean time she was diligent in the use of all the means of grace, and, the same friend writes, "always occupying the seat in the corner, rendered so dear to her as the place where God met her." Her fourteenth birthday, the 11th of June, 1843, was a memorable day to Anna. On that day she gave herself to the visible Church of Christ, was baptized in the name of the Holy Trinity, approached the table of the Lord, and received for the first time the tokens of his broken body and shed blood. It was a day of sealing unto a life of Christian labor first, and then to eternal redemption; both of which results are already realized.

She commenced her work at once. Her friend

writes: "The missionary spirit showed itself very early. I can remember many conversations about the heathen, and her earnest desire, if she grew up, to become a teacher among them. She carried a missionary subscription for a long time. Many a trudge through the snow and rain we have had together, while she collected the monthly contributions for poor old Mr. B. I remember, too, her devoting her afternoons to the care of the sick children of a poor woman, who was anxiously inquiring after the way of life, that she might attend church. While others of her own age were taking amusement in the plays of girlhood, Anna sat in the room of squalid poverty, soothing fretful children by her gentleness and pleasant stories."

Early in the year 1845 she was sent to the Wilmington Female Collegiate Institute. This was her first removal from the fostering influences of home. It was the first severe test of character, of Christian character especially. A boarding school is a fiery furnace to the young student. How Anna's Christian character bore this test, we have the best account from a schoolmate. She writes: "The record of her Christian life is spotless. Upon entering college, she resolutely took a stand for God and kept it. Sometimes almost alone, and never more than feebly supported by Christian sympathy, she was unwearied in well-doing. Her faith always soared heavenward. Each succeeding Sabbath, in her seat at class-meet-

ing, her words were such as to lift up the hands that hung down. At our social prayer-meetings her simple fervor, faithful, bold appeals to the throne of grace, were answered to many a waiting soul by mercy obtained and grace afforded to help in time of need. When strengthened by times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, she was not therefore the less vigilant, the less watchful unto prayer. Hers was not a religion that

“Stood the storms when waves were rough,
But in a sunny hour fell off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea
When heaven was all tranquillity.”

Her mind was stayed upon the Lord, and the consequence was her peace flowed like a river. If darkness began to gather on her spiritual sky, before the cloud became larger than a man's hand she went to Him before whose presence the darkness is dispersed and the shadows flee away. If she lacked wisdom, she asked of Him who “giveth liberally and upbraideth not.” Her doubts were all resolved by the “Wonderful, Counselor.” Acknowledging God in all her ways, she could claim to have her paths directed by him.

The following extracts from her own pen show her religious character, and her interest in the cause of Christ at this time. Of a revival, in connection with the school, she writes: “The second Sunday evening of the meeting, the weather being too unpleasant for

us to attend Church, Mr. P. (the principal of the school) allowed us to have a prayer-meeting among ourselves at home. Two of the girls were converted that night, and the work then and there begun has been going on ever since. It has not been quite three weeks since, and yet about twenty-five have made a profession of religion. Don't you think we must have joyous times? We have been greatly blessed, and know not how to be thankful enough for our blessings. But the revival has not been confined to the school; although the girls set the example, a great many others have followed it, and the altar has been crowded night after night ever since."

These extracts present us with a Christian character of no ordinary type for a school-girl. We find the same purity, fervor, and consistency here, surrounded by all the excitements and enticements of a large school, as when we traced the footsteps of the youthful Christian through the quiet streets of the country village on her errands of mercy for the poor and the sick. Anna's religion bore the test.

With natural abilities far above mediocrity, and the regulating influence of religion, we are prepared to expect more than ordinary success as a student. Anna was naturally ambitious to excel, added to which was indomitable perseverance. Such must succeed. The schoolmate already quoted says:

"As a scholar she was without a peer in college. In every department she excelled. When compo-

sitions were read, however listless and forced the attention that had been given to previous readers, Anna always commanded a universal attitude of interest, a brightening, intelligent eye, and responsive appreciating glances. In recitations she was rarely at fault. In matters legitimately within the province of reason, what shallower and less carefully trained minds received with unquestioning faith she refused credence to, unless sustained by a sufficiency, if not an opulence of evidence. Authority made a thing probable, but not certain to her.

“Loving music with all the earnestness of her nature, it is not wonderful that she excelled as a performer. Her musical abilities were the pride of the whole school, and challenged the admiration of all who heard her. She was indispensable on parlor evenings. Should indisposition, or the paralyzing timidity of some tyro in the art divine, incapacitate one of the performers, there needed therefore be no failure in the performance. Professor G. was willing to trust Anna with an entirely new part. I well remember her exclamation, after having played with inspiration almost some beautiful variations of Herz: ‘If such a wish be not of the earth, earthy, I want to play that upon my harp when I get to heaven.’

“Plutarch says: ‘Censure is a tax which all must pay for being eminent;’ but the word of God declares, ‘When a man’s ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.’

Anna was thus blessed. Notwithstanding her mental and moral superiority, she was a favorite in the school. One waited in vain for a word of detraction, for a disparaging 'but.' No compensatory weakness was placed in the other balance. Her jealousy-disarming appearance, her unpretending yet dignified manner, quietly dissipated every unworthy feeling, and right willingly we all acquiesced in the gentle rule which held all hearts in subjection."

Anna remained in school two years and a half, graduating in 1847 with the highest honors of her class, being the valedictorian of the day.

She returned to her home the same affectionate daughter and devoted Christian that she was when she left it, prepared by her scholastic course for greater usefulness. Home needed her presence at this time, and the need was fully met. Her mother's health was so feeble that almost the entire duties and responsibilities of mistress of the household, as well as nurse, devolved upon her. But the family cares and duties, and the entertainment of company and friends, which would have been quite sufficient to absorb all the time and thoughts of most young ladies, did not prevent Anna from taking an active part in all the duties of a Church member. She immediately sought her place in the Sabbath school. She studied to be useful to the children placed under her care. She prayed for and with them, for which purpose she met them in the church at *five o'clock in the morning*.

If necessarily absent, one of her first cares was to provide a suitable teacher for her class. The class placed under her charge remained with her until those who composed it were made teachers themselves. Her interest in this good work never fluctuated. In referring to other engagements as a teacher, she remarked that she had her experience in Sabbath school to encourage her. "I commenced," she says, "with some doubt; but instead of growing weary of it, my interest increased every week, until it became a real trial for me to be absent from the school a single day. But then," she adds, "I was particularly favored in my class." And just so every faithful Sabbath-school teacher thinks and feels.

Her judgment did not approve of Sabbath-school exhibitions for the purpose of raising funds; yet when they were decided upon she entered into them with all the enthusiasm of her nature, sometimes writing pieces to be spoken, at others writing both hymns and music for the singing classes, and always devoting her time cheerfully to the training of the children.

If money was to be collected in the Church, or for objects of general benevolence, Anna was almost invariably fixed upon as one of the collectors; and she seldom failed, with her pleasant manners, to obtain something even from those unaccustomed to give. Her special favorites were those who responded cheerfully to the calls of benevolence. Of such she was wont to say: "I love to ask them for money, for it

seems to be so much pleasure for them to give." She not only asked others to give, she gave herself. She knew the blessedness of giving, and it was this that first induced her to turn her accomplishments to the purpose of making money. In several instances, when money was much needed for church purposes, she, with the assistance of some of her young friends, gave concerts of music, by which she realized much more than she could otherwise have contributed. And for the same purpose she gave music lessons, devoting to charity all she received in this way. At one time, when there was an urgent call for funds in the Church, she gave her name for quite a large sum, and then took music scholars enough to meet the amount from among her friends, who were at all times glad to avail themselves of her musical skill and her aptness to teach. In writing to her father, while teaching school in Maryland, she gives as a reason for continuing: "My wants are increasing. I want money, not only to spend, but to give away. I am interested in the Church, in the missionary cause, the Sabbath school, etc., etc.; and I know of no way of really giving money but first to earn it." Her benevolence not only prompted her to labor, but also to sacrifice to meet its demands. Upon one occasion an effort was being made to liquidate the debt on the church of which she was a member, when, in order to increase her contributions, she appropriated money which had been given her by her parents for the pur-

chase of a new bonnet, and resolved that the old one should be worn. This act will be the more appreciated when we remember that her family relations and personal superiority gave her a place in the first circles of society.

She remained at home about three years, pursuing a course of uninterrupted usefulness, except by a severe attack of illness in the spring of 1851. In the autumn of 1852 she engaged as an assistant teacher in a school in East New Market, Md. As already stated, the influencing motives that induced her to enter upon teaching were, a desire to increase her usefulness, *to do something*, and also furnish herself with means for charitable objects. In accounting for the choice to a friend, she said: "I am not satisfied with this idle life. I am not needed at home, and feel as if I ought to be making myself useful in the world. Something almost compels me to go." She continued in the school until the close of the term in July, 1853, when she returned home, worn down with watching and labor. A sister had been with her at school who had been seriously ill with typhoid fever, watching whom, with school duties, had proved too much for Anna's strength. She scarcely reached home before she was prostrated by an attack of the same disease. Her illness was severe: for five weeks she was confined to her bed, and at times hopes of her recovery were feeble indeed. The good providence of God, however, raised her up for his glory.

Her health being again re-established, she engaged in her silent and unobtrusive Christian labors in her native village. She spent much of her time visiting the poor and the sick, and administering to their wants during this winter. She was, as ever, prompt and versatile in devising the means of relief, and active and cheerful in procuring and applying them. She treated the poor, not as objects of mere pity, worthy of benevolent regard, but as members of a common family with herself, entitled by ties of natural affinity to her care; and the charity which came from her hand was dispensed with a delicacy which, while it seemed to deny all obligation, made the receiver doubly grateful. When human aid failed to avail, she would point the sufferer to a source of relief that is unfailing, bowing in prayer at the bedside of the sick and dying. Whatever was done for others in this way was done with so cheerful a spirit, and with so little apparent effort, that those who knew her best rarely suspected that she was thus employed.

Thus was the subject of our sketch actively and constantly engaged in labors of love and Christian duties; taking an interest in all Church enterprises, temporal and spiritual, and efficiently promoting them. We find her in the Sabbath school a most successful teacher; and in the prayer-meeting, the class-meeting, and love-feast, and in the sick chamber, her voice is heard uttering prayers and counsels. A friend writes: "She never shrunk from the cross. I

do not remember seeing her ever sit still in the love-feast, and often she rose there as an example and encouragement to her Sabbath-school class, or to recommend religious saving power to the children." In active duty her example is worthy of all imitation.

Undoubtedly, the hidden spring of such a life must be deep personal piety. The flame that shines so brightly must be constantly fed by the oil of divine anointing. Some extracts from letters and conversations with friends will admit us more immediately into the inner chambers of her heart.

On the 1st of January, 1854, she wrote: "Another and another year! How swiftly they pass! I look back upon the one that has just been completed with the mingled feelings which are inseparable from these stopping-places in life. It has been, in comparison with the other years of my life, full of incident; or rather, the incidents have been different from those that have filled former years. I remember the solemn watch-night with which it was ushered in, more solemn to me than any other I can recall. How solemnly, how earnestly I then vowed to lead a new life! How have I performed that vow? Not as I should have done. God knows with what deep contrition of spirit I look back upon many of the words, and thoughts, and deeds of the past year. But as its record lies before me, I can still look back upon all its hours of sinfulness and weariness, as well as many of happiness and great peace, and thank God for that

first hour in which I felt my noble purposes and heavenward aspirations so strengthened and purified. The first seven months I spent in New Market, in the capacity of a teacher. I still feel, as I felt in going there, that there was something providential in it—that I was sent. Why, I do not yet clearly see; but I think it did me good. Amid many privations and trials I had many blessings, and as the greatest of all, I record the peace and quiet happiness that are always given to those who endeavor to walk steadily in the pathway of duty. May God help me to spend the coming year better than the past! and may each succeeding year, as it speeds into eternity, bear record of better deeds and a purer life than the one that preceded it!” These “stopping-places in life” must have been peculiarly blest to Anna. Of the blessing and power of another such she says, in referring to it: “I enjoyed such uninterrupted peace and comfort for a long time, I felt like praying and praising all the time. Such precious seasons I passed in my room with my Bible, and engaged in prayer—no, it was not prayer, it was *communion*.” In another of her letters, under date of June 13, 1854, she writes of the preceding Sabbath, and says: “I too enjoyed the day very much. It was my birthday, and that you know is a double anniversary with me. Eleven years ago, on Sunday afternoon the 11th of June, Mr. Nicholson baptized me and admitted me into the Church, and of course the day has become to me a

consecrated one, set apart to solemn retrospection, self-examination, and prayer. Last Sunday afternoon I had the privilege of kneeling at the communion board and solemnly renewing the vows I had made on my fourteenth birthday at the same altar. Will they be fulfilled? I can scarcely hope they will. If any are, it will only be because God has ordained praise from the weakest of his creatures. One thing I can confidently say in there trospect of these eleven years, that there has not been one hour in which I have regretted the important step then taken, or when I had any inclination to return to the world. Every day I am more and more convinced that 'godliness is profitable to all things.'"

The following is an extract from the letter of an intimate friend: "One little incident often occurs to my mind. We were standing at the third story window, watching the rising sun, the morning before S.'s death. My heart was impressed with the solemnity, the awfulness of death, and I whispered to Anna, as the sun's rays burst from behind a cloud, 'Shall we ever be able to behold the brightness of His glory and live?' 'I hope so, I believe so,' she replied; 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and my eyes shall behold and not another.' For a long time we talked of the rest and the beauty of heaven."

To the same friend she said, speaking of her own illness: "I don't know why the Lord spared my life. I felt ready to die then. I had not a care or anxiety about the future; but it must have been that I might glorify him by a more devoted life, or perhaps I am to suffer for Christ. You know I have never had much trouble. I feel under such obligations, and as if I were living so much beneath what God requires of me."

The longing of her soul for entire conformity to the will of God had greatly increased; God, no doubt, working in her to will and to do of his good pleasure in preparing her for a most important crisis in her history, now but a step before her. With this hungering and thirsting spirit, to be "filled with all the fullness of God," she went to the Red Lion camp-meeting in the summer of the year 1854. With deep earnestness of soul she sought more of the life of God, nor did she seek in vain. A friend writes: "I was sitting beside her when she gained the victory over her own heart, and felt that her will and all care were given up for Christ. Bishop Scott was preaching from the text: 'Mary hath chosen the good part which shall not be taken away from her.' She had always feared her ability to retain the blessing of perfect peace, if once obtained. After the excitement of camp-meeting, and her return to the cares and perplexities of daily life, in reply to the inquiry whether she felt the same peace and comfort, she answered:

'I hold Thee with a trembling hand,
And will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.'

This is my language if I feel my faith faltering in the least; but my mind is kept in undisturbed peace.' "

Such was her inward life of union and communion with God, and by this last great blessing of "perfect peace," he had prepared her for that act of entire consecration of her all to the missionary work. It was not, we believe, until after this experience that she consented to share with Dr. Wentworth the privations and perils of missionary life in China.

The views which she entertained of the great work, and the feelings with which she entered upon it, may be gathered from the following. On the 30th of August she wrote:

"Yesterday morning Dr. W. left us, and I have had two days to review the strange events of the past few weeks. Who could have believed that so short a time could have so changed all my prospects and plans? Judging from the dictates of human wisdom, it seems most rash to allow so short a time to decide matters of so great moment. . . . But as I try to bring a calm judgment to sit upon my decisions, I cannot find anything to regret. And why should I regret it? Have I not many times asked the Lord to direct all my paths? And shall I not believe that

he will do it? Have I not for years asked, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' And when by his providence he seems to have laid a noble work before me, shall I refuse to enter upon it? Rather I will thankfully acknowledge the goodness that has chosen me for a post of such exalted honor; and while I feel in the depths of my nature my unfitness for the work, I will implicitly confide in the wisdom and grace that are able to ordain praise from the weakest of his creatures. I know it is a great undertaking, and I want to be able rationally to count the cost, and yet not to harass myself with needless fears. There must of course be privation and toil. I must leave friends, who have seemed almost as necessary to my life as the air I have breathed; but my heart goes out in thankfulness to God, that while he has called me to leave much, he has given me a strong arm and a noble heart to lean upon. In this I recognize a pledge of what he will do for me. Already he has given me an earthly guide, and counselor, and teacher, and I feel sure that all his influence will be to exalt and ennoble me, and make me more worthy of him and the cause to which we have consecrated our lives."

Such were her views of this great undertaking, and they impress us as those of a mature Christian mind. Such a mind does not require a long time to reach a wise practical result. We think it likely that all decisions for high enterprises are made promptly, but they are not therefore rash decisions.

The Rev. Dr. Wentworth being already under appointment for China, the marriage engagement was necessarily hastened to its consummation. The wedding day was fixed early in October, but in consequence of the severe illness of a sister, was deferred until the 31st of that month, when it was celebrated in her father's library, in the presence of a small circle of relatives and friends, Bishop Scott performing the ceremony.

In a letter to a friend, written on the 5th of November, the first from *Mrs. Wentworth*, we detect the cheerful Christian spirit of Anna M. Lewis. She says:

"I think you will agree with me, that it is something to have spent six such bright happy days as I have spent since I left home on Tuesday morning. Everything has seemed to add to their brightness: bright sunshine, glorious moonlight, fine prospects, kind friends—nothing has been wanting. Of course I do not expect life to be made up of such. Longfellow has told us, 'Life is earnest,' even if we had not known it before, and I no doubt shall have my share of its ills; but it will be pleasant always to look back upon these pleasant days, and we may perhaps gather brightness from them to light some darker spot."

In reference to her departure, she says in the same letter: "I am sorry to be obliged to go off in such a hurry; but perhaps it is the better way; a longer time would only lengthen the pang of parting. It seems now almost impossible that we should be com-

fortably prepared in so short a time ; but so far Providence has kindly smoothed our way and made every thing come out right ; and I have confidence to believe that all will yet be right, and that we will not be called upon to sail one day before it is best for us to go."

During this bridal tour a visit was made to the Rev. Mr. Cookman, her former pastor, then stationed in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Of this visit he writes: "A few weeks previous to their embarkation, it was our happiness to welcome Dr. Wentworth and lady to our home in Harrisburg. In conversation we seemed to live over the past, and the hours sped entirely too swiftly away. A little while before we bade these precious friends a final farewell, Mrs. C. remarked to Anna that she hoped they might meet again in the future, and renew their delightful intercourse. To this Anna responded in a sweet and subdued manner, 'No; I shall never return! I go expecting to die in China.' 'Then' said Mrs. C. impulsively, 'why do you go?' Her beautiful answer was: 'It is no further from China to heaven than from my own pleasant home in West Chester.'"

It was expected that they would sail early in December ; but various delays occurring detained them until the 8th of January, 1855. They left home, accompanied by Anna's mother, and repaired to New York, from which port they sailed. From thence, on New-Year's day, Mrs. Wentworth wrote to her fa-

ther: "My first thought on waking this beautiful morning was to begin the new year by writing a letter to you; but finding we were to visit the vessel in the course of the morning, I thought it better to wait and give you, a little later, my impression of our winter-quarters. We took an omnibus at the corner of Spring-street and Broadway, and rode to Pier No. 20, where the "Storm" lies. It is a little place to be sure. The cabin is even smaller than I expected, but so much more cosy and comfortable looking that I was agreeably disappointed. There is room in it for a dining-table, a little stove, a few chairs, and perhaps a melodeon. On each side of it there is a long, narrow state-room, and two more roomy ones back. The largest of them the captain has fitted up in a way that shows he has a good appreciation of the good things of life. The other we will occupy. It is not very large, but the berths look comfortable, and we are supplied with a washstand and looking-glass. I think we will be as comfortable there as it is possible to be when sea-sick, and at other times we will want to be in the cabin or on deck. The decks are roomy and pleasant, and I think, whenever the weather is pleasant, we shall spend most of the time on them."

"The captain thinks he may sail on Thursday; but even that seems doubtful, for he told Mr. Gibson that his cargo was still small, and intimated that he would not be unwilling to wait if there was a prospect of a

better. If we should be detained here, from day to day, for a week longer, I hope you will be able to come on and take a look at our quarters. I think you would think more pleasantly of us if you could do so. There is none of the discomfort and dreariness about it that I had imagined, and I have no doubt we shall be able to make it feel quite homelike after we have been there a little time. The uncertainty of the ship's sailing makes it almost impossible to go home again, and even if I could, I should dread so much the pain of another parting that I should scarcely risk it. I feel now that the great trial of leaving home has been passed through. I have broken ties that were dear as life itself, and I should not want to renew the pain for all of us, unless I could spend some time with you. Still I wish very, very much, dear father, that you could come on here. I want so much to take your hand again. Your pale face, and the look of suffering you wore the morning we left has haunted me ever since, and I have sometimes felt that I must be doing wrong, to give so much pain in return for so much love and kindness. But I know you would be the last one to hold me back from anything that seemed a call of duty. You know that I do not go with any romantic idea of doing a great work, or of immolating myself upon the missionary altar; but with the desire to stand in the lot that Providence seems now to be appointing me, and to do the work I find there as well as I am able. Wherever I go I

hope I shall be the better and more useful woman for the tender care you have lavished upon me, and that the knowledge that I am filling my place in a sphere of usefulness may be a comfort to you when I cannot afford you any other. I have left a very happy home, but I hope I shall carry its influences with me, and be able to reflect something of its brightness on my new home across the waters. Indeed, I am sure, wherever I go, the remembrance will always cast light on dark places. Thank you for your very kind letters. You may be sure I did not read them without many tears, but they were pleasant ones. I have a great deal to say; but it is growing late, and I shall try to write every day while we stay. I need not tell you we shall want to hear from you often, because you know that, and I am sure you will write as often as you can.

“Please give my love to Letty, Joe, and the dear children, and a kiss to darling little Willie, whom I left crying bitterly behind the stove.

“God bless you, my dearest father, for all your kindness, and tenderness, and love. My heart will bless you always.”

On the 7th of January she wrote again to her father a letter full of natural affection, and tenderness, and true Christian devotion. It was her last letter written on her native soil, and written on her last Christian Sabbath in a Christian land. She appended the next morning: “The day is clear and the

wind seems fair, and as everything else is ready, it seems probable that the time of our departure has really come. I have only to add a last 'good-by,' with the earnest prayer that God will keep and bless my dear father, and, if it is his will, permit me to see him, with all the dear ones at home, once more on earth."

On the 8th of January, 1855, she left her fatherland to return no more.

The heart-heaving emotions and choking utterances of such partings cannot be described; they cannot be imagined by those who have never been subjected to them. It is a surrender of all things for Christ's sake. It is a perfect practical triumph of grace over nature. And our wives and daughters who thus consecrate themselves, by surrendering every flattering and tender tie of the past and present, and firmly facing danger and death, are the purest, noblest spirits of the age. Mrs. Wentworth thus consecrated herself, and is now reaping her reward.

After a voyage of one hundred and thirty-seven days, stopping in the mean time at Singapore, they reached Hong Kong. In her first letter to her mother, written during her voyage, she says: "The first few weeks were very trying to me. I had no society and no occupation for either mind or body, and I felt then as I feel now, that it was no small cause for thankfulness that my spirits so seldom flagged. I prayed constantly for courage and cheerfulness, and God gave

them to me. Indeed, since the hour I bade you 'good-by' in New York harbor, I have never for a moment regretted the step I have taken, nor doubted that I am just in the path where Providence has placed me. With such a conviction, it is not difficult to be satisfied with the present and hopeful for the future; and I try, in the fullest and most literal sense, to cast all my care on Him who careth for me. I have felt many, many times that it was a great comfort to know that you were praying for me at home; and I have often realized the truth of one of the few good things we heard Brother P. say at the camp-meeting last summer, that the prayers of a good mother were a great support in times of trial and difficulty. . . . I have not been on shore yet, and have not seen a woman's face. Does it not seem strange, mother, that I have been separated from you one hundred and two days, and that you are the last woman I have seen? I can hardly tell whether I have missed female society or not. There have been times when I have felt that I would almost give all the world, China included, to see you or sisters, but no stranger could have taken your place."

In another, to a sister, dated "China Sea, May 23, 1855," when nearing Hong Kong, she writes: "I am not certain that I am quite in my sober senses this morning, or that I shall be able to write anything that a sensible woman will care to read; but we are nearing Hong Kong, and as we cannot tell how much

or how little time we may have there for writing, I want to make sure of the matter, and have a few letters ready for the mail before we anchor. I have in part explained to you the cause of my unusual excitement, 'nearing Hong Kong.' After spending one hundred and thirty-five days on the heaving ocean, subjected to the dangers and discomforts of a sea-life, the idea of being again on shore, surrounded by something like home comforts, is itself exciting. But when you remember that land is China, the land so long looked to, so long hoped for, our future home, and perhaps our grave, you will not wonder that the thought of being within fifty miles of it makes the pulse beat more quickly, and sends to the heart a strange thrill."

On May 28th she dated from Hong Kong to her mother; China was reached. In her first letter written on Chinese soil, after expressing her gratitude to God for preserving her through the perils of a long voyage, and thankfulness for the prospect of a quiet home at last, she adds: "Yes, and thankful to be *here*; for even while I feel most painfully the separation from home, I can appreciate the privilege of being here, and feel that I would not exchange my lot for any other." From the tone of this letter it is evident that her health had not improved during the voyage, and the heat of the season at once produced great lassitude.

While at Hong Kong they were hospitably enter-

tained by Rev. Mr. Johnson, an American missionary in that city. They were detained about two weeks, waiting for an opportunity to go up to Fuh Chau. On the 7th of June they embarked on board the "Spit-fire," an American clipper, for the end of their voyage, still six hundred miles distant. A description of this part of their voyage, and their reception at Fuh Chau, and first impressions of their new home, are given in the following letter from Mrs. Wentworth to her father. It bears date "Fuh Chau, June 20th, 1855."

"Instead of the long letters I had expected to write on my arrival at Fuh Chau, I am afraid I shall have to make one short and hasty one answer. By some strange arrangement, the mail we had expected to send in July is advertised to close to-day at noon, and I have only time for a few lines to assure you of our safe arrival and kind reception, and must leave the many little particulars I would like to write for another opportunity. I wrote you from the vessel Spitfire, dating my letter, I think, the day we went on board. That was Thursday morning the seventh. Mr. Johnston, who went on board with us, took leave of us directly after dinner; but in consequence of heavy rains and light winds we did not get out of the harbor till Saturday afternoon. All Saturday it rained, and all Sunday. Monday, which was my birthday, it seemed as if the flood-gates above us had given way, and the water fell in sheets. In the afternoon

it was necessary to fasten down the sky-lights and shut every shutter to keep out the driving rain. All the week the rain continued almost without cessation, and it was not till Thursday morning we saw the first gleam of sunshine. The rolling of the vessel made all sea-sick, and you may imagine it was an uncomfortable time. It was probably, too, a time of more danger than any other we have passed through. For an entire week we tossed among rocks and sand-banks, without a single observation of the sun to tell where we were.

“On Thursday morning the sun came out, and the captain found that we were but forty miles from the mouth of the Min. A few hours’ sail brought us to the first sand-bar, where we anchored to wait for a pilot. The navigation of the river is very difficult, especially to vessels as large as the Spit-fire, and our captain, besides being naturally a very cautious man, was part owner of the vessel, and not disposed to run any risks; so we came up slowly, just as wind and tide favored, and did not come in sight of Kianpai Pass, four or five miles from the mouth of the river, till some time on Sabbath day. Word was immediately sent up to the city announcing our arrival, and early the next morning, about three o’clock, we were aroused by the arrival of Dr. Welton, the Church of England physician and missionary, who brought a boat large enough for Mr. and Mrs. Macaw, Mr. Fernley, and ourselves; and also letters to us from

Mr. and Mrs. Maclay, giving us a welcome to China, and an invitation to come immediately to their house. The gentlemen got up to receive Dr. Welton, and consult about leaving the ship. The English party decided to leave after an early breakfast. At eight o'clock we bade our friends 'good-by,' and sat down in our cabin to a quiet day alone.

"We lay at anchor all day without any wind; but about four o'clock were surprised to see a steamboat, having a tea-laden vessel in tow, come puffing down the river. Captain Aery went immediately on board, to secure her services, and by five the next morning she was churning and puffing at our side.

"One of the most pleasant and exciting things in our whole voyage was the passage from Kianpai Pass to Pagoda Island. The scenery on the Min is exquisitely beautiful, and the enjoyment of that, added to the home-like scream of the steam-pipe and puff of the engine, made the trip, in spite of a drizzling rain, which, by the way, we did not condescend to notice, extremely pleasant. Mr. Clark, one of the house of Russell & Co., to which the vessel was consigned, had a comfortable boat, well cushioned and covered, waiting at the island, and was polite enough to offer us a passage to the city. We came up very comfortably in less than three hours, were met at the landing by Mr. Maclay, who brought us immediately to his house. Here we were surprised to find our English friends, Mr. and Mrs. Macaw, and Mr. Fern-

ley, so worn out and exhausted by their trip of the day before, that they had not been able to go to their own house at the English consulate. They had been nine hours getting up the river in a small, close boat, without cushions, and but ill protected from sun and rain, and with no food but a sandwich they had carried with them. Mrs. Macaw was burned almost to a blister, and was sick from fatigue; and the whole party were too weary to think of going three miles into the city, and had come up to Mrs. Maclay's for a night's lodging and a day of rest. . . .

"Mr. and Mrs. Maclay received us cordially, and I believe were really glad to see us. . . . They have had the house on the hill, the 'Olive Orchard House,' as it is called, put in repair for us, a verandah thrown across the front, and the house well cleaned. The few articles of furniture Dr. Wentworth wrote from home about are ready, and for two or three months they have had a cook and table-boy in training for us, that we might have as little trouble as possible at first. There is some furniture too belonging to the mission, which they have had in use, but which they place for the present at our disposal. After Mr. Gibson has come, and we are all settled, it will be divided equally among the three families; but it will be a great convenience to have the use of it while we are having others made, and will enable us to get into our own house sooner than we would otherwise do. . . .

“ On Monday it rained all the afternoon, so that it was impossible to go over to the house. Of course I was extremely anxious to see it, but for that day was obliged to be satisfied with Dr. Wentworth’s report. He went over immediately after dinner, and came back with a woful story. The garden was much smaller than he expected, and overrun with weeds ; the house was dark and gloomy, and the rooms small and inconvenient. In every thing he was disappointed ; was sure I would not be satisfied with it, and thought we could only live in it while another was being built. I only laughed at his pitiful tale, and told him I did not believe a word of it ; reminded him that a man knew nothing of the difference furniture made in the apparent size of a house ; and that a day when the rain was pouring in torrents was rather a bad time to judge of the cheerfulness of a strange place. So I reserved my judgment for a sunnier day. The next morning was bright and pleasant, and directly after breakfast I put on my bonnet, took the doctor’s arm, and, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Maclay and Jimmy, started to see the new home. We passed through Mr. Maclay’s back yard into what he called Avenue B, a street eight or ten feet wide, running between two high stone walls, and neither graded nor paved. At the distance of about a square we turned into Avenue ‘A,’ and after walking nearly the same distance, entered through a double gate the ‘Olive Orchard.’ Perhaps the doctor’s report was a good

preparation for me, for everything certainly did look smaller in reality than on Dr. Wiley's paper; but after examining everything, and taking into account the difference care and furniture would make, I was more than satisfied with the whole establishment.

"The grounds I find are well laid out, and besides the pretty olive grove at the lower end, has many valuable and well-grown plants in it. I think a dozen Chinamen, under my direction, will soon make a different looking place of it. The greater part of the yard is in front; back there is only room, between the verandah and the high stone wall, for a walk and a wide flower-bed. A flight of stone steps leads to a gate in this wall, which opens on the beautiful hill on which are all the burial grounds. There is a fine view from this hill, and it is the favorite morning and evening walk of all foreigners. The situation is certainly a beautiful one, and seems to me the most desirable I have seen. From the front of the house we have a view of the river, with the island and the massive bridge; and of the city on the other side, and the noble mountain range beyond. The river itself is enough to reconcile one to any inconveniences in the house; but I do not believe we shall find any."

In about a week after their arrival at Fuh Chau they were established in their new home, and Mrs. Wentworth writes to her mother in a cheerful strain:

“MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I write you at last in our own home. My writing-desk stands on a low center-table in the middle of our parlor, and the light shining on my paper is thrown by the same bronze lamp, round which our happy family circle has so often gathered at home. It was unpacked and filled this morning, and is now shedding its rays on heathendom for the first time. . . .

“I am almost afraid to tell you how much I like Fuh Chau, and its missionaries, and particularly ‘Olive Orchard,’ our snug little home, because I may meet with difficulties and inconveniences after a while, of which I shall be sure to write, and you will think I am disposed to be fickle.”

Yet in this letter, notwithstanding its cheerful tone, there are references to debility and disease, for which she had been under medical treatment.

On the fourth of July we have a fragment of a letter written to her father, which shows her already engaged in the study of Chinese. She says: “I have just been having a sitting with our long-tailed, long-nailed gentlemanly Chinese teacher. First, I recited a lesson of just a yard and a half of Chinese radicals; then got from him the proper pronunciation of some household phrases I have been picking up, and afterward learned to count as far as one hundred. At the end of the lesson, which was rather a lengthy one, he rose from his chair, bowed very politely, put two fingers in his mouth to represent chop-sticks, I sup-

pose, and gave me to understand that he wanted to go to his dinner."

On the sixteenth of July, on this same sheet, Dr. Wentworth wrote that Mrs. Wentworth had been in the hands of the physician ever since the date of her letter above, and was still unable to attempt further correspondence. She had been quite reduced by an attack of the disease so fatal to foreigners in China.

The last note we have seen from her own pen is one to her little brother, under date of August 2, 1855. Not only because it is the last, but for the sake of some little readers, who may peruse this sketch, we transcribe it:

"MY DEAR LITTLE WILLIE,—I wonder what you and Allie are doing at home this pleasant morning. I wish you could be here to play in the beautiful yard around sister Anna's house, and to hear the birds sing in the trees. I don't think you ever heard so many birds in your life. For an hour or two, early in the morning, they sing so loud that if you were in the yard you could hardly hear each other talk. It is a very nice garden, and has some beautiful flowers in it; but I think you would like, better than anything else, a fine large grass-plot at the bottom, shaded by great large trees. I hardly ever go out and look at it without thinking what a nice place it would be for you to play, and how Mary Ellen would enjoy setting out her table and getting supper under those beautiful trees. O how I would like to

have you three children come to see me, and hear your merry voices through the house and garden. But I am afraid you never can, it is so very, very far."

This, perhaps, was the last message written from that far-off home to distant loved ones; at least the last that "dear little Willie" received from his sister Anna. It is just what a last message should be, full of a sister's love and tenderness.

Mrs. Wentworth's health continued to decline. The fatal disease of the climate (diarrhœa) had taken fast hold upon her, which, in connection with the birth of her first-born, reduced her to extreme feebleness. Yet her friends, her physicians, and herself, entertained hope that she might recover, until a short time before her death. About the last of September, 1855, her physician announced her case hopeless. For this trying moment she was not unprepared. A friend writes: "As far as I could discover, she was entirely unmoved and tranquil."

Upon such an announcement, to maintain such a state of mind under such circumstances was no ordinary triumph of grace. For her calmly and tranquilly to relinquish her hold on life, who had been so long *preparing* to live, and was so well prepared; who had been so long *thirsting* to live, and had just entered upon life; whose spirit had struggled for years for a sphere of enlarged activity and usefulness; now that it was just opening before her, hav-

ing just reached the missionary field, her heart's delight, which she had suffered so much and journeyed so far to find; then to be told she must die, and listen to the death-knell with composure, was such a victory over self and nature as nothing save the omnipotent grace of God could achieve.

Such a victory must have been preceded by a sore conflict. Her spirit must have passed through the hot fire of temptation to attain such purity from earthly dross. We catch a glimpse of the struggle going on within from a single sentence of a letter from her husband: "Once only, several weeks before her death, in view of her failing health, and the ill success of all efforts for her recovery, she expressed herself doubtful as to her mission, and said she did not know but she had mistaken her vocation in coming to China; but added, '*twenty better missionaries will be raised up to take my place if I fall.*'" No doubt the adversary thrust sorely at her upon this point. Her husband, however, adds: "This feeling was transient; her prevailing conviction was that she had done right in coming to China."

In addition to these high and holy aspirations for a life of religious usefulness, her domestic ties were such as to render death especially unwelcome. Her childhood's home still stood. Father and mother, sisters and brothers were still there, and she loved them with an intensity indescribable. Those whom she had loved earliest and longest were to be left.

"A short time before her death," says her bereaved husband, "she folded her wasted arms passionately about my neck, burst into tears, and said, 'I cannot tell what makes me want to see my mother so much.'" On the Sabbath before her death her mother's likeness was brought to her. She took it in her emaciated hands, while her eyes lighted up with joy as she passionately pressed it to her lips again and again, and said, "It will not be long before I see my mother again." O how precious is the memory of a mother under such circumstances! How hard to have it extinguished upon earth!

She had also just entered into the responsible relations of a wife and mother, had just been united to the man of her choice, had just experienced the first gushings of the fountain of a mother's love. To give up the dear little "Anna," and consent to die, required her to pass through such a conflict as is only waged in a young mother's heart.

A correspondent writes: "She called to the nurse, who was passing with the babe, 'Bring her here. I want to see her.' She extended her arm to receive her, and gazing on the little one pressed close to her bosom, so unconscious of passing scenes, said: 'I don't know how it is; I try to give her up, and not love her; and then I think I may possibly get well, and my heart will cling to her. I know she will be well taken care of, and better brought up than I can bring her up as long as my mother lives. But I

think after a few years my mother will be taken away; my brothers and sisters will settle in life, and have families of their own; and she is a little girl, and as she grows up into womanhood she will need a mother's sympathy and counsel;' and bursting into a fresh flood of tears, she exclaimed, 'O what will you do without your mamma then!' Here are the overflowings of a mother's heart."

These strong domestic affections and ties increased the bitterness of the struggle with death. But her spirit rose above the wreck of all her earthly hopes, and towering in the sunlight of God's countenance, bade adieu to earth, and hastened to its heavenly home! She conquered all, she overcame through the blood of the Lamb, she died in peace. "Not more calmly and collectedly," writes her husband, "did the dear girl prepare for her voyage to China than she did for her transit to heaven." About eleven o'clock at night, on the second of October, 1855, at the house of Rev. Mr. Maclay, Fuh Chau, China, Anna M. Wentworth ceased to suffer upon earth, and ascended to her rest in heaven, in the twenty-seventh year of her age.

A beautiful description of her sickness and death is given by a lady friend who was with her, in a letter to her mother. We make the following extracts:

"We all were very glad to welcome her to our missionary circle, not for a moment thinking that,

like a ray of sunlight, she would shine upon us and then be gone forever. But so it was. Still we who were with her, and witnessed the happy hours of her departure, were constrained to say, even in this *very* mysterious providence, 'Our heavenly Father doeth all things well.'

"About ten days before her death I went to see her. After speaking to me she said softly, 'I have been waiting for you to come and bathe me.' I bathed her with vinegar and water, and she expressed herself very much refreshed. I that day thought, for the first time, that she would not live, not so much from her weakness, though she was very much emaciated and very weak, but from the manner of her conversation, which seemed to me to come from a soul near the heavenly kingdom. Such a happy expression of countenance, and such peaceful sayings, to me very plainly whispered, 'I am almost home;' and I often during the day turned away to weep that one so lovely and so beloved must be taken away so soon.

"She at this time enjoyed her full powers of mind, though it was evident from her conversation that she was fully convinced the time of her departure was very near. She conversed about you, her dear mother, her husband, her motherless babe, and about death, with great calmness, and unweakened judgment, and the deepest love. Once she said, 'If mother could only have been here to nurse me;' and

immediately added, 'Every one has done all she could.'

"At one time her babe was brought to her; before looking at it she asked, 'Is this *my* babe?' Being informed it was, she kissed and gently pushed it away, saying, 'Go away, dear baby; go away, dear baby; I must not love you *now*;' and when it was taken away she said to me, 'O how hard it is to give up my child!'

"The next day, when giving her some drink, she said: 'This will not quench my thirst; nothing can until I drink from the river of life, that flows out from the throne of God; then I shall never thirst again.'

"When watching with her she asked, 'Cannot you read to me some from the Bible?' I then read her one of the Psalms. After having finished, she said, 'How excellent! Will you read some from Revelation?' I then read part of the last chapter, and she exclaimed, 'How I long to drink from that pure river!'

"I said to her the day before her death, 'The physician speaks a little favorable of your recovery.' She replied, 'I do not wish to stay; I am ready, I am waiting to go.' At another time of the same day she said: 'How long to wait; but the Lord knows best.' I cannot describe to you the sweet peace she enjoyed; it was indescribable; it was glorious.

“The day before her death, I think it was, she requested to have the hymn sung,

‘Jesus, lover of my soul,’

and joined in the singing. I can assure you I shall never forget that lovely scene. There she lay, her head reclining near her husband, her hands clasped together, her eyes raised to heaven, and her countenance beaming with unearthly pleasure and peace. Could you, her dear mother, have seen her then, even a mother’s bleeding heart would have been constrained to say, ‘Go, beloved child; earth is no longer a fit dwelling-place for thee!’ After this her breathing became obstructed and difficult, but this soon passed away, and she left us as sweetly as a child going to sleep.

“She was so lovely in her sickness that even her body, after the spirit had departed, seemed exceedingly precious to me. I printed a farewell kiss on her cold cheek, praying in my soul that all her relatives, especially her dear mother, might have sufficient grace given them to be perfectly resigned to the early and unexpected bereavement of this lovely daughter.

“Though buried in a heathen land, she is just as near the ministering angels that watch over the dust of the saints as though buried in her own native land. And may we not hopefully rejoice, that at the last day her glorified body will ascend to eternal bliss with a

host of ransomed spirits from among the poor benighted Chinese, for whom, in the providence of God, she so joyfully laid down her life."

And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. Rev. xiv, 13.

MRS. SOPHIA A. H. DOOLITTLE.

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS.

By REV. I. W. WILEY, M.D.,

LATE MISSIONARY PHYSICIAN AT FUH CHAU.

Mrs. Sophia A. H. Doolittle.

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SOPHIA ARLAND HAMILTON, the subject of this sketch, was the eldest daughter of Luther Hamilton, Esq., and was born in the town of Fleming, in the county of Cayuga, New York, on the 20th day of March, 1818. Her father was a gentleman of intelligence and wealth, and a prominent and influential member of the community in which he lived. He was a father devotedly attached to his children, and received from them in return the most ardent esteem and affection. Especially was he the earthly idol of his eldest daughter Sophia, whose heart received one of its most severe strokes when the intelligence of his death reached her in the first letter received from home after her arrival in China. Both her parents were prominent and active members of the Baptist Church in her native town; and she enjoyed in early life that greatest of all blessings—a pious home, and the gentle discipline of Christian parents. She had three sisters and a brother, to whom she was devotedly attached, and for whom she cherished the

tenderest affection until the links, one by one, were broken by death, so that one alone remains to cherish the memory of her sisterly devotion. There are but few more loving sisters than was Miss H., and but few, as we shall see in the course of this memoir, have given more substantial evidence of the depth and power of her affection.

When but a child she had serious and earnest thoughts on the subject of religion, which were early discovered and cherished by her parents. Perhaps, more than anything else, the noble Christian example and unimpeachable character of her father originated these thoughts, and impressed on her young heart the reality and power of religion. At the age of thirteen she made profession of religion, was baptized in the town in which she was born, and was received into communion with the Baptist Church of that place.

Miss H. gave early indications of more than ordinary talent, and became ambitious to secure for herself an education. The buddings of intellectual promise were hailed with delight in the affluent home of her early childhood, which promised everything to forward her plans and gratify her aspirations. None then foresaw the struggles which would have to be met by that opening genius, or the toils and self-denials which would have to be endured to secure that education.

About the age of sixteen, at the very period when she thought of entering more fully into the work of se-

curing a thorough education, the circumstances of her father began to change, and the means he had formerly possessed, from his generous indulgence of those indebted to him, and the failure of others, for whom his kindly nature had led him to become security in large amounts, passed into other hands, and the home of wealth and promise became the home of want and struggles. The career of education that had thus far been passing so smoothly for Miss H. became suddenly arrested, and a life of trial and difficulty loomed up before her. For a while this change of circumstances bore heavily on the young aspiring mind, and many tears were shed over the blasting of hopes and purposes that had seemed to fall upon her; but in a little while this stroke of adversity was met with the reaction of a strong spirit, and developed into activity traits of character and an energy of soul that none dreamed lay covered up before under the ease and luxury of wealth. The victory gained over the first depressing influences of this sudden change, Miss H. seemed to stand forth a new character, endowed with new energies and animated by new purposes. In the reaction of a young and enthusiastic mind, her plans were formed and her resolution taken. Large, indeed, were these plans for one so young; but large as they were, industry and genius achieved what youth and filial affection resolved. She determined to acquire such an education as would enable her to teach advanced schools; and in

the ardor of youth, even resolved to secure the advantages of education to her younger sisters and brother, and to aid the circumstances of her father. It was then this young, practical, sacrificing spirit entered on the active and trying scenes which, for so many years after, she met with so much fortitude, and over which she triumphed with so much success as to win the love and esteem of all who knew her. The object she had set before her was attained, though not without many a struggle and temporary discouragement. Did we dare to pursue here the full history of her trials and reverses, we could exhibit to the reader a rare example of perseverance and ultimate success in the midst of the gravest difficulties.

Instead of entering the seminary, that purpose was thrown off into the future, and she solicited and obtained a select school in her native town. Though but sixteen she was well qualified for this work, and very soon gained the esteem and confidence of her patrons, who soon became numerous. Nor was this a small compliment to her years and ability, for her patrons were all persons of prominence and liberal education. The first public examination and exhibition of her pupils wore the character of a triumph, and the "Committee of Examiners," composed of gentlemen of education, among whom was the Hon. William H. Seward, passed, by resolution, the very highest encomiums on the young teacher and her

pupils, and furnished her, unsolicited, certificates of qualification and letters of recommendation.

In 1835 her parents removed to Auburn, and Miss H. accompanied them. Here she connected herself, by letter, with the Baptist Church of that city, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Backus, now of New York. Coming with excellent endorsements from her native town, she was soon able to secure a flourishing school in Auburn. In this she continued for about a year, and then, with her younger sister, Dorliski, entered the Fulton Seminary, in Oswego county, and completed her education, thus realizing the first grand object of her life. We may be well assured that one possessing such talents, and inspired by such purposes, and who had already been so successful in teaching others, would herself become a devoted and successful pupil, and would leave the seminary with honor. Her name and example are still cherished in this institution. The talents of Miss H. for the finer accomplishments of female education were of a high order. In music, painting, needle-work, etc., she excelled; and in the sphere of poetry she exhibited both genius and inspiration. For several years she was a most acceptable contributor in this department to the Auburn Advertiser and other periodicals, under the signature of "Ellen," and was already beginning to be looked upon as a writer of much promise. Says a writer in the Advertiser: "Those who have read her lines, addressed 'To my

Brother;' 'By the Hudson's Silver Stream;' 'The Wealth of Tears;' and those 'On the Presentation of a Clasped Bible,' need no other evidence of her originality of thought, the purity, simplicity, and beauty of her sentiments, or of her literary attainments."

Qualified now for what she had placed before her as her life employment, she again actively engaged in teaching, first in Auburn, then at Dansville, and then as preceptress in the Ithaca Academy. In this labor she continued about ten years, part of the time assisted by her sister. During these ten years this devoted daughter and sister achieved, through her patient toils and self-denials, the remaining parts of her resolution, formed in the ardor of youth. Her brother was receiving, through her aid, a finished education; her sister, a few years younger than herself, and to whom her heart was knitted through life in the closest intimacy and love, cherished and guided by her noble spirit, dwelt within her encircling arm, and co-operated with her in her generous purposes. To the support of the family at home she contributed liberally, and with true filial heroism aided largely in liquidating the liabilities of her father, which his rectitude and sense of justice would not permit him to repudiate.

There is still another passage among the struggles and self-denials of this noble daughter and sister, which, though we may seem to intrude on the sacred

privacies of her life, we cannot withhold. She had still another sister, whom her large heart had room enough to embrace with equal ardor in her sisterly devotion. This was, as she called her, her "baby sister," Jennie Augusta, the youngest of the flock. She was still young when the subject of our sketch entered the missionary field, and received the most of her education after Mrs. D. had arrived in China. Toward the education of this younger loved one of the household lambs Mrs. D. was anxious to contribute, as she had done with the rest. But she was now far away, and laboring in a mission where the small sum furnished for their support would not permit her to make remittances to America. The brother, who had grown up under her fostering care, and who was already becoming successful in the world, had presented Mrs. D. with a gold watch as a grateful and affectionate acknowledgment of her sisterly devotion. This she thought she could dispense with, or, indeed, transform into thought, to shed a luster over her sister's life, which would be better than gold. The watch was exchanged for tea in China, which was consigned to a friend in America, and the proceeds of its sale were contributed to her sister's wants.

Indeed, the records of even woman's sacrifices present but few examples more lustrous than the numerous instances of self-denial, patient toil, and severe struggles found in the life of this noble woman.

Her memory is a crown of gold to her whole sex, throwing an additional luster over the name of daughter, and giving a more tender significance to the endearing relation of sister. The consecration of the riper years of such a life, and the maturer energies of such a spirit, to the cause of missions, is a trophy of which even that sacred cause itself may boast.

But we must pass to review her life and character in other scenes and relations.

Miss Hamilton was a Christian of exemplary character, and of great usefulness in the Church wherever her lot was cast. As we might suppose, she was a thinking Christian; she loved the Bible, and diligently studied it, drawing from it not only streams of consolation and strength to sustain her in her many trials, but finding in it a fountain of light and truth which satisfied the cravings of her own heart, and the knowledge of which she was ever anxious to impart to others. Her affectionate nature, instinct with sympathies which embraced her whole race, soon began to find fault with the exclusive mode of baptism and the close communion found in the Church of her parents. She was a lover of children, and was profoundly impressed with the importance of their relation to the Church of Christ. She remembered the early strong religious impressions and desires which had moved her own heart; she had partaken of that loving spirit which had said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is

the kingdom of heaven." Hence she was found an active laborer in the Sabbath school, and in everything that contemplated the religious welfare of the lambs of the flock. But she felt that this was not enough. She became convinced that these little ones had the right of a more positive recognition as partakers of the kingdom of Christ. In a word, from the workings of her own heart, and the lessons of the book of God, she became a convert to the doctrine of infant baptism. From this beginning, her views of baptism and close communion underwent a radical change. She still, however, from respect to her beloved father, continued her connection with the Baptist Church in Auburn until the winter of 1847, when she united with the Presbyterian Church in Ithaca, where she was then engaged in teaching.

In 1846 her mind seems to have begun to turn strongly toward the heathen world. She had often thought of this noble enterprise. She had always manifested a deep interest in the home movements of that cause, and had frequently declared her willingness and her desire to consecrate herself to the work of missions; but hitherto the circumstances which surrounded her, the wants of her own home, the strong claims of others on her efforts and her counsels, seemed to preclude the idea of going forth to the heathen. Now these circumstances began to wear a brighter hue, and these claims to present a less imperative demand. She had accomplished the

greater part of her early-formed purpose. Her father was again in easy circumstances, and enjoying a quiet home; her brother was grown up to manhood, and ready to step forth into the world for himself; her sister Dorliski, the idol of her affections and the companion of her struggles, had found a congenial spirit to whose keeping she was about to commit herself; and future prospects promised well for "the baby sister." The way was now opened, and she felt free to indulge the idea which for years before she had felt it her duty to hold in restraint.

About this time, too, she made the acquaintance of Mr. Doolittle, then a student in Hamilton College, looking forward to the Gospel ministry. The acquaintance of these genial spirits soon ripened into intimacy and affection. It was soon discovered that the current of their thoughts and wishes was tending in the same direction. From early life the missionary enterprise had been presenting itself in the most inviting aspect to the mind of Mr. D. The thought of a personal consecration to this work had often pressed with weight upon his heart. Recently these vague thoughts had expanded into desires, and these desires were beginning to form themselves into purposes. Under these circumstances these two hearts met. The discovery of each other's views on the subject of missions, produced in both hearts a profound conviction of duty and a thrill of mutual delight. They resolved to devote themselves together

to this holy work. Mr. Doolittle went on with his education, and Miss Hamilton with the work, ever delightful to her, of educating others.

Three years more passed away, during which these mutual purposes were gaining strength, and both were becoming more fully prepared for the work they had chosen. In 1849 Mr. Doolittle finished his preparatory education, and graduated in the Auburn Theological Seminary. He had already offered himself as a missionary, and had been accepted by the American Board, and designated for China. On the evening of the 20th of June he was ordained to the work of the ministry, and consecrated to the work of missions, in the First Presbyterian Church of Auburn, by the Presbytery of Cayuga, and immediately after these services was united in marriage with Miss Hamilton. They were now ready to go forth in the name and in the power of the heavenly Master, consecrated both in purpose and in form to a life-service in the cause of missions.

A few months were spent in preparing their outfit and in visiting their friends and relatives, taking a last farewell of these earthly treasures. These are trying scenes to be met at the very outset of a missionary life; they were such, indeed, to the loving heart of Mrs. Doolittle, especially to part from those sisters and that brother who had grown up under her own forming hand, and whose life and destiny seemed to have become deeply interwoven with her own.

But above all her heart quailed before the thought of leaving forever that loving and almost idolized father, whose every look had been tenderness, and every word a blessing, and for whom she had endured and done so much. Yet all these she laid on the altar of a deeper love and holier consecration. In September they attended the annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners, at Pittsfield, Mass., where their hearts were animated with new zeal for their holy work, while the example of their consecration, and their words of faith and hope, gave interest and value to the meeting of this great missionary charity.

On the 22d of November, 1849, they embarked on board the ship *Lantao*, at Boston, and on the 26th struck out, with a fair wind, for China, having been detained four days in the Roads by unfavorable winds. Most impressive religious services had been held on the vessel at the time of their embarkation, conducted by Rev. Dr. Pomeroy, one of the secretaries of the Board. The blessing of the great God of missions had been devoutly invoked on these missionaries, and most graciously did he vouchsafe to them his protecting and directing benediction, guiding them peacefully and safely through all the perils and dangers of the sea during their long voyage of seventeen thousand miles. Their fellow-passengers were the Rev. Messrs. W. A. P. and S. N. Martin, two brothers and their wives, destined to reinforce

the mission at Ningpo, under the direction of the Old School Presbyterian Board of Missions.

Four months and a half were spent in measuring off their slow voyage over the trackless ocean, and then, in the twilight of the morning of April 10, 1850, they descried the dim outlines of the highlands of Hong Kong, and in a few hours were brought to anchor before the city of Victoria, a city more than any other in China exhibiting that strange commixture of light and shade, civilization and heathenism, produced by the mingling of foreigners and natives in the busy scenes of commerce. Here our missionaries had to await an opportunity to embark again for Fuh Chau, and were kindly entertained in the family of Richard Cole, Esq., a native of Harrisburgh, Pennsylvania, but then filling the capacity of printer and publisher of the London Missionary Society.

The reader will grant us the privilege of a brief digression to pay a well-merited tribute to the genius of this American gentleman. A noble work has been done by Mr. Cole for the cause of missions in China, a work for which his name should be held in grateful remembrance by all who love the missionary enterprise in this great heathen empire; a work, indeed, which reflects honor on his native country. Mr. Cole was the first to succeed in what was long thought to be an impossible achievement, that of producing moveable metallic types, available for

printing the Chinese language. Three fonts of beautiful type, each embracing several thousand different characters, were produced by the genius and indefatigable labors of Mr. Cole. When we remember the complicated forms of Chinese characters, how many points and strokes enter into their composition, how perfectly accurate they must be in every part, so as to distinguish them from others closely resembling them in form, but widely differing in signification; and how many thousand different characters must be produced before they could be available for book-printing; and then think of cutting steel dies for each of these characters, forming copper molds from these dies, and casting fonts of beautiful types from these molds, we certainly may give the epithet of genius to the man who did this work, and may form some idea of the immense labor which he performed. Indeed Mr. Cole almost fell a martyr, in both mind and body, to this stupendous work.

On the 8th of May an opportunity presented for our band of missionaries to embark for the remainder of their voyage along the Chinese coast to the city of Fuh Chau. A few days brought them to Amoy, a city in the same province as Fuh Chau, and also opened at the same time to foreign commerce and missionary effort. It was earlier occupied, however, as a missionary station, having been first entered in 1842 by the lamented Abeel and the now venerable Bishop Boone. Although disappointing the hopes of

many as a place of trade, Amoy has met the sanguine expectations of the friends of missions as a point for the successful propagation of the Gospel. God has smiled upon the labors of the earnest missionaries at this port, and has given them many seals to their ministry. Here our missionaries spent a few days, cheering the hearts of the devoted men and women engaged there in the Master's work with the sight of new and friendly faces, and having their own hopes and zeal inspired by witnessing their successful labors.

On the 20th they struck out again into the open sea for Fuh Chau, in the spirit of a fuller consecration to the glorious cause, and on the 31st of May, 1850, reached the city of their destination, after a voyage of one hundred and eighty-six days from Boston. Here they entered first into the family of the Rev. L. B. Peet, to await an opportunity to secure a location on which to erect a house for themselves.

Nearly the first, if not, indeed, the very first intelligence received by Mrs. Doolittle, after her arrival at Fuh Chau, was that of the death of her beloved father on July 5, but little more than six months after she had pressed her last kiss on his venerable brow, and given him her last farewell. This was a great stroke to Mrs. Doolittle, and rendered more severe by the fact that her first letter from Hong Kong reached the United States only a day or two too late to be read by him. We have seen how tender was the attach-

ment of this loving daughter to her father, and under what circumstances this affection was developed to an unusual intensity; we may conceive with what power this sudden blow would fall upon her; yet that heart of large faith and strong purposes recovered from the shock, and came forth only as gold tried by the fire. She writes: "How little I thought that, so soon after reaching my new home, I should receive the sad news of our great bereavement. Father is dead! dear, dear father! Though I never expected to see him again in the flesh, yet I feel that I have lost my best, my firmest earthly friend; and that the light which gave the greatest charm to my native place and earthly home is gone out. How desolate it must appear where he was always to give us such an affectionate welcome. I am overwhelmed with sorrow when I think of our loss. Yet surely it is an affliction sent in mercy, and perhaps more than anything else will set my affections free from home, and prepare me more fully for the work of a missionary. While heaven has additional attractions for me I am less tied to earth, and can more fully devote my mind and heart to the work in which I am engaged."

Mr. Doolittle soon procured a spot of ground on which to build a house. This was at a prominent point in a district of the suburbs of the city, named, from its elevation, "Ponasang," about a mile and a half from the city walls, and about an equal distance from the river, near which the other missionaries

had located their homes. On this spot were erected two very neat and comfortable houses, presenting a very pretty appearance in contrast with the rude one-storied Chinese dwellings about them, and which, though what would be called very humble dwellings in America, yet from this contrast appeared like lights "set upon a hill." And, indeed, such they proved, for great have been the light and influence that have gone out from this hill among the thousands of Chinese. One of these houses was occupied by Mr. Doolittle, the other by the family of Rev. S. L. Johnson, the first missionary who entered Fuh Chau, who had spent the prime of his life as a missionary in Siam, and who, after some years as an earnest pioneer of missions in this great city, retired under failing health, and now awaits, with faith and hope, the call to his reward on high. His vacated house was immediately occupied by Mr. Baldwin, the friend and companion of the lamented Cummings and Richards, and who for ten years, in labors abundant, has been preaching and teaching "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God" in this heathen city.

Though not immediately hemmed in by the crowded dwellings of the natives, the home of Mrs. Doolittle was in close proximity with a dense population, and but a little way from the great thoroughfare leading from the river to the city. She thus speaks of her new home in writing to a friend: "I cannot fully realize that two years and more have passed away

since I bid farewell to my beloved friends and kindred, and looked that last fond look on *my native land*; but so it is, and during these years I have dwelt among heathen who know not God, who hate virtue and holiness, worship idols, live in the utmost wretchedness, their practices the most revolting to a Christian heart and their immortal spirits! O what tongue can tell of the darkness, wretchedness, and stupidity into which Chinese millions have fallen! Sometimes the thought gleams on my heart like a ray of sunlight, that I once breathed the sweet air of a Christian land, that I walked its green fields untainted by the filthy idolater, and listened to the song of thanksgiving and praise to the true God, rather than to the discordant, unmeaning sounds of idolatrous worship.

“I wish, my dear friend, I could describe to you the things I have witnessed since coming here, not for the purpose of saddening your heart, as I am sure it would do, but simply to enlist your sympathy and interest, especially in this suffering, dying nation. Our time thus far has been employed in becoming acquainted with the language, ways, and customs of this peculiar people. The language is extremely difficult; but I find myself making encouraging progress in it, and can already speak it with some ease, and read a little. We have just built us a very comfortable house, and have moved into it. Though vastly inferior to dwellings in the United States, still we think it very

comfortable. We have two little yards, one in front and one in the rear of our house. They are planted with trees and shrubs, many of which would be considered very rare at home, but very common here, though they are new and beautiful to us, such as the oleander, japonica, banana, orange, pomegranate, etc., etc. These plants and shrubs add much to the appearance of our home. As we are surrounded on all sides by the low, dark, dismal-looking huts of these miserable people, our home seems, when we come in from among them, like a little Eden, though you would think it very inferior. Do not think that I am disappointed or discouraged with the Chinese people. One who has read St. Paul's description of heathenism ought to expect all we meet with in this heathen land; yet a kind heart, and especially a Christian heart, loves to labor for them and die for them, if such be the will of the Lord, and thus be the means of leading some of them to the blessed Saviour. Pray for us that our faith fail not, and that we may joyfully sow beside all waters, trusting in God's promises, that in due time we shall reap if we faint not."

About this time the writer formed the acquaintance of Mrs. Doolittle in Fuh Chau. Her genial spirit, her sympathizing nature, her gifted conversational powers, her originality of thought, her devotedness to the cause to which she had consecrated her life, very soon initiated an intimacy which will be cherished

among his sweetest memories, and convinced him that hers was a character of more than ordinary excellence and promise. Three years of intercourse with her in all the interesting and trying relations into which foreign missionaries are thrown, only deepened that friendship, and increased the conviction of her rare excellence. The brilliant qualities of her mind and character at once arrested attention and commanded admiration ; but it was not until she was seen in the privacies of home, in the relations of wife, and mother, and friend, in the character of an active, zealous missionary, in the chamber of suffering and of death, in circumstances of trial or danger, that her true character was discovered, and the wealth of affection, and sympathy, and faith, and hope, that lay treasured in her heart, was fully revealed.

Soon after our acquaintance, her affection and faith were destined to endure another severe trial. Her heart, which had not yet recovered from the wound it had received by the sudden death of her father, was made to bleed afresh by the loss of her sister Dorliski, that sister who had been the companion and partaker of all her early struggles. We remember how her spirit sank under this bereavement, and for how long a time we could detect in her outward deportment the bitter sorrow that she felt within. Long afterward she thus wrote to a friend :—

“I need not tell you of my deep sorrow ; I could not if I would describe the keenness of that anguish,

or the blighting of that breath that brought across the deep the tidings—‘*she is no more, she is dead and gone.*’ Yes, she is gone, but *only gone before.* For many months I have been bowed down with the weight of my grief. I have felt sometimes as though I stood now in the world alone, and that the warring elements were lashing me with all their fury. But ‘suddenly a star arose; it was the star of Bethlehem.’ O my dear friend, what should I have done in those most trying circumstances had not the grace of God sustained me, and his right hand upheld me, and his good Spirit enabled me to say, ‘It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.’”

In the autumn of 1852 a school for boys was opened in the basement of their house. In this Mrs. Doolittle took a great interest; being now able to use the language of Fuh Chau with considerable ease and fluency, she gave much time and labor to these little ones. Her previous experience in teaching was of service here, while she found in the school an employment in which she delighted, and through it a friendly access to the friends and parents of the children, which she never failed to use to the best advantage. We always liked the policy of Mrs. Doolittle with reference to the females of China. The door of her yard and house always stood open to the natives, and on their visits, which were numerous and often troublesome, on account of the curious prying, question-asking nature of these strange people, they were

always made welcome, though it frequently cost much time and patience. Many of these visits were returned in person, and many have been the acts of kindness and the lessons of truth and encouragement given by this zealous woman in the dark, forbidding homes of these "daughters of China."

Mrs. Doolittle took a special interest in Ting-sing-sang, the teacher of the school on their premises, and subsequently the first convert from heathenism baptized and received into the Church in the city of Fuh Chau. Ting cannot, however, be looked upon as the first trophy of missionary labor in that city. A young native, by the name of A-kô, employed first in the family of Mr. Baldwin, and subsequently in that of Mr. Colder, and who accompanied Mr. C. to America, had long been under religious impressions at Fuh Chau, and during the stay of Mr. Colder at Hong kong, prior to sailing for America, in 1853, presented himself as a convert to Christianity, and after examination was baptized and initiated into the Church at Hong Kong. Ting, however, was the first to be baptized and received into the Church at Fuh Chau. How large a share Mrs. Doolittle had in leading to this result eternity only will unfold. Her interest in him was deep, and her efforts with him were earnest and long continued. "Our teacher," she writes, "has manifested much interest in the Christian religion. He prays in his family, and did so in the school long before we knew it. One year ago he offered himself

for baptism. Some of the brethren assisted Mr. D. in examining him, but unfortunately during the examination he made a misrepresentation about the time of his marriage, and consequently the matter was dropped for a time. The time of his marriage was of no importance whatever, but the falsehood was the evil thing. We did not dare to venture the acknowledgment of his Christian character. We must be extremely careful in receiving these poor heathen into the Church. It is now more than a year since then, and he seems to be sincerely penitent. He has lived in one of the rooms of our house for more than a year, and, as far as we can judge, he leads a Christian life. He preaches in Mr. Doolittle's chapel twice a week, and preaches very plainly to his countrymen the wickedness of idolatry and the duty of worshiping the living God. His wife, mother, and son live with him, and when we go in to see them it really seems that they are better than others of these people; I mean more respectful, affectionate, clean, and Christianized. We have good hope that we will soon be able to receive him to the fellowship of the Church." Mrs. Doolittle lived to see this hope realized.

Her attention was early directed toward the enterprise of the education of Chinese girls. She was not satisfied with the boys' school alone, but for a long time nothing could induce the Chinese to send their daughters to the schools of the missionaries. Some of the natives looked upon it as an absurdity, others

as useless, others as dangerous. At length these prejudices gave way, and it was found possible to secure the attendance of the girls. Schools were successfully opened by Mrs. Maclay, Mrs. Cummings, and Mrs. Doolittle. The school of Mrs. Doolittle was opened in the spring of 1853, and though she was obliged to begin with a small number, she was gratified with the results of the experiment. She writes: "We have at length succeeded in opening a girls' school. During the last year we endeavored repeatedly to find a teacher to engage in this work, but in vain. About two months since the teacher formerly employed in the boys' school consented to undertake it. We have it on our own premises. The number of girls is yet quite small, but we have encouraging prospects for the future. The fact that even a few persons in this neighborhood are willing to let their girls come to our house to receive instruction in the Christian religion, betokens a change in the state of feeling with reference to us which is very encouraging, and which we mention with gratitude."

Events of an alarming character soon arrested this young enterprise for some months. The news of the wide-spread rebellion in China began to reach the city of Fuh Chau early in the spring of 1853. The reports of the frequent successes of the insurgents were received gladly by the people, and often with public demonstrations of gratification. Symptoms of

restlessness and insubordination soon began to manifest themselves in the city, and threatened to break out into open insurrection. In a little while a band of insurrectionists descended on the city of Amoy, a city in the same province with Fuh Chau, and under its jurisdiction. The rebels were successful, and took possession of the city. News reached Fuh Chau that the insurgents were on their march to that city. An insurrection had broken out also in the northwestern part of the province, in the district of Saong-hu, under the direction of a band of desperadoes who had associated themselves together for purposes of murder and pillage, and who were committing many atrocities in their attacks on the towns and villages. These too were reported to be marching toward the provincial city. As the line of their march was along the river Min, we had almost daily evidence of their work of death and atrocious character in the numerous decapitated and mangled bodies which were seen floating down the river. The city was thrown into the greatest consternation.

To add to the dismay, the wretched natives were becoming short of food. A long-continued drought had delayed, for many weeks beyond the usual time, the first crop of rice, while the troubles in Formosa, and in the northern parts of the province, had cut off the outside supplies. The banks were beginning to fail and close, and the people holding their paper had become desperate. Several banks and exchange offices

were torn down. The stores and dwellings where provisions or money could be found were assailed by lawless mobs. The city was put under martial law, and placed in a state of defense for the coming insurgents. In these circumstances no protection or means of escape were given to the missionaries. Not a foreign vessel was anywhere near Fuh Chau, and the governor of the city notified us that we must take care of ourselves. Our little company gathered together on the island of Tong-chin to await the result. Mr. Doolittle and family dwelt with us on the island for several weeks, during which all missionary labor was suspended, and the city was in the wildest state of agitation. At length the imperial forces succeeded in retaking Amoy; the rebels were scattered in Saong-hu, and a plentiful harvest was ready for the sickle. The people settled down into quietness, and the missionaries were able to return to their homes and engage in their work.

Mrs. Doolittle again resumed her school under a more favorable character and more promising circumstances. The boys' and girls' schools were merged into one, and the number of girls increased to about thirty. Mrs. Doolittle was again in her proper sphere. Much time and labor were given to this school. This, however, was at the sacrifice of many personal and domestic comforts; but, as she frequently expressed herself in her letters to her friends at home, she "had her *reward* in the con-

sciousness of having performed her duty, and having accomplished a good work."

In the winter of 1853 God cheered their dwelling with a little son, their beloved Henry Hamilton. The strong affections of her heart gathered intensely around this little "olive plant," springing up in their heathen home. In no relation was the character of Mrs. Doolittle more beautiful than in that of mother. Here was seen the full depth of her loving heart. "God," says she to a friend, "is very good to me, and has made my China home a very happy one. He has given us many and great comforts, many more than I deserve; but the most precious of all is our darling little Henry. I think God has given him to replace my dear sister Dorliski; he looks so much like her, I often sit and gaze upon him and think of her. O how different is a mother's love and a mother's joy from every other! He is a precious, precious treasure to me, most fully rewarding me for all my sorrow on his account. May God spare his life, and make him a Christian and a missionary to the heathen!"

The summer of 1854 was spent by Mr. Doolittle and his family in the southern ports, in hope of finding some relief for a very troublesome affection of the throat, which had been for many months interfering with Mr. Doolittle's missionary labors. The time thus spent was by no means wasted, nor was this a fruitless voyage. Besides the advantage which it proved

to Mr. Doolittle, and also the beneficial effects on the health of Mrs. Doolittle, it afforded a fine opportunity for observing the operations of missionaries at other ports, and of becoming conversant with their plans and methods. Mrs. Doolittle spent much of her time in visiting and observing the working of the schools at Hong Kong and Canton, and became, if possible, still more deeply interested in the education of Chinese girls, and convinced that more than had yet been done might be accomplished for the females of China.

In November they returned to Fuh Chau, both improved in health, and inspired with new zeal for the work in which they were engaged. Mr. Doolittle was still unable, on account of his throat, to preach much, and it was resolved that they both should turn their attention more fully to the department of education. A boy and girls' school was again opened, and a good number of both sexes were found in attendance. Nine of these children became day-boarders in the family of Mrs. Doolittle, though they returned to their homes every evening. Three Chinese girls were received into the family as permanent boarders, food and clothing being furnished them by the mission. These girls were completely under the influence and direction of Mrs. Doolittle, their parents having resigned all authority over them, and committed them wholly to the care of the missionaries for a term of six or seven years, accord-

ing to their ages, unless married in that time. In these Chinese girls and her day-boarders Mrs. Doolittle became deeply interested, and in a short time they became greatly attached to her. She held with them a daily religious service, and when death called her away, was making arrangements to receive a number of Chinese women to participate in these services. Her little girls were delighted with their new home. They, of their own accord, asked to be instructed in the religion of Jesus, and to be taught how to pray, and sometimes asked permission to retire alone to pray. They remained with Mrs. Doolittle till the time of her death, and were then transferred to the care of Mrs. Hartwell, under whose culture, we doubt not, the truths already instilled into their young hearts, and the lessons which they shall yet receive, will bear fruit in future years to the glory of God.

But in the midst of these labors, and while full of plans for the future, she was stricken down, and the great Head of missions said to his servant, "It is enough, come up higher." Our next intelligence from Fuh Chan came by letter from Rev. Mr. Baldwin, bearing date June 23d, 1856, and revealing the sad story it had borne over the ocean in the following words:

"Our mission is in deep affliction, and my sole object in writing you this short letter, is to announce the sad intelligence, that we may have your sympathy

and prayers, as well as those of all who love us and our cause. Our dear sister, Mrs. Doolittle, has been removed from us by the hand of death. Her 'presentiment,' as she expressed it, in conversation with one of her missionary friends, has been sadly realized in this trying dispensation of Providence, and she has been cut down in the midst of her days and usefulness. Mrs. Doolittle passed away from us rapidly and suddenly. On Thursday, the 19th instant, after having passed through a very severe confinement, which terminated in the death of her little one, she was seized with a violent inflammation of the lungs, and the disease moved steadily on its fatal track, notwithstanding the utmost efforts made to arrest it. Indeed, so grave was the attack from the very first, that but little could be done except to alleviate her suffering and smooth our sister's way to her grave. Her disease speedily reached its crisis. She breathed her last on Saturday morning, the 21st of June, at half-past three o'clock, and went to her Saviour in heaven, while our tearful eyes were gazing on her poor remains.

"Outward circumstances, as well as those of greater moment, made this stroke one of peculiar solemnity and impressiveness. We live, you will recollect, at Ponasang, our house adjoining Mr. Doolittle's. The island of Tong Chin, where resides Mr. Peet, our nearest missionary brother, is distant about a mile; but in consequence of the heavy storms

which had been raging nearly two weeks without intermission, the plains and parts of the streets were covered with an inundation of the river, which effectually cut us off from the assistance of our friends. It was under such circumstances, and while the fearful storm was still raging, that Mrs. Baldwin and myself stood at midnight, with the afflicted husband, around the bedside of his dying wife. Though somewhat under the stupefying effects of opiates, Mrs. Doolittle still recognized each of us, and often, in her replies, showed that her reason was still active. But when her husband looked intently into her face, and kindly said, 'Do you know that you are sick? that you are very sick?' If you should not recover, what then?' And especially when *his* sobs fell on her ear, and she said, 'The parting hour must come,' she seemed fully roused to a sense of her actual situation. But it was on subjects strictly and purely religious that she exhibited full intelligence in her answers. Her voice was elevated, and every tone remarkably full and distinct, while she uttered her messages to her distant friends. For all these she was intensely anxious that they should truly and entirely cling to the Saviour. 'Tell him,' said she, with reference to her brother-in-law, 'tell him it will not do only to *profess* to love the Saviour, but he must love him *sincerely*.' 'Tell her to love the Saviour, and rely on him alone, which is the most precious thing she can do,' was her message to her only surviving

sister. To her mother: 'Tell her I would like very much to have seen her again, but if the will of the Lord is that'— here she failed, and her voice was lost for a season. When she recovered she did not complete the message, but doubtless intended to express her resignation to the will of the Lord, even though never permitted on earth to see her mother's face again.

"At length Mr. Doolittle requested me to bring Henry. He was sleeping quietly, all unconscious that his mother was so soon to be removed from him. He is a small and delicate child, her only one, about two and a half years old. I brought him over in my arms and gave him to his father, who roused him from his slumbers, and held him on the bed near his mother. The scene which ensued I am sure my feeble pen cannot adequately describe. O! it was a precious scene, on which angels might look with rapture. Her darling, only boy was before her, the child of her most ardent attachment, as we had often seen it so tenderly manifested in days gone by. The whole mother was aroused in her soul. She stretched forth her hand toward him, and cried out in tones of most melting tenderness and love: 'Little Henry! little Henry! little bird! little Harry! mother loves little Harry, very much she loves him.' Those tones, so rich, so full, so almost unearthly, seem to fall again on my ear while writing. Perhaps I shall never forget this sublime scene and these melting

words. I trust I never shall. They are to my mind a proof of the strength of maternal love, which volumes could scarcely deepen. But that heart had room for others too. She stretched forth her hand and laid it tremblingly on the head of her little boy, where it was held steadily by her husband's hand; and in those same earnest, clear, rich tones, which I have never heard in all my lifetime, she said: 'Thy will be done. God bless us all, and take us all to heaven!' She said no more. She committed all to Him who is able to keep all, then sweetly fell asleep in Him.

"The flood having abated, her remains were carried to-day (the 23d) to the Mortuary Chapel, on the south bank of the river, and the impressive funeral services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Hartwell and Rev. Dr. Bridgman, who is on a short visit to this port. Thence the little procession, mostly composed of missionaries, followed the remains to the Mission Cemetery, a few yards distant, and we committed the precious dust to the grave in joyful hope of its future resurrection and glory. Beside her sleep in this silent spot those three noble women, Mrs. White, Mrs. Wiley, and Mrs. Wentworth."*

We have thus presented the outlines of the brief but eminently useful life of this noble woman. We need not attempt to sketch her beautiful character here; we have endeavored to make this apparent in the preceding pages. We have already seen her as

* Since then Mrs. Peet has been added to the precious number.

an affectionate daughter, a loving sister, a devoted wife, a tender mother; as a ripe scholar, an early and faithful Christian, and an earnest missionary. Nor would we offer any eulogy to the memory of the dear departed. Her life is her praise, her consecration to the work of missions the proof of her character, and the rude stone which covers her resting-place in the silent "Cemetery of Fuh Chau" is her noblest monument. It is the one she would have chosen for herself, and it utters its silent memorial and dispenses its quiet influence, from the very spot where she would have placed it. Here the heathen, for whom she lived and with whom she died, will gather around it, perhaps sit down upon it, in the refreshing shade of the beautiful olive-tree that waves above it, and read in their own language the record of her life, the inscription of her death, the assurance of her hope of immortality, and the proof of the love and devotedness of one who came far over the ocean to teach them of Jesus and the resurrection.

Mrs. Doolittle, by her social virtues and many acts of kindness, had secured to herself the warm esteem and even the affection of many of these rude heathen, and especially had she won the hearts of the natives employed in the mission, of the children of her school, and of her three little native girls. On the day preceding the funeral a number of these natives, with the children of her school, assembled in an upper room adjoining that in which she lay silent in death.

Mr. Baldwin addressed them on the blessedness of those who die in Christ. Many breasts that had been seldom moved by emotion, heaved, and many eyes unused to weep were suffused with tears that morning. After these services all who wished took a last view of one whose face was so familiar to them. Long and silently they gazed on their departed friend. Her three little native girls wept bitterly as they looked upon her, and remembered and spoke of her affection for them and her labors with them. O how eloquent is death! Perhaps the most powerful of all her lessons was the lesson of that hour, when her lips uttered not a word, when her eye returned no gaze, and when she lay motionless, clad in the habiliments of the grave, while heathen hearts around her were melting and tears flowed freely. Thus the fallen missionaries are not lost. Though dead they still speak, and for many years their silent graves will send forth lessons and influences eloquent and powerful in their appeals to the heathen around them, and to the Church at home. There let us leave them under the guardian care of Him who said, 'He that believeth on me hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day.'"

TRIBUTE TO MRS. DOOLITTLE.

BY MRS. CLARA P. YAUGER.

From distant China's darksome strand
A melancholy dirge,
And dying sigh "for native land"
Float o'er the moaning surge,

From lips that in departed days,
Along "sweet Auburn's" plains,
Warbled the muse's magic lays,
In gently flowing strains.

Fondly her fading eyes were turn'd
Toward the far-off shore,
Whose hills her heart, in dying, yearn'd
To look upon once more.

To native scenes, loved passing well,
Kindred and sacred home,
Early she bade a last farewell,
To cross the ocean's foam.

Why left she this fair land of ours?
The land of peaceful dells,
Of unmolested hearths, and bowers,
And holy Sabbath bells?

She loved it, and to leave it wept;
Fain 'neath its flowery sod
Death's long, lone sleep would she have slept;
But more she loved her God.

And for *his* cause she dared to brave
The perils of the sea,
A hostile home beyond the wave,
A martyr's destiny.

For Him whom God hath glorified
She laid life's treasures down ;
Bearing his message, meekly died,
And won a starry crown.

And now amid the immortal choir
Around the throne that throng,
Sweetly she tunes a golden lyre,
To heaven's unending song.

We have already alluded to the poetic gifts of Mrs. Doolittle, and to her early contributions to the press, through which she had already gained many admirers. A few specimens of her composition will exhibit her talents in this respect, and may not prove an unacceptable offering to the reader.

HAST THOU E'ER LOVED?

HAST thou e'er loved the laughing girl,
With waxen neck and silken curl,
Sweet ruby lips and dimpled face,
Borne gayly on with sylvan grace,
But her light footsteps, bounding nigh,
Spake to thy heart, The loved must die?

Hast thou e'er wonnd, in friendship's hour,
The golden cord round spirits pure,

Until its bright and silver dart
Pass'd gently down into thy heart,
But whisp'ring angels seem'd to say,
Love not what death can take away?

Hast thou e'er watched thine aged friend,
And proffer'd aid, her steps to tend
Most kindly down life's dark descent,
To which her tott'ring steps were bent,
But thou didst turn, with silent breath,
To brush the tear that told of death?

Hast thou e'er burn'd the midnight oil
To win the love of learning's toil,
And twine bright garlands for thy name,
Of honors, stars, and gems of fame,
But morning's light on thy dim eye
Told to thy heart, Thou too must die?

Hast thou made wealth thine only trust,
And heap'd in heaps its shining dust,
Drawing its silken curtain round
The shining, treasured luxuries found,
But its thin wings did softly say,
Think not with us to soar away?

Hast thou e'er mark'd with youthful zeal
The path of life through thornless field,
Where flowers of pleasure fearless bloom,
And shed around their rich perfume,
But as thy steps were hast'ning on
The hidden thorns were trod upon?

Then if we build beneath the sky,
We build where joys forever fly;

May wisdom throw its halo round
Our dwelling on terrestrial ground,
Till we may reach a heavenly height,
Whose Architect will guide us right.

COME TO THE WILD WOODS.

COME to the wild-woods, come, SISTER, away,
Where each blooming flow'ret keeps smiling all day ;
Where shrubs, richly loaded with garlands of green,
Encircling the mossy-clad hillocks between,
In gentle grace bowing to zephyrs that pass
Away to the meadows' soft-waving grass.

The chanting of choirs in melody calls,
Each note breaking out through the thick leafy walls,
Inviting our footsteps, inviting our ear,
Where freshens the leaf, where streams ripple near ;
Where music flows out like the river of love,
From the clear crystal fount in regions above.

We'll circle our path, and blithely walk over
The fields neatly strown with nectary clover ;
Thy hand clasped in mine, together we'll share
Each treasure we gather, each pleasure that's there ;
And lightly trip on with soft gentle tread,
Where the daisy is seeking to hide its gay head ;

And gather boquets where our fair florist, June,
With roseate fingers has lavishly strown
Her favorite flower, with diamond eye,
That gazed all night at the star-spangled sky ;
Buried in fragrance, each bud and leaf dripping
With sparkling dew-drops, its sweetness befitting.

Thy cheek shall be kiss'd by the spray of the fountain,
That comes leaping down from the brow of the mountain,
Winding its pathway o'er sea-weed and brake,
Till it buries its waters in the smooth silver lake,
Where yet rides at anchor, on its pebbly shore,
A white tiny boat, with light dripping oar.

Come to the wild woods, come sister with me,
And sit 'neath the shade of our old fav'rite tree;
Where times viewless hand will weave golden hours,
As our spirits commune in these wild-wood bowers;
Whose richness and splendor forever will tell
The glory of Him "who does all things well."

THE SERENADE.

NIGHT slept on the valley, night, lovely night,
With its soft airy pinions enfolding the light,
Save bright, starry gems peeping out from the sky,
And the young silver moon that sat smiling by,
'Neath a light fleecy cloud, while on through the trees
Its rays glided down and cleft the sweet breeze,
Painting each leaflet on hill side and stream,
For the skill of an artist had its light pencil beam.
A sweet "April shower" had spread its wet wing,

And scatter'd bright drops on each smiling string,
Each bower and garden, and grass-cover'd hill,
And dimpled anew the pure rippling rill,
Breathing its fragrance o'er meadow and lea,
And sighing on spirits happy and free
Its soft sigh of love, till they wish'd to unchain
Themselves, and away o'er the mountain and plain.

Blent with its softness, sweet music I heard
Steal through the lattice, like notes of a bird,
And lit on the soul, 'till I thought in my heart,
A seraph was sweeping the strings of his harp,
It flow'd on so sweetly, so lovely, and clear,
Each joy unfetter'd gush'd out in a tear,
Though soon woo'd away by a zephyr kiss,
That keeps in attendance such evenings as this.

I look'd from the casement, and who might there be,
But bright real creatures that chimed witchingly
The harp, voice, and lute, till rich silver showers
Of music flow'd over the still drooping bowers ;
Like the wand of a fairy, both skillful and light,
Engraving the mem'ry with that beautiful night ;
And long in my heart will its best wish be laid,
For each one that join'd in that night's serenade.

TO MY BROTHER.

Alone this evening, brother,
I sit and think of thee ;
The stillness of the moonlight hour,
New beauty adds to fancy's power,
As round thy name it wreathes a flower
To memory.

I see thee now enraptured
By learning's guiding light ;
As step by step its meteor spark,
Through doubt, and gloom, and shadow dark,
Still woos thee to a higher mark—
Fame's giddy height.

O! banish every gloomy care,
To life's great ends aspire ;
The good, the beautiful, and true,
Do thou through all thy life pursue,
Then God will weave a wreath for you ;
This I desire.

THE RETURN OF BIRDS.

Sweet singing warblers, I hail your return
To my own lovely home, to the wild wood and fern ;
To the clear dimpled waters whose gushing is bound
By the cold band of winter that circles us round ;
To the low bending willow that kisses the stream,
When thy shrill morning solo goes up with its gleam ;
To nests, where the young in the summer that's gone,
Took the first wing in flying, the first note in song.

I hail your return ! in my dreams do I hear
Sweet warbling music awake on my ear,
Like silver-toned echoes in soft southern air,
When thy carol rings out from the orange groves there ;
And I'll steal me away to a fav'rite domain,
Lest I lose the first sound of thy coming again ;
For naught to my soul gives such thrilling delight,
As the first song of birds at morn's early light.

I hail your return ! your coming will mind
My heart of the lovely, the pure, and the kind ;
Of hopes that allure us, of pleasures most dear
To the bright eye of beauty, undimm'd by a tear ;
And the fond, loving mother, with care-weary eye,
Will her child kiss more sweetly when you sing in the sky,
And the lattice kind hands put back, that disease
May be soften'd away by a song-freighted breeze.

I hail your return ! ever kindly you tell
Of a sister companion I loved, O how well !
In days when we rambled around our loved home
To gather the butter-cups, full in their bloom ;
And sat on the banks of a pure rippling rill,
To gaze on its waters as you sang on the hill,
While hours of childhood pass'd gently by
As the stream, till its windings were lost to the eye.

Then haste your return ; bleak foes are all flown,
The remnants of weapons around me are strown.
The north wind—Boreas—has put off his frown,
And like a soft zephyr has set himself down ;
And the shroud of the snow-king, drifting the way,
In the sun is laid out and fast weeping away.
Then fearless return, with shining plumed wing,
And ring from the mountains the sweet echo—Spring.

THE WEALTH OF TEARS.

Bright crystal tears, I love to see
Them gushing out all light and free
From their retiring quiet home,
As one by one they glittering come,
Trickling down a roseate face,
With all their native flowing grace,
Like rain-drops in the ambient air,
Painting a beauteous rainbow there.

I ever love, and love them well,
When gladness of the soul they tell,
Of tender thoughts and truthful ties
That gently in the bosom rise,

Till they may touch the magic spring,
And bid those jewels take their wing,
And glistening tell, with round of years,
Upon the heart, the "wealth of tears."

Still let them flow ; the heaviest sigh
Will light its wing when they are nigh ;
And sorrowing care, and bitter grief,
Will in their wealth seek out relief,
As sweetly as the stars wade through
The sea of the cerulean blue,
And swimming eyes look up to tell
The heart that weeps may yet be well.

But when I see those large drops flow
From the deep fount of *manhood's* brow,
They herald of a mighty storm,
Struggling within that noble form,
With golden links that gently keep
Deep passions in their quiet sleep.
Deal gently with that heart of care,
The wealth of tears is treasured there.

REV. SENECA CUMMINGS.

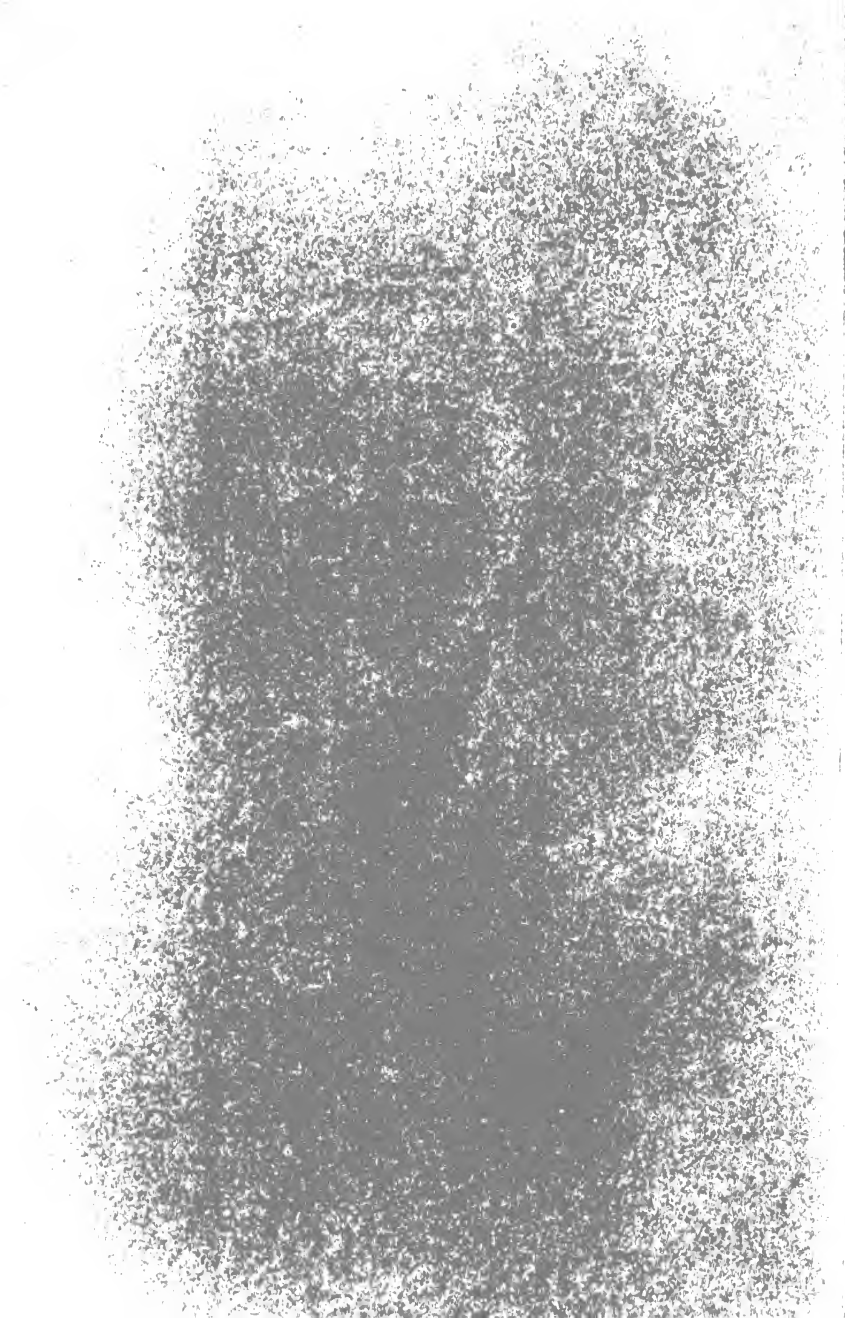
AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS.

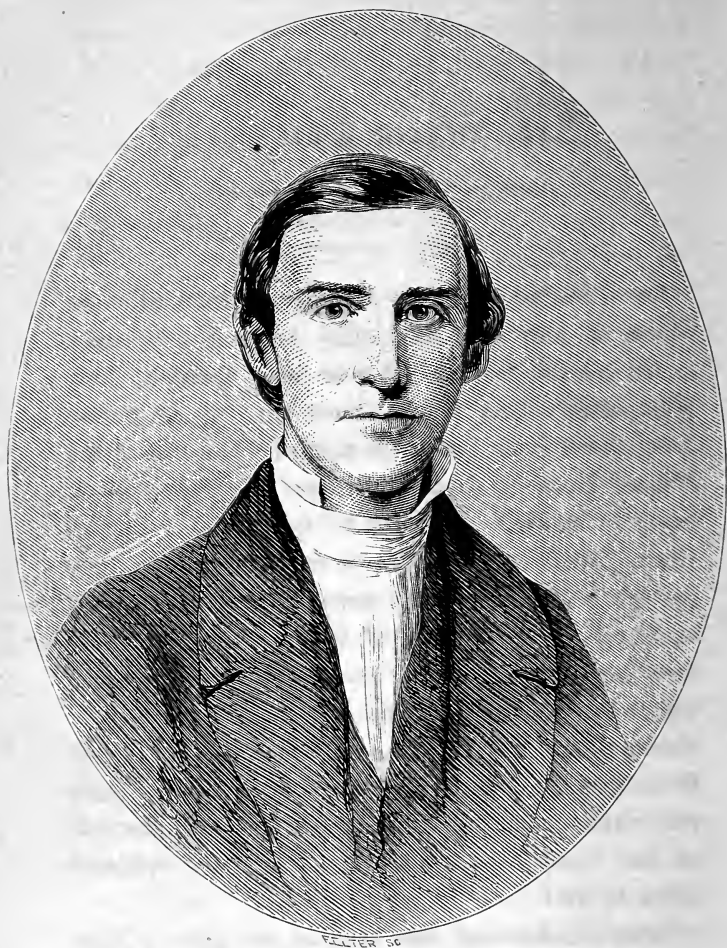
By REV. I. W. WILEY, M.D.,

LATE MISSIONARY PHYSICIAN AT FUH CHAU.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF





FELTER SC

REV. SENECA CUMMINGS

Rev. Seneca Cummings.

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS.

ON Tuesday the 12th of August, 1856, after an illness of only five days, this beloved missionary ended his life and his labor at New Ipswich, New Hampshire. This was a most unexpected event. Less than a week before his death he had visited the Mission House at Boston, his heart full of desires and hopes of an early return to his field of labor at Fuh Chau. Even then the disease that was to terminate his life might have been detected in the form of a small pimple on the side of his nose, the first manifestations of a malignant erysipelas. But his mind was intent alone on the great question of a speedy resumption of his missionary labors, and he returned from Boston animated with the prospect of an early embarkation for China. But such was not the will of the Head of the Church. He only returned home to die!

Seneca Cummings was born on the 16th of May, 1817, at Antrim, in the State of New Hampshire. The names of his parents were Samuel and Joanna

Cummings. He was the youngest son in a family of six children, and grew up under the fostering care of a pious and affectionate household. His father still lives, now venerable in years and full of Christian hope. His mother died in the faith and hope of the Gospel in 1845. Two brothers and three sisters are still living. In the bosom of this Christian family he spent the first twenty years of his life. Nothing peculiar or striking appeared in his early history. He was mild, thoughtful, affectionate, and obedient, and was tenderly beloved as a dutiful son and an affectionate brother. At home and at school he was silent and thoughtful, and but little troublesome, and very early in life exhibited a character of marked conscientiousness. His mind seemed naturally to turn to the subject of religion, and his conversation, his conscientious and serious deportment, led his pious mother to believe that he was converted very early in life. He himself dated his conversion in later years.

His fondness for books and study was early apparent, and he received such education as the common schools of his native village afforded. Such was his rapid progress in the acquisition of knowledge, and such the early maturity of his character, that he commenced the business of teaching at the early age of seventeen, and at that time seems to have thought of nothing more as his life occupation than instructing a district school in the winter, and labor-

ing on the farm of his parents in summer. An unaccountable weakness suddenly appearing in one of his arms, from which he never wholly recovered, rendered him incapable of heavy manual labor, and led to an entire change of pursuits. He now turned his thoughts to the avocation of teaching as his business for life. With this view he determined to perfect his education, and at the age of twenty entered the academy at Meriden, and pursued the usual studies preparatory for college. Here the Divine Spirit began to prepare him for his future work. During the first term his mind was powerfully exercised on the subject of experimental religion, and he gave his heart to God, and with it a consecration of himself to whatever work the Lord might assign him. Here he dates his conversion, and in the same year his name was entered on the records of the Presbyterian Church of his native village.

In 1840, at the age of twenty-three, he entered Dartmouth College. Here he very early secured, and maintained throughout his collegiate course, a high standing both as a student and as a Christian, endearing himself especially to the pious inmates of the college, while his quiet, kindly deportment saved him all enemies. One who is himself now doing valiant service in the cause of religion, thus speaks of him at this period: "He was my most intimate and valued college friend, whose fellowship constitutes the most precious chapter in the history of that

period of my life. His deep sincerity, his sterling honesty of character, his modesty, which concealed his real worth from all but intimate friends, his sympathy with all goodness, his energy and practical wisdom, all tended to inscribe his name first in the list of my cherished associates." In 1844 he graduated with honor, being "one of the first three" in his class.

At this time the trustees of Keene Academy applied to the faculty of Dartmouth College for a suitable man to act as principal of their institution. Mr. Cummings, having yet no other object in view than the life of a teacher, was recommended to the trustees, and he went immediately from college to Keene, and entered, as he thought, on his life-work as a teacher. His "life-work," however, lasted only a year, during which God taught him that he had chosen him for a different work. He became convinced that it was his duty to preach the Gospel, and along with this conviction he found his mind also drawn toward the missionary field. His impressions of duty with reference to a missionary career were at this time vague, but his convictions of duty to enter the Gospel ministry were so clear, that he at once tendered his resignation as principal of the academy, and turned his attention to a theological education. Though at Keene but a single year, Mr. Cummings left the impression of his religious character, and the memory of his worth in

that community. The trustees of the academy parted with him with regret, but could offer no objections, as they, like himself, were convinced of his heavenly calling; and the religious community, to which he had already endeared himself, felt they were sustaining a great loss. His memory was cherished with respect and affection by those who had been his pupils, who, after his determination to become a missionary, organized the "Boys' Missionary Society of Keene," and sent to him their contributions, to be employed for the children of China.

While at Keene Mr. Cummings lost his mother, and, judging from the tone of his letters at this time, we think it is clear that the Divine Spirit used this afflictive event to lead him to a deeper religious experience, and to awaken him to a consciousness of his higher duty. He ardently loved his mother, and cherished for her the tenderest memory, until his own death brought him, we doubt not, to a blissful reunion with her in the spirit-world. Ever ardently desirous that all the members of his family should be brought to an experimental knowledge of the Redeemer, we find him using the melancholy event, in letters to his brothers and sisters, as a touching occasion to urge them to give themselves to the Lord. "I have been thinking," he writes to the bereaved household, "that her death has not come on her own account and eternal interests alone, but that it was designed for some good to us all. And

it seems to me that we shall do ourselves, our souls, and our Maker and gracious Redeemer, great wrong, if we do not study to find out what is intended to be taught by this affliction, and lay it to heart. What! shall the Lord in infinite compassion lay his staff upon one member of the family, and the rest of us not consider that he is doing thus that those of us who are not prepared for such a visitation may, while the day of grace continues, make our peace with him? Without doubt he is by his providence in this instance reminding us of our mortality; that we have not here our final home. How desirable, then, that we should, while the Saviour is now warning and inviting us to flee to him, enter the ark of safety and live in constant preparation for eternity." Such affectionate appeals and faithful admonitions, coming from a loving brother, and supported by his earnest prayers, have resulted in leading nearly all of these loved ones into that "ark of safety."

From Keene Mr. Cummings went to Lane Seminary in the autumn of 1845, having fully made up his mind to devote himself to the work of the ministry. In a letter to his father he thus speaks of this determination, and reveals to us the spirit in which he entered upon this work: "When I began this letter I was on board the steamboat. Now I am safely arrived at the seminary, the place of my destination for two years, probably, and years of solemn responsibility they will be no doubt. Only think; I

am here to prepare for the ministry, to become a soldier of Jesus Christ, to go forth in his name, and to preach his Gospel. When I think how unqualified I now am, and how much must be accomplished in the cultivation of my mind and heart before I shall be fitted for the work of the ministry, my spirit almost faints within me. Yet my trust is not in an arm of flesh. The Saviour of lost men is able to qualify me for the work he has for me to do, and in him is my only hope of success."

At the seminary his piety still deepens and expands, and manifests its increasing power in his letters to his friends and in his intercourse with those about him. As we read over these earnest letters of Mr. Cummings, and trace the evidences of his growing and strengthening piety, we certainly are convinced that there is no necessity that the busy round of studies, and the careful mental cultivation of seminary life, should chill the ardent piety, or arrest the deepening spiritual experience, of a soul preparing for the sacred ministry.

In 1846 he was licensed at the seminary as a minister of the Gospel, and then gave himself wholly to the Lord, to labor where he should appoint. His mind now begins to turn strongly toward the missionary field. Again he writes, and submits this great subject to his father: "In deciding to become a minister of the Gospel, I of course expected to labor in the vineyard of the Saviour wherever he

should appoint. I am his servant, nay, his instrument, and have no right to dictate to him about the *place* where he shall make use of me as such. But wherever he shall make the path of duty plain before me, there it is my duty to walk, rejoicing that I am counted worthy to enter his service at all. From the impressions which have borne heavily on my mind with reference to the foreign missionary field, I feel the time has come when I should decide this question. And do you ask, What is my present position in relation to becoming a foreign missionary? My answer is decidedly in favor of entering that field of labor. I have examined the subject carefully and prayerfully, and am fully persuaded in my own mind that it is my duty, when my studies shall be completed, to go and preach the Gospel to the heathen. Of course if you should convince me that it is not my duty to go, I should readily retreat from the position in which I now stand; and above all, if Christ by his Spirit, or by the events of providence, should show me that it is my duty to remain in my native land, I shall most cheerfully do so. But as I now look at the subject, it seems to be my duty to go on a mission. But before fully deciding the question, I wish to know the feelings and opinions of the various members of the family respecting it. Do not let this subject cause you undue anxiety, neither regard me as destitute of 'natural affection' for the family, nor as insensible to the endearments of home and my

native land. In all these respects strong cords must be sundered, should I go as a herald of the cross to the benighted heathen. I know, too, that it will also cost you a struggle to give me up, and my own heart will have to struggle to bid you and my friends adieu. I know, too, what intense feeling would swell a mother's bosom if she were here to be among the group at the parting scene. But I think that *mother*, as she looks down from the mansions of bliss, where she resides, as we trust, after having experienced the fullness of joy there is to be found in the immediate presence of Christ, will rejoice with joy unspeakable, and if her voice could be made audible to human ear, and her testimony would add at all to the authority of Christ's last command, she would say, in tones not to be mistaken, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.'"

While the heart of Mr. Cummings was thus exercised on this great subject, and soon after he had thus written to his father, Dr. Scudder, the eminent missionary from India, visited the seminary, and with his "trumpet-toned" appeals urged the students to consider the claims of the foreign missionary enterprise. The conscientious mind of Mr. Cummings could not let an appeal like this pass without honestly and carefully examining it in its relations to his future duty. Some of the students, of more enthusiastic temperament, seemed to resolve on the spot to

devote themselves to the missionary work ; but when the stirring appeals of the great missionary died away, their missionary spirit expired with it. Not so in the case of Mr. Cummings. He was not of that cast of character which would lead him to rush impetuously into any important undertaking, although, after he had determined his course, his energy and moral courage would cause him to persevere to the end. He said but little, and those about him scarcely suspected that he had been moved at all ; but the arguments and appeals of Dr. Scudder had sunk deeply into his heart, and laid hold on his sense of duty, and awakened a deep, earnest, and permanent inquiry. He carried this inquiry to the throne of grace. Said one, who was then his intimate friend : “ Never shall I forget the impression my mind received when, on one occasion, having a pressing motive to speak with him, I entered his room unnoticed, and found him too much absorbed in communion with God to admit of any interruption from man.” Mr. Cummings settled this question on his knees, in the light of the cross and the judgment-seat, and under a deep sense of his responsibility to God. The decision reached in his own mind, he again addressed his father : “ I must become a missionary. I have considered all. I know that it will be to bid adieu to you, my father, in the decline of life, and to my brothers and sisters, to my native country and all its attractions. I know, too, that trials, and conflicts,

and deprivations lie before me. All these things I have considered and prayed over, and after all the deliberations I have given to the subject, it is still strongly impressed on my mind *that it is my duty to go.*"

At this seminary he remained but one year, and then, apparently on the solicitation or advice of his friends, who were still loth to part with him, he went to the West, with the view of first trying the home field. But the spirit of missions went with him, and he could no longer resist the voice of duty, or turn the tide of his earnest desires from the missionary field. He returned from the West in a short time, and wrote to his father: "I have no desire to go to a foreign country to labor in preference to laboring at home, if such were the will of Christ. I have been in the West this summer, and enjoyed laboring there very much. I think I should enjoy living there during my whole life. But this I am convinced is not the way of duty, and I feel everything must give place to this."

In the autumn of 1846 he made an offer of himself to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, to enter the foreign missionary service. "His preferences, as he stated them," says Dr. Anderson, "were for China; first, because he thought he could do more good there than elsewhere; secondly, because the call from China had not been as readily and fully responded to as from other places; and

thirdly, because he believed the climate of that country to be adapted to his constitution. His consecration to the work he declared to be for life; and I am happy to bear witness that to the last—and I saw and consulted with him but a week before his death—I never doubted the reality and sincerity of that consecration.”

His offer was accepted by the Board, and soon after he was designated, by the Prudential Committee, for the mission at Fuh Chau, at which point the Reverends S. L. Johnson and L. B. Peet, who had already been laboring for some years among the Chinese at Bangkok, in Siam, had been directed by the Board to open a mission but a few months before. Mr. Cummings immediately entered Union Theological Seminary as a missionary candidate, and remained in the institution one year, completing his preparation for the great enterprise before him. His mind and heart were now full of the great work to which he had given himself. His consecration was complete, and he was happy. His life-purpose amplified and filled his soul. His peace became like a river. Yet he was fully conscious of the vast responsibility he had assumed, and was deeply humbled under a sense of his unworthiness. “It does seem to me,” he writes to his father, “as if no one ever entered on the missionary work so poorly qualified for it as I am. In looking into my own heart I can see nothing that can entitle me to the claims of a missionary

character. Do you ask, 'Are you not then going to turn back?' Why should I? In turning from this I should turn from a *good* work, from the path of duty, from Christ, perhaps, and that, you know, would be worse than death. No, notwithstanding my unworthiness, I cannot turn back. The course of duty, safety, and happiness for me is onward; and thanks be to the great Head of the Church, that it is not my grace, but *his*, that is to qualify me to pursue it?"

The extent to which the constraining love of Christ influenced this beloved brother to a full missionary consecration, is most beautifully and delicately indicated by a letter addressed from the seminary to his sister, who, with the rest of the household, was then engaged in preparing his outfit. We cannot withhold it. "I rejoice, my dear sister, that you have an opportunity for doing something now, not merely for a brother, but for the dying heathen. You will not expect any reward from me for what you do, therefore I hope you will do nothing for me simply, but do all for Christ, and then you will have a rich reward. O that you knew how to do everything you do for the Saviour, so that you could feel that when you are laboring about the house you are laboring for Christ, and when you are making an outfit for a missionary, you might know that you are doing it not for him, or for a brother, but for the Lord Jesus. And to have this knowledge is a very easy thing. Christ can give it to us. If we only ask him to do it, he will; there

is nothing that he desires so much as to give us that knowledge of himself which is life eternal. Do then let us go to him, and make him our teacher, our friend, our reward for all we do, and our eternal portion."

During his stay at Union Theological Seminary he formed the acquaintance of Miss A. M. Stearns, daughter of Jesse and Lucinda Stearns, of New Ipswich, N. H., a name well known and honorable in the Puritan history of New England. These pious parents have been honored of God in being permitted to send two children to China as wives of missionaries, one of whom, Mrs. L. S. Hartwell, is still living in Fuh Chau. We say, "permitted to send," for these estimable parents have learned that it is not only a duty, but a gracious privilege to consecrate their offspring to this sacred enterprise. Would to God the Christian parents of our land were more fully convinced of this fact, and more thoroughly imbued with this spirit! The acquaintance between Mr. C. and Miss Stearns was made on a missionary basis, and contemplated from its commencement a life and heart union for this great enterprise. Both hearts had been separately prepared for this work; providence clearly directed the way for their union, and never were two more congenial spirits blended in life, and harmonized in a noble enterprise.

After leaving the seminary Mr. C. spent a few weeks at home, with the father and sisters to whom

he was affectionately attached, and from whom he expected soon to be separated for life. At length, on the 26th of October, 1847, he bade adieu to the home of his youth, and started for New Ipswich, the residence of his intended bride. He keenly felt the anguish of this parting scene. His aged father, unwilling to take the last farewell of his son in the presence of his other children, accompanied him a few miles on the way. It was an hour of deep emotion to this father; his heart was still bleeding from the wound it had received in the loss of his wife but a few months before, the mother of this his youngest son, who was now to depart to climes so distant that he might not hope again to meet him in this world. At length they stopped on the road, by the woodside alone; their hands were clasped together, their eyes met and filled with tears, but the deep feelings of their hearts forbade the utterance of words. They parted, the father turning his face toward his desolate home, resigning the son of his love into the hands of God, the son bowing to the will of the Lord, and subordinating all earthly love to the love of Christ. This is Christian heroism, the true heroism of missions.

On the 28th he was married in New Ipswich, and on the 1st of November he and his young bride bade adieu to their friends, and started for Philadelphia, the place of their embarkation. Here they arrived on the 4th of November, and met for the first time the fellow-missionaries who were to accompany them

on their voyage. On the evening of the 5th a most impressive farewell meeting was held in behalf of these missionaries in the church of the venerable Albert Barnes, which was filled with a large sympathizing audience, whose tears and words avowed their interest in this noble enterprise. On the 11th they embarked on the ship Valparaiso. A precious company was borne on that vessel. Rev. Dr. James and wife, under the auspices of the Southern Baptist Board of Missions, destined to reinforce their mission at Shanghai; Miss Pohlman, the sister of Rev. William Pohlman, who was then laboring at Amoy; Rev. C. C. Baldwin and wife, Rev. S. Cummings and wife, and Rev. W. L. Richards, constituting the reinforcement of the infant mission at Fuh Chau, under the care of the American Board.

A touching history belongs to this little company. Dr. James and wife were destined never to reach their field of labor. The little company of the Valparaiso had all safely reached Hong Kong, and there parted for their different fields of labor. Dr. James and lady determined to visit Canton while awaiting an opportunity to sail for Shanghai. This they did, and spent a few days at the great city of foreign trade; but as they were returning on board the schooner Paradox, just after they had made sight of Hong Kong, a sudden squall struck the vessel and threw it on its beam ends, when she filled and immediately sank, bearing with her to a watery grave Dr. and

Mrs. James, and five others belonging to the crew. Miss Pohlman safely reached her destination at Amoy, and was welcomed to the warm heart of her brother. Not long after her arrival, however, that brother made a tour along the coast of China for the benefit of his enfeebled health, and also for purposes of missionary exploration. On this tour the vessel was attacked by pirates, and Mr. Pohlman never returned, being probably murdered or drowned. This blow fell heavily on his sister, and she never recovered from it. Her health failed, and reason itself began to totter, when she was accompanied to her native land by Rev. Mr. Talmage. Mr. Richards reached Fuh Chau, entered heartily into his missionary labor, but in a few years sank under failing health and started for America, but found a grave in the broad Atlantic. His memoir occupies a place in this work. Mr. Baldwin and wife still live, efficiently laboring in the Master's cause in Fuh-Chau. Of Mr. Cummings the story is now being written. Such has been the fate of this little band of missionaries, who, in 1847, embarked with warm hearts and high hopes on board the Valparaiso.

It is necessary to say but little of the voyage of these missionaries to China. The passage was a long one, presenting but few incidents of a novel or striking character. Our missionary company was most pleasantly situated, and formed among themselves a band of congenial spirits, whose social intercourse,

frequent seasons of devotional exercises, and arrangements for intellectual and religious improvement, happily and profitably filled up the slowly moving weeks of their voyage. These months, spent on the ocean, proved of great spiritual advantage to the subject of this sketch. Here he had ample opportunities for those self-examinations, private meditations, and deep communings with God, in which he so much delighted; and as we trace up his journal we discover an evident growing in grace and in the knowledge and love of God.

On the 9th of March they reached Angier, a small settlement of Malays on the west coast of Java, looking out on the Straits of Sunda, which here separate for a distance of only a few miles the islands of Sumatra and Java. These native Malays supply the foreign ships as they pass through these narrow waters with fresh provisions, oranges, plantains, yams, cocoa-nuts, fowls, etc., and are often met in their little rowboats many miles out to sea, looking after approaching vessels, thus carrying on an enterprising rivalry in trade. Here for the first time Mr. Cummings was brought in contact with heathens and heathenism, and judging from the records made in his journal, must have been deeply affected by the sight of these poor, half-naked, ignorant, and degraded Javanese. More than ever was he convinced of the magnitude and importance of the missionary enterprise; more fully was he satisfied that he had made

no mistake in resolving to devote his life to this work ; and more fully than ever did he then consecrate himself to the work of preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ to the heathen.

In a few days more they reached Hong Kong. An opportunity soon presented to embark again for Fuh Chau, and after another voyage of five hundred miles along the coast of China in a small Portuguese lorcha named the *Rainha Dos Argos*, they at length entered the mouth of the river Min, thirty miles from the city of their destination, at day-break on the morning of Sunday, the 7th of May, 1848. That was a Sabbath morning of thrilling emotions ! Their long voyage was about done. The God of missions had safely guided them through all their wanderings, and in a few hours the heathen city, as morally barren and desolate as the bleak rock-hills of the coast they had passed, would open up before them. The wind and the tide still favored, and the lorcha glided up the river, conveying them through one of the most romantic and picturesque valleys their eyes had ever rested upon. At nine o'clock, with hearts full of thrilling emotion and overflowing with gratitude, they assembled in the cabin and engaged in a meeting of praise and prayer to express their thanksgivings to God for his constant and mericful protection, and to implore a baptism of the Divine Spirit to prepare them for their work. In a few hours the lorcha was anchored off the suburbs of the great city, and in a

little time they were cordially welcomed by Rev. Messrs. Johnson and Peet, who but a few months before had arrived at Fuh Chau under the auspices of the American Board, Revs. M. C. White and J. D. Collins, who but a short time before had commenced laying the foundations of a mission under the direction of the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Board, and Mrs. Peet and Mrs. White, the first two pioneer female missionaries in this new field.

Nine years have passed away since the morning of that greeting, when these eleven missionaries met for the first time, and in the name of the Great Head of missions began to besiege the kingdom of darkness in this great heathen city. How many of them have already finished their course, fought their last battle, and gone to their reward! Mrs. White and Mrs. Peet sleep in the cemetery of Fuh Chau, their silent tombs witnessing to the heathen multitude their love of Christ. Mr. Collins and Mr. Cummings have found graves in their native land, and Mr. Richards awaits in the ocean the resurrection of the just.

Mr. Cummings's first impressions of Fuh Chau were very favorable. "To-day," he writes, after a visit to the British Consulate within the city walls, "I had for the first time a full view of the city in whose suburbs is now my home. And such a dense mass of buildings and tenements I never before witnessed. In the valley which they occupy, nothing else appears for two or three miles in every direction. So closely

are the buildings compacted, and so nearly of the same form and height, that all seem as unbroken and monotonous as the sea. And to us foreigners, who have seen the endless bustle, and heard the low rolling thunder of cities in our far distant native land, while viewing this sea of roofs from the heights we occupied, the whole appeared as lifeless as a desert. Not an animal doing service to man was seen, not a sound of a carriage was heard. Yet, beneath the surface of this scene which our eyes rested upon, there live hundreds of thousands of immortal souls, without God and without hope in the world. If an ancient chieftain, as he looked down from a lofty eminence upon the surrounding population, could weep over their destiny, is there not cause for deep emotion in the Christian's breast when beholding such a scene."

In July he visited the Buddhist monastery on Kusang, a lofty eminence which lifts itself toward the clouds about six miles south-east of Fuh Chau, and from which may be had an extended view of the vast amphitheater in which lies the city. Here again he is led to give utterance to his convictions of the magnitude and importance of the work presented in this field. "After breakfast," he writes, "Brothers Johnson and Baldwin and myself set off from the monastery for the summit of Kusang. Its isolated, towering peak presented rather a forbidding appearance, as we began to wind our way in circuitous paths up its steep sides. We frequently stopped to take rest, and

reached the top only at eleven o'clock. Here at first we sat down, throwing our shawls over our shoulders to recover from our fatigue. The breeze and pure air of this lofty height were most refreshing and invigorating. We soon rose and began to survey the enchanting scene which lay stretched out before us. Toward the north scarce anything could be seen but mountain peaks, in almost endless numbers and variety of forms, and presenting the most rugged appearance to the face of the country of anything I had ever seen. On the east a small portion of the ocean could be seen in the blue horizon, with islands interspersed here and there; while on the south and west our position commanded a full view of the valley or vast basin in which the city of Fuh Chau and its suburbs are situated. This valley is formed by the river Min, which at the northwestern extremity divides into two branches. These sweep through the valley at a considerable distance from each other, from both of which a great number of creeks and small streams run out into the neighboring paddy fields, cutting them into geometrical figures of almost every form, presenting to the eye a delightfully picturesque prospect. On this valley stands the vast and densely populated city of Fuh Chau, with its dusky roofs so closely united as to present the appearance of the shadow of a summer cloud resting on a vast field of grain. From the city in every direction are villages to the number of a hundred, at

least, containing their hundreds and thousands of souls.

“What a field for work lies before us! How such a scene enlarges our views of the magnitude of the work to be accomplished in this part of the Lord’s vineyard, and humbles our views of the ability of man to accomplish it. None but God can perform it; none but he will receive the glory of executing it, however much man may aspire after it. O that we may descend from this mountain filled with the might of his Spirit, and carry on this work, for which his power alone is adequate!”

Mr. Cummings was soon able to negotiate for a spot of ground on which to erect a house. He chose an elevated spot in the district of Tuai-liang, in the midst of a dense suburban population. At that time, and indeed until the present, the missionaries were unable to secure locations within the city walls, nor in their first movements was this very desirable. The vast suburbs, with their population of four or five hundred thousand souls, with the numerous suburban villages on which the eye could rest from every hill-top, presented a sufficiently ample field, and one more readily and promisingly accessible to the missionary.

His house completed, he entered with characteristic energy into the work which was before him. The first great labor was to acquire the language which would admit him into intercourse with the

thousands around him. And what a labor! Though some few of the dialects of China had been studied by previous missionaries, who had been able to furnish some useful books on the general features of the Chinese language, nothing had yet been done toward opening up the principles of the dialect of Fuh Chau. No teacher who understood anything of the English language, or who could utter an intelligible word to his pupil, could then be secured, and, indeed, none that had had any experience in imparting a knowledge of his own language to a foreigner. Yet this task was to be achieved, and Mr. Cummings entered upon it with patience and determined energy. A teacher that knew no English, and a pupil that could not utter a word of Chinese, were the only terms given in this problem; the result to be reached was such a knowledge of the language of China as would enable him to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ in a vast heathen city. And yet the progress of the young missionary, whose heart was longing to reveal these words of life, was rapid and accurate, and in a few months he was able to pass among the people, dropping here and there a word of truth, and soothing the prejudices of the masses by a few words of kindness uttered in their own tongue.

In the autumn of 1849 he secured a small chapel on the main street leading through the district in which he lived, and here began to talk of Jesus and the great salvation in the broken accents of his new

dialect; and from this point began to distribute, in the printed language of China, portions of Scripture and valuable tracts which had been prepared in the older fields. These productions were available in Fuh Chau; for though the spoken dialect differs widely from that of the other open ports of China, the written language is the same.

For five years, with increasing fluency and growing power, Mr. Cummings continued to preach in this little chapel on almost every day of the week. There was no-difficulty in securing at any time an audience sufficiently large to fill, and even crowd the room. As soon as the street doors were thrown open a motley group of men and children would turn into the chapel "to hear the foreigner talking books." Some with their burdens on their shoulders, some with their merchandise, and sometimes even the priest, and the idol-maker and vender, carrying his load of idols, would help to make up the strange congregations that filled the chapel. None but HE whose sleepless eye watches over the interests of his cause, and who has said, "My word shall not return unto me void," can know the impressions made upon the thousands that visited this little chapel, or calculate the results which shall yet follow from the thousands of pages that went forth from that center, accompanied by the prayers, and watered with the tears of this man of God.

But preaching constitutes only one part of a mis-

sionary's labor. The true missionary has to be at once pupil and teacher, preacher, translator, author, publisher, and colporteur; and in all these departments Mr. Cummings was a faithful and devoted missionary, and always found at his post. His visits through the suburbs and into the surrounding villages were frequent, and during these visits he was often invited into the houses of the natives, when the Chinese sense of politeness always secured to him an opportunity of conversing and distributing tracts.

Several hours were spent every day by the side of his native teacher, increasing his knowledge and perfecting his use of the language. A portion of every week was given to the reviewing of the new translation of the Scriptures, which was then going forward in Shanghai. A part of each day was occupied in rendering a portion of the Bible into the spoken dialect of Fuh Chau, a work of importance which had been entered upon by the several missions at that city. A large portion of time was also given to superintending the printing of the books and tracts needed for the mission. Thus in labors abundant, in quiet, unostentatious toil, this devoted missionary and his fellows persevered in this preparatory work, successfully laying the foundations of the Redeemer's kingdom in this heathen city.

How it would have rejoiced his heart could he have been permitted to see immediate fruits follow-

ing his ardent labors. But for this both he and the Church had to wait. His only hope was in God; his faith, in the power of the Gospel; his consolation, in the consciousness of a faithful discharge of duty; and his encouragement, the approbation of the Master. He heard of the first convert, the first admission to the Church, the first-fruits of the harvest which is yet to be, only a few days before his death, and almost the last utterances from his lips were expressions of his joy over this intelligence. Like Simeon, he only saw the beginning of the salvation of God, and then died.

One of the great trials of the Chinese missionary is that of wasting strength and failing health, under the exhausting influences of a foreign tropical climate. Mr. Cummings and his family were not exempt from this. His own vigorous constitution began to sink under it, and during the last years of his missionary life much of his labors were performed under the depressing influences of enfeebled health. His beloved companion especially suffered from these influences, and spent most of her life in China as a patient sufferer for Christ's sake, illustrating, as a light in a dark place, the power and beauty of our holy religion, as it sanctifies affliction and supports the soul under the trials of life.

In October, 1850, God cheered their dwelling for a few weeks with a little bud from the "garden of the Lord;" but soon recalled it to himself again, leaving

their house desolate. Mr. Cummings, in speaking of these events, displays so much of those elements of his own character which endeared him so greatly to those who knew him, that we introduce the following from his journal: "I have just been called to pass through a season of severe trial and affliction. My dear partner has been brought to the border of the grave, but God in his infinite love and compassion has raised her up, that she may be spared to his servant for a little season longer. O that we might both be deeply impressed with the importance of devoting the span of life that remains to us to Christ, in a fuller sense than we have ever done! But we are both mourners. A few days ago the gracious Lord recalled to himself a precious little daughter, which he had given us only a few weeks previously. On the morning of her death we had determined to dedicate her to God in baptism; but the Lord, to whom outward rites are less acceptable than the offerings of the heart, waited not for our consecrating act. He took the little one to himself, and released us from the obligation of the vows we were about to make to him. At the time she died I was alone in prayer with reference to her baptism. I was pleading with a covenant-keeping God to bring us, the parents, into the bond of his covenant, and was pouring out my soul before him in behalf of the immortal spirit of the little one, who was apparently near her end. For this I have occasion to thank the Lord. He could

not have conferred a greater privilege on me than thus to permit me to accompany the departed spirit to the 'dark valley' with prayer.

"In this event we feel deeply afflicted. Our hearts were already ardently attached to the little one, and our souls were deeply pierced by the arrows that removed her from us. Yet in respect to the dear immortal one, we are permitted to have many very comforting thoughts. We knew that it was the Lord that gave, and that it was the Lord that has taken away. How consoling the thought that it was *He* that took her away. Yes, he left it not to angels or men, principalities or powers, devils or an evil world, but *he did it himself*, and blessed be his name, for he doeth *all things well*. Our little one, too, is in heaven. She enjoys the everlasting embrace of Him who said: 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.' Yes, blessed Jesus, she has gone to thee, and we would not by our complaints bring her back from thine arms, where she is to receive thy blessing forevermore. But O grant that the treasure we have now laid up with thee in heaven may often draw our hearts thither while we remain in this vale of tears!"

His own health and that of his wife continuing to fail, in the spring of 1855 they were induced to make a voyage to Shanghai; but finding no benefit from this they soon returned to Fuh Chau, and there embarked in May for the United States, where they ar-

rived on the tenth of October, 1855. They immediately found a welcome home at New Ipswich, in the bosom of that family from which Mrs. Cummings, a young and hopeful bride, had gone forth seven years before, consecrated to the work of missions. Nor had that consecration been revoked. It was still the earnest desire and prayer of both that they might speedily be restored to health, and be permitted to return again to the missionary work.

During the winter of 1855 Mr. Cummings filled with great acceptance the pulpit of the Second Congregational Church at New Ipswich; but in the spring relinquished his charge, in hope of improving more rapidly if free from these cares. Still he continued to preach in various places on almost every Sabbath, awakening wherever he went a deeper interest in the cause of missions. His last sermon, preached about two weeks before his death, was upon the combined texts Psalm xvii, 15, and Isaiah lxiii, 11: "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness;" "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied."

Early in August he visited Andover, with the view of attending the anniversaries of the Seminary. He appeared to be in his usual health, but spoke of a small pimple on the side of his nose which troubled him slightly. From Andover he went, on the seventh of August, to Boston, to confer with the missionary secretaries with reference to his return to Fuh Chau.

“How little did any of us then think,” says Dr. Anderson, in his funeral sermon, “that his lease of life was so short, and that we should so soon and so suddenly be summoned to his funeral solemnities. Just one week ago this day he was with us in Boston, full of hope and promise, looking forward to a speedy return to China; to-day he sleeps in death before us, his work all done, and his spirit gone to its reward. Surely God’s thoughts and ways are higher than ours. There is deep mystery in such events. Our unbelieving hearts are ready to say, Why this waste? But the all-wise Disposer of events has made no mistake. There is no waste. Though the mountain streams soon dry up and disappear from view, their waters, mingled with a thousand other streams, flow on in the mighty river, through valleys and fields, watering and fertilizing whole countries. Never did the pioneers of American foreign missions live more effectively than they do at this moment, though most of them left the world long since and early. Our departed brother performed the part of the great work assigned to him. He was among the pioneers in the vast Christian effort which, with God’s blessing, is to evangelize the myriads of China, and his memory and his influence will never die. He did not regret his going thither, neither do we; nor does he, we may be assured, now, while burning in raptures before his divine Lord.

“When Mr. Cummings called at the Mission

House on Thursday last, there were some who noticed what proved to be the commencement of his fatal disease. But he made no allusion to his own illness, and was as sweet-tempered, as cheerful, as hopeful as ever. The opening prospects of the Gospel in China, and his own return thither, were the topics of our conversation. Though I have loved and confided in him, in an unusual degree, from our first acquaintance, he never left so delightful an impression of his character as he did that day. His disease was alarming on Monday, and began visibly to affect the vital organs. His mind became confused and disordered. In the evening there was an affecting exhibition of the ruling passion strong in death. He fancied the Chinese once more before him, and in their native tongue renewed his proclamation of the Gospel, and his entreaties to them to lay hold on eternal life through the Lord Jesus. This done, he yielded to the overpowering disease, and spoke no more on earth. Next morning, at half-past seven, he gently went to his everlasting rest, at the age of thirty-nine. O brethren! let us rejoice that he lived, that he went on this mission, and that he has been faithful unto death; and let us pray that others may be raised up to take his place in this good work.”*

Thus, on the 12th of August, 1856, he slept in Jesus. His disease was malignant and rapid,

* Funeral Sermon.

early inducing a delirium which deprived his friends of that luxury of sorrow, the precious words which drop from the lips of dying loved ones. But he has left to them and to the Church what is far better, a character pure and unspotted, an example of deep and earnest piety, and a life of devotion to the cause of the Redeemer. From such we do not need, however beautiful and precious, the mere testimony of a dying hour; their life testifies to their Christian character, and points unerringly to the Christian's home.

The character of Mr. Cummings was one of great beauty and worth. The writer knew and loved him well. We met first on missionary ground in the City of Fuh Chau, in 1851, and immediately began a friendship the memory of which will continue precious through life. He was a man to love, not simply a character to admire. His talents and scholarly attainments very soon won the respect of all about him, but his genial and sympathizing Christian and social qualities equally soon won the heart. It was my privilege to know him under circumstances calculated above all others fully to develop to his associates his character in all its aspects. But few have stood the severe tests to which he was subjected better than he, and shone more brightly as a Christian missionary. His piety, the broad foundation on which was developed his missionary character, was deep, warm, uniform, and consistent. Its chief ele-

ment was ardent love to Christ and his cause; a love which not only constrained him to labors abundant, but which also sustained him joyfully through years of self-denial. He possessed an unusual measure of that meekness and quietness of spirit which in the sight of God, and of good men too, is of great price. His deportment everywhere and always was characterized by a gentleness and humility which endeared him to all. A happy balancing of the intellectual and emotional, of the Christian and social elements of his nature, gave great symmetry to his whole character, constituting him an efficient missionary, a valuable friend, an excellent co-laborer, and a genial companion. The news of his sudden death fell as a heavy stroke on the little circle of associates he had left behind in China. "O what a stroke has fallen on us!" exclaims Mr. Baldwin, "and how heavy to this mission the loss of that strong heart of faith which resolved to live and die for Fuh Chau. And yet his love for the work, his faith, his patience, his prayers, and his deep sympathy for us, lead us to take courage and go forward."

Mr. Cummings was a singularly quiet and thoughtful man, not given to melancholy, but prone to look at the reality and foundation of things. He spoke only when he had something to say, even in the most unrestrained intercourse. The streams that filled the channels of his purposes seemed to come from far, as though they issued from distant sources, or came

slowly, welling up from the depths of his soul ; but when they poured their successive tributes into the main current, it rose and he was borne along with a resistless force. There was thoroughness in all he did. Whatever subject was in hand, he was disposed to search its depths and to run out all its ramifications. He was a man of sound learning, and had added to this the habit of incessant, patient, deep reflection. These traits of character were peculiarly calculated to make him a man of profound religious experience. And such he was. But few reach the extent of personal consecration and devotedness attained by this earnest missionary. When he took Christ for his Saviour he took him also for his Lord and king, and was ready to count all things loss if he might but win Christ and be found in him. He knew in whom he believed. There was nothing fickle, nothing uncertain about his religion, nor, indeed, about any other element of his character. He read the Bible as the book of God, and received it as the rule of his faith and his practice. He thought for himself, but submitted himself to God and prayed like a little child. Well educated, deeply pious, fully consecrated to God, patient, judicious, full of faith in Christ and in the power of the Gospel, he possessed all the elements of an efficient missionary.

When Mr. Cummings entered the missionary work at Fuh Chau, it was only the time of preparation, and his labor was destined to be that of a pioneer, to

meet, and overcome, and prepare for future victories a new field. The first Gospel sounds that ever broke on the ears of that people had been uttered in this city but a little while before his arrival. Of course the forest had to be cleared, the ground broken, and the seed sown before there could be a harvest. But few are able to appreciate the numerous and grave difficulties that meet the pioneer missionary in a heathen land. Vast multitudes are before him, but they are multitudes in total ignorance of the Gospel, submerged in idolatry, full of superstition, moved by prejudice, suspicion, and even hatred toward the intruding foreigner who has come among them, and wholly shut out from intercourse with him by the barrier of an unknown language. The missionary enters among them; he is speechless, through ignorance of their language; he is homeless and houseless, until, after many weeks of delay, he is able to secure some rude building as a temporary shelter, until he can soften the prejudices and remove the fears of the people so far as to be permitted to build a home among them; he meets a new climate, new scenes, new modes of life, new articles of food. The acquisition of a new language wholly differing from his own, and from every other about which he knows anything, is the first task that lies before him; yet for this great work he has no books, no helps, no one to tell him where to begin or how to proceed, no teacher speaking his language, or from whom he can

receive instruction except through signs and motions. Still the friends of missions at home often impatiently ask, "Why are not the fruits of missions more immediate and rapid?" and too often think the missionary is doing but little and accomplishing but little, because the visible harvest is not immediate. Could these friends look down for a while upon the pioneer missionary, see his toils, contemplate the obstacles that everywhere meet him, and survey the ground on which he has to labor, they would be able to appreciate the toils of these men and women; they would no longer misunderstand the long years of preparatory work required, nor wonder that so many noble spirits are blighted, so many hearts withered, and so many precious lives exhausted, in preparing these fields for the harvests of the future.

Upon such a field Mr. Cummings entered, and for such a work he was eminently qualified. With a strong and well-disciplined mind, devoutly pious, patient and persevering, he was just the man to meet, contend with, and overcome these obstacles. From the very nature of the missionary field, and the season at which he entered it, the missionary career of Mr. Cummings was destined not to be one of brilliant success, but of patient toil; not a glorious ingathering of a golden harvest, which would command the admiration of the Church, but a life of quiet, unseen, but deep and permanent, preparation for future success. Into this work he entered with all his heart.

He knew that he was not to have the eclat of success. To resign all hope of that, was only another of the self-denials of his pioneer work. He understood well that his life was to be one of silent labor, of unwitnessed and unheralded self-denials, breaking up the fallow ground, sowing the seed of Gospel truth, softening the prejudices of a superstitious people, laying deep and broad the foundations of a great work into which others were to enter in the future, facilitating the means of intercourse with the people, aiding to unlock and open up the sealed language for the easier and more rapid acquisition of others. For seven years he labored in this work, patiently meeting its difficulties and perseveringly prosecuting its toils; and though we can throw around his name the interest of no thrilling incidents and startling adventure, nor gather for him the glory of brilliant achievements, his life was one of eminent usefulness in the missionary field, a service for which the Church will hold his name in precious remembrance, a labor for which we believe he has already received the crown that fadeth not away, and the glory which comes from God.

MRS. ELLEN C. COLDER.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL MISSION, FUH CHAU.

BY REV. I. W. WILEY, M.D.,

LATE MISSIONARY PHYSICIAN AT FUH CHAU.



MRS. ELLEN C. COLDER.

Mrs. Ellen C. Colder.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL MISSION, FUH CHAU.

AFTER we had thought our task of gathering up the memoirs of the precious dead of Fuh Chau was finished, and were about committing our materials to the press, we were again called to take up our pen and record the death of this most estimable woman, who had been connected for more than three years with the Methodist Episcopal Mission at Fuh Chau. Mrs. Colder died suddenly at Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, on March 24, 1858. Not in the sunset of life, when lengthened shadows lie along the earth, but in the full glory of the meridian, the deceased passed from among us. Noiselessly and stealthily the spoiler intruded himself into the hallowed retreat of the family circle, casting there the shadow of gloom and sorrow, where a few days before a new life, added to the household, had made all sunshine and gladness. In an hour of comparative confidence, at least on the part of surrounding friends, death claimed her as his victim. All around had cherished cheering hopes of a speedy recovery, and yet, in a

very few hours, while resting upon an easy chair, she calmly passed from their midst, as we have the fullest assurance, to that "land that has no need of the sun, for the Lord God is the light thereof."

Ellen Cordelia Winebrenner was the eldest daughter of Rev. John and Charlotte Winebrenner, and was born in Harrisburgh, Pennsylvania, on the 16th of July, 1824. Her father, a man of much intellect, of strong character, and of deep and earnest piety, was the originator of a branch of the Church known among its adherents by the title of "The Church of God," but more familiarly spoken of under the name of its founder, as "The Winebrennerian Church." The Church organization originated by Mr. Winebrenner is characterized by great simplicity in all its arrangements; by the absence of any formal creed, the Bible alone being their text-book and rule of faith; and by a supposed near approximation to the customs and usages of primitive Christianity. The principles on which its pious and learned author proceeded in organizing the Church seem to have been: 1st. To use the word of God in its most obvious, and, wherever possible, its most literal construction, as the rule of faith and practice; 2d. To adopt, as nearly as possible, the exact forms and usages of primitive Christianity; 3d. In church government to combine as far as possible, the advantages of Methodist itinerancy with presbyterial administration. It is still a flourishing and valuable branch of the Redeemer's Church, having a

numerous membership throughout Pennsylvania, Ohio, and many of the western and southwestern states, its itinerants and missionaries perseveringly following up the tide of emigration to our vast western territories.

Mr. Winebrenner still lives, now much advanced in age, and honored and venerated throughout the Church. At an early age, however, the subject of our sketch lost her mother, a woman of most exemplary piety, and a mother whose tenderness and faithfulness inspired a deep and permanent love in the breasts of her children. Ellen was old enough to have received the deep impress of this noble mother's character, and one of the sweetest memories cherished by her through life was the image of this estimable mother. Her diary and letters abound in touching references to her; she speaks of her as her guiding star, her guardian angel, her example and her monitor, pointing her to the way of life.

Who can estimate the influence of the constant presence of this loving image, borne about with her in the memory of a deceased mother, sometimes looking upon her with the eye of love, chiding when wrong, seeming to approve when right, and always beckoning to a home in the skies, in forming and sustaining the excellent and valuable character of this daughter? It is said of an English nobleman that he always kept the portrait of his deceased mother hanging veiled in his study, declaring that he could do

nothing low, or mean, or wicked in the presence of that sainted memorial. How soon, how deep, and how enduring are these parental impressions daguerreotyped on the soul of childhood! How powerful are their influence for good through all subsequent life! Who that has lost a parent has not read and felt the tenderness and power of the lines addressed by Cowper, in his full manhood, to the portrait of his mother, who had died in his early childhood. There is a living chord set among the tenderest fibers of the human heart, and attuned of God to more responsively to a parent's love; and after all, the best earthly gift from God to man, though it may last but for a short time, is the gift of a parent whose precious memory may shine as a lamp upon our path through life.

Under the discipline of this pious household, darkened thus for a while by the removal of its sunshine to heaven, but afterward relighted by the presence of a second mother, whose excellence soon endeared her to the little circle, Ellen grew up in love with religion. In early life she was the subject of Divine grace. Fully conscious of her estrangement from God, she betook herself to the fountain that cleanses from all sin, and there found peace and fellowship with God through a humble confidence of her gracious acceptance in Christ Jesus.

About the commencement of the year 1843, when nineteen years of age, she fully consecrated herself to the service of her Divine Redeemer, and con-

nected herself with her father's Church. The rite of baptism being administered in this branch of the Church by immersion, she, with many other happy converts, was buried in the beautiful waters of the Susquehanna in holy baptism. From that time forward she felt that she was not her own, but the Lord's; not only purchased by his precious blood, but given to him by her own act in a holy covenant for life. Her life was not only that of a firm and consistent Christian, but also of a useful laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. As far as opportunity offered, she was always found actively engaged in doing good. Her piety, however, though always active and most decided, was always unobtrusive. It shone brightly by way of example in her daily walk. She was conscientious to a fault. So much so was this the case that on all subjects of doubtful propriety, or so regarded among Christians, she uniformly arrayed herself on the side of safety, and adhered to the plain teachings of God's word, lest haply she might be found fighting against God. At a very early age her mother solemnly dedicated her to the cause of missions, and from subsequent events it would appear the Lord mercifully accepted the offering.

Soon after her conversion and connection with the Church, in May, 1843, she left home for Cedar Hill Female Seminary, near Mount Joy, under the principalship of Rev. N. Dodge. There she spent two

years as a pupil, at the close of which she graduated with honor to herself and credit to the institution. As a teacher in the seminary she remained for three years more, exerting a healthful Christian influence on all that were brought within the circle of her influence, and leaving behind her a name which, though ten years have passed away, is yet cherished in grateful remembrance in the seminary, and by many of its daughters, who have gone forth to mingle with the duties and responsibilities of the world.

The following estimate of her character and labors while at Cedar Hill, we take from the pen of Mr. Dodge, the principal of the seminary :

“So favorably were her attainments regarded, and so general the esteem in which she was held both by pupils and instructors, that she received immediately after her graduation an invitation to fill a vacancy in the teaching department in the seminary. She entered on the duties of a teacher May 5, 1845, and continued in discharge of them to especial satisfaction till October, 1848. She then resigned a charge which for more than three years she had most worthily sustained.

“The subject of this memoir, while at Cedar Hill, was not so much marked for strong and prominent features of character as for a striking completeness, in which the most acceptable outlines of female character were definitely presented and carefully filled

up, furnishing a picture fitter for study than exhibition. Faithful in the discharge of class duties, engaging a deep interest in the minds of her pupils, and exercising a constant and salutary influence over them, she never found the result of her labors to fall below expectation; while her personal example in everything commendable was eminently conducive to their improvement—an improvement not measured more by progression in class studies than advancement in social and moral excellence.

“Cheerful in temper, and gifted in conversational power, yet chastened to its most unobtrusive form, she was the especial charm of the domestic and social circle in which she moved. Unaffected candor and unwearied kindness, a tender interest in those around her, and a hand ever ready to render prompt assistance, may afford some idea of what Miss Winebrenner was while at Cedar Hill. Earnest in heart and manner, she made friends everywhere, and best friends where most intimately known. The mention of her name in the Cedar Hill family calls up tokens of her goodness of heart and hand in ever-freshening forms, though ten years have passed away since her sojourn with us. And amid these endeared reminiscences we can recall no instance of unkind temper, word, or action to alloy the satisfaction we feel, or mar the picture memory loves to trace of one who ‘though dead, yet speaketh.’”

Conscientiousness was a prominent trait in the

character of Miss Winebrenner, which manifested itself in the faithful discharge of all her duties, and in a rigid observance of all the requirements of the word of God. During her residence at the seminary she kept a Sabbath diary, in which she recorded, with interesting minuteness and faithfulness, the manner of her observance of each returning Sabbath and a review of the preceding week, through which we can easily trace the growing and strengthening of her Christian character and experience.

A few extracts from this diary will enrich our pages, and open to us the heart of this young Christian :

*“Sabbath, January 23, 1848.—*This morning it was late when I awoke, and I had but time to get ready for morning worship. [I do not feel that it is right to indulge in sleep on the Sabbath, therefore my conscience troubled me.] After breakfast I retired to private prayer, when I implored Divine assistance for the duties of the day. I had not time to read any in my Bible before it was time to prepare for church. The sun shone in his brilliancy, and shed such a warm and inspiring influence around us that I could almost fancy it was a Sabbath in April. I asked Miss H. to accompany me, and we went to the Bethel, where we found Mr. M. occupying the pulpit. I was much pleased, as he was so nearly connected with my dear native place. His text was Psalm cxix, 97: ‘O how I love thy law! it is my

meditation all the day.' He had commenced his agency to distribute the Bible, the blessed book of God, in every family in our county. May the Lord prosper this noble work! He took the above passage in order to open his way in our village. I think I never heard Brother M. preach a more (shall I say) beautiful sermon. He truly presented the blessed law of our heavenly Father in a very attractive and lovely light; compared it with other laws, and referred to the experience of all good men, lovers of this law. How much better it is than all worldly rule or government, and what happiness and enjoyment here and hereafter is the result of cherishing and obeying this perfect law. I breathed a prayer that I might love it more and more; that the gracious Lawgiver would enlighten my understanding, that I might read to edification; that it might be a light to my path, my heart's treasure, my guide, my counselor by day and by night."

"Before supper I retired for prayer, asking my dear Redeemer not to leave me to myself, but still to lead, direct, and comfort me. After tea, the sun was fast departing behind the hills, and I could not spend my time better than to be alone in my own room, and think over my past and present life. I allowed my thoughts to wander back to my early childhood, when I was a happy child,

‘Free from all cares ;
Led by a mother’s kind counsels,
A mother’s fond prayers ;’

and as the loveliness and beauty of the sun’s last rays were fading out of sight, I compared it with my onward march with time, when I was left in gloom, when the guiding sun of my infancy had set at noon-day, and I was left to wander in forbidden paths. But I looked from nature up to nature’s God, and from the gloomy earth to the brighter heaven, whither my heart’s dear treasure had gone to rest from my earthly gaze, and light broke upon my mind, and I was led to exclaim, ‘Have I indeed been left alone in darkness and night?’ I wept tears of joy, for I remembered that the Sun of Righteousness had been my deliverer, and had led me in paths I had not seen, and in the way I knew not. I prayed again for pardon for the many unworthy returns I had given him for his care and watchfulness over a poor erring lamb of his fold, and as I had come to feed under his tender care, I craved his blessing. I felt assured that He who had been so good and merciful in the past would care for my future—make me useful while on earth, and happy with the loved ones around his throne.”

“When I arose this morning I raised my heart in prayer; but O how hard my heart appeared, and every word how cold. I thought over the past week, and I found I had lived at too great a distance from

my dear Redeemer. When I thought over the many instances of his goodness and mercy to me, shame and confusion of face overwhelmed me when I remembered my forgetfulness of him. How truly has the loving Apostle John described this phase of our experience: 'Brethren, if our hearts condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God. But if our hearts condemn us, God is greater than our hearts, and knoweth all things.' I besought his pardoning mercy, resting alone on his gracious promise: 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' I especially besought him to show me the path of truthfulness, virtue, peace, and love, and to incline my heart to walk steadfastly therein. The sky now wore a brighter face, the clouds of the morning were fast flitting behind the eastern hills, and so passed the clouds from my sky."

"This Lord's day morning I hailed with thankfulness of heart, having the assurance that the Lord has indeed been good to me, bestowing upon me every spiritual and temporal blessing, leading me above all things to love him, for which glory be unto his name! O how much I want to love him with my whole heart! and with his assistance I will not get weary in well-doing. This again recalls to my mind the sweet dream I had during the past week. After I had been thinking how much concerned my dear mother was for the future welfare of her children, and how often she had prayed for its accom-

plishment, I fancied in my dream she came to me with her angel babe on her arm, and looked on me with so much pleasure and love, and said: 'Ellen, I hear that you are a good girl,' and kissed me, and passed away. O how this seemed to renew my efforts to become more approved in the sight of my dear Redeemer! Ah! how bitterly does the truth come to my heart that I am not what I might be. How much of my precious time has gone to waste, how much of it is still given to folly! But I remember the pardoning blood of Jesus of Nazareth. I trust old things are being done away, and all things are becoming new.

'Hail! Sabbath morn,
The best of all the seven;
Which claims my better thoughts,
And bears them up to heaven.'"

"The year is ending, and with it I must finish my record of its Sabbaths. How imperfect when compared with the record that has been kept on high! Lord, help me on this last Sabbath of the year to renew my broken promises to thee; to live more watchfully and prayerfully, and to take heed to my ways that I sin not before thee. O assist me by thy grace to advance in holiness during the coming year more than I have yet done! May I grow more into the likeness of thine image during the year 1850 than I have in any year of my pilgrimage to my

heavenly home! O may I during this year lay up more treasures in heaven than I have ever done before! Be thou my strength in weakness and I will serve thee."

But we may not trespass further on these sacred privacies. These brief extracts are enough to enable us to catch a glance at the interior life of this young Christian, and to form an estimate of the material which God designed so soon to call into the missionary work.

In the year 1850 her attention was directed to the cause of missions. This sacred cause had always been dear to her heart; it had presented itself prominently among those strange experiences and apparent side issues which often gather round the conversion of the individual; but up to this time the subject of personal consecration to this work had not been urged upon her, nor had she as yet seen any indications of an opportunity actually to enter the work. At the time of her conversion, and when she gave herself to Christ and the Church, she was moved greatly by the spirit of entire consecration to the love and service of the Redeemer, and ever after lived in a state of readiness to obey the inward motions of his Spirit, or the outward leadings of his providence. Thus when the call to this work actually came she was found standing in readiness, prepared for this service in the depth and mellowness of her Christian experience, and eminently qualified by her attainments.

The call to this work came through the Rev. James Colder, a graduate of the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut, whose name had been presented to the Missionary Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church by the great and good Olin, who was then president of the University. Mr. Colder was chosen as a missionary for China, and was called from the itinerant work into which he had entered to prepare for this new field of labor. Mr. Colder was also a native of Harrisburg, the birthplace of Miss Winebrenner. They had known each other through childhood and youth, and now that he had entered into manhood, and was about stepping forth to take his place in the active duties of the world, with this new and trying vocation indicating to him what those duties were to be, his choice of a companion and associate in these labors fell upon Miss Winebrenner, with whose maturity of character and available qualifications he was well acquainted. They were separated by Church relations, but were one in the spirit and experience of religion.

How this new and sudden call to leave friends, home, and country for the trials and hardships of a missionary life among the heathen was received by her, may be gathered from the following extract from her letter, written in reply on this subject: "Let me say I have loved, and do now love the missionary cause; but the idea that I should be called upon to join in its labors was most foreign to my mind. I

have often prayed to become useful in the world, and have envied those who are a blessing to others ; but my heart sinks within me in view of this responsible calling ; I feel my incapability. I fear I have not sufficiently cultivated that devotion of life, that dedication of myself to holier purposes, which would fit me to act my part well as a missionary helper, acceptable in the sight of God.

“ When I was seeking religion this question presented itself to my mind : Whether I was willing to forsake everything, *even to become a missionary for Christ's sake ?* It caused me a great struggle to feel willing. I admired the noble purpose that actuated others in their labors for the heathen ; yet I considered them living martyrs, and thought I could not leave as they had done all the comforts and endearments of home to endure such trials and privations. But then I could not realize that it was the love of Christ that led them to make such sacrifices, and that the promised Comforter was with them, calling to their remembrance continually the precious promises in the word of God to those who are serving him through tribulation, even leading them to say, ‘ These are but light afflictions.’ But now I have experienced this constraining love of Christ, and his grace, through which he can enable me to do all things. I desire only to do his will, and if this be the will of God, I am prepared to say, ‘ Here am I, Lord, send me.’ ”

The more carefully and prayerfully she viewed this subject, the more powerfully she felt her heart drawn toward it, and the more clearly she saw in it the path of duty. Her decision was not a hasty one, nor made without much opposition. Her wide circle of friends were nearly all opposed to her going, many having but little confidence in foreign missions among the heathen, and feeling themselves called upon to use many arguments and influences to dissuade her from going. All these and kindred obstacles her faith and piety surmounted, and when she had once reached the conclusion to consecrate herself to this work, there was no looking back to reconsider, no misgivings, no shrinkings from duty. She entered upon the work with all its trials and hardships, its privations and disappointments, not only with the spirit of meek submission, but even with cheerful happiness, under the pleasing assurance she was following the leadings of the Divine Spirit, and the plain indications of God's providence.

In the latter part of the year 1850 they were married, and immediately began the work of preparation for their voyage. On the 13th of March, 1851, they sailed in company with the writer and his family for Fuh Chau, where they arrived in good health and spirits on the 9th of July, after a voyage of nearly four months. It was at this time we first became intimately acquainted with Mrs. Colder. We had met her before in Harrisburg, and at once found in her a

genial spirit and a noble character. There was much in Mrs. Colder to excite interest and admiration at once : a fine personal appearance, great self-possession and ease of manners, an address polite and kindly, and a voice of softness and gentleness that bespoke a heart full of kindness and sympathy. We loved her from the very beginning of our acquaintance. But the true worth of her character lay hidden in the depths of a tender and sympathizing nature, that needed time and opportunity for its manifestation. An ocean voyage of more than three months from New York to Hong Kong, a dangerous and most uncomfortable passage of five hundred miles along the Chinese coast in a Portuguese lorch, and association of nearly three years in missionary life, gave us ample opportunity to discover the true excellence of this noble woman. In all these relations, as a fellow voyager on the ocean, as a missionary companion in a new and trying foreign field, as a wife and a mother, we found her the same quiet, patient, self-sacrificing, and loving woman ; always a Christian in spirit and in life, always a lady in deportment. The more we knew her the more we saw her worth, and admired and loved her.

In the missionary field among those who had preceded us in this heathen city, and were longing for new faces and new friends, Mrs. Colder, as might be expected, soon became a universal favorite. Into her duties as a missionary wife and mother she entered

with a cheerful and earnest spirit, evidencing in all her movements her adaptation to the great work in which she so willingly engaged. She made commendable progress in the language, and soon made for herself many friends among the natives of Fuh Chau. None entered with a deeper sympathy into the unhappy condition and numerous wants of the perishing millions around her, and none ministered to those wants with a more bountiful hand. The natives employed about her household saw and appreciated this, and were drawn toward her in a deep and lasting interest and love. As a result of this we must perhaps attribute to her gentle Christian influence, as we shall see hereafter, a large share of instrumentality in the conversion of the first native of Fuh Chau, and in sending back from America to this heathen city the first converted native female.

Her missionary career, however, was short and troubled. The mission was yet new. No home was in readiness for their reception, and the deep prejudices of the people against the residence of foreigners and the building of foreign houses among them was not yet overcome; and this opposition, seeming just then to reach its culmination, effectually prevented the building of a house for the new missionaries. Mr. Colder during all his stay in China found no home. For several months they occupied rooms in the house of Rev. Mr. Maclay and family. During this time perplexing and fruitless negotiations

were being carried on with the people and native officers for the privilege of erecting a house on a spot of ground in the vicinity of the other mission residences. The ground was rented and a considerable advance paid on it, but the people refused its occupancy. Unfortunately the ruins of a small joss-house or temple stood on the premises, and this gave new strength to the opposition of the people, who looked upon it as an act of desecration to allow the shadow of a foreign house to fall upon the remnants of this abandoned place of worship. For more than a year these difficulties continued. The interposition of the native authorities was sought in vain. The accidental visitation of an American man-of-war succeeded in so far arousing the Chinese officials to a sense of the obligations of the treaty, as to secure from them an order to go on and build the house. This was attempted. A few laborers were put to work digging out the foundation, but in a little while an excited mob came rushing up from the suburbs and drove off the workmen. It was found to be in vain to make further attempts to occupy the ground. The Chinese officials ordered the original landlord to refund the money to the mission, and demand a return of his lease. Thus ended the first year's efforts to secure a home for Mr. Colder.

Under the pressure of an opposition equally violent, but prevented from direct interference by the supposed inviolability of the walls inclosing our premi-

ses, the house occupied by the writer was refitted and enlarged, and for some months Mr. Colder and his family shared a home with us. At length an opportunity seemed to offer for building a house on the island of Tong Chin, and when all necessary arrangements were thought to have been made, Mr. Colder moved again into a part of the house occupied by Mr. Baldwin, of the American Board Mission, with the view of being nearer, and better able to superintend the building of his house. This was again defeated after months of perplexing annoyance and delay. At length, after nearly two years of these discouraging struggles to find a home, Mr. White was called to leave the mission on account of the failing health of his wife, and Mr. Colder moved into his vacated and half-finished house, in a remote position on the thoroughfare leading to the city.

The spring of 1853 brought the excitements and dangers of the revolution. The various disappointments and trials, the frequent removals and discomforts arising from the want of a settled home, with the exhausting influences of the climate, had by this time begun to tell on the health of both Mr. and Mrs. Colder, especially on the latter. The first intelligence of the successful progress of the rebellion that reached Fuh Chau created great excitement among the natives. The disaffected grew bold in announcing their sympathy with the movement, and for many months an insurrection seemed to be immi-

ment. The home of Mrs. Colder, widely separated from the other missionary families, and in the midst of a dense and excited population, was thought to be insecure, and this constant sense of danger, preying upon a system already unstrung, began to operate seriously on her health. It was determined that the families of Mr. Maclay and Mr. Colder should remove to Hong Kong, until the excitements and hazards of the revolution should pass over. Accordingly, in May, 1853, they embarked for Hong Kong. This was a trial for both Mr. and Mrs. Colder. She especially felt that it was a final adieu to Fuh Chau, and it was a severe struggle between what seemed to be duty and necessity, and her love for the missionary work and the little band of missionary friends.

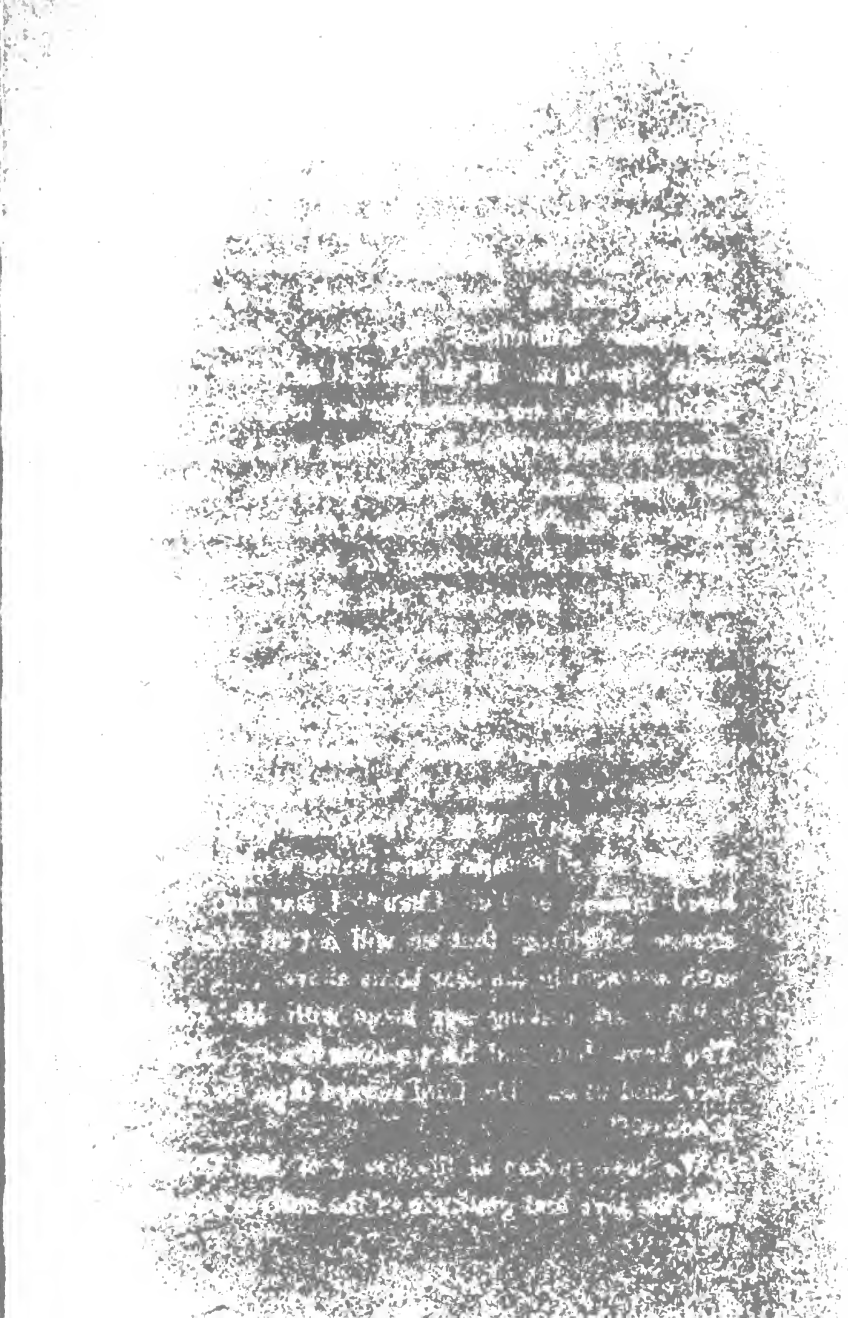
She left us in a flood of tears. To most of the little missionary company it was an adieu for all time. In a little while one and then another passed away. She returned no more to Fuh Chau. In America she met again some two or three of her missionary companions, and now has gone to that land unseen, the home of the blessed, to meet a still larger number. How much she felt this parting, and how ardently her heart clung to the missionary work, is evidenced by the following letter, written immediately after reaching Hong Kong :

“DEAR MRS. W.,—We have had a short and sad passage from Fuh Chau to Hong Kong. I have felt

all the time as if I had been carrying Fuh Chau with me. No one knows how many tears, how many struggles it has cost me to leave our missionary work behind us. How strangely Providence has been working with us since we arrived at Fuh Chau! How many difficulties, how many obstacles, how much opposition. It has seemed as if the poor deluded natives were determined not to have us among them, and as if China had refused us a home. Is it not strange that we seem compelled to leave Fuh Chau at a time when our hearts are yearning to be there, and to do something for the perishing thousands of that great city? But the ways of God are not our ways, nor his thoughts our thoughts. . . . I have not ceased to think of you all since I bade you farewell on the lorch. The image of every precious one was that moment daguerreotyped on my heart to last forever. O! when will we meet again? Will it be in Fuh Chau? Will all these troubles pass away, and will we all reunite again in the work of our beloved mission at Fuh Chau? I fear not. I have strange misgivings that we will not all meet again, until we meet in the dear home above. . . .

“We are making our home with Mr. Johnson. You knew him and his precious family. They are very kind to us. The Lord reward them for all their goodness!”

We have spoken of the power of Mrs. Colder to gain the love and gratitude of the natives employed





陳永高

FIRST CONVERT OF FUH CHAU.

about her house. One of these, a bright, promising young man named Ting-ing-kaw, volunteered to accompany them to Hong Kong. They were in doubt as to the propriety of this; but he urged his desires so strongly that they at last consented that he should go with them. He had already been deeply impressed with the religion of Jesus, first in the family of Mr. Baldwin, and afterward still more deeply in that of Mr. Colder. He had for months been a careful reader of all our Christian books, a constant attendant on the public worship, had abandoned idolatry and begun a life of prayer. Soon after reaching Hong Kong, A-koû, as he is more familiarly called, desired to be baptized and received into the Church. After this request Mr. Colder and Mr. Johnson, an excellent Baptist missionary at Hong Kong, with whom Mr. Colder was staying while in Hong Kong, gave more particular attention and instruction to this young Chinese, and in the autumn of 1853, at his own urgent request, and with the approbation of the missionaries, Ting-ing-kaw was baptized and received into Christian fellowship—the first native of Fuh Chau converted to Christianity.

And now we have to record one of those strange providences which have not unfrequently occurred in the history of missions, and one of those strange workings of the pious mind which are hard to account for. Mr. Colder had been gradually changing

his views of Christian baptism and Church government, and during his stay in Hong Kong adopted the conclusion that the only proper mode of baptism is that of immersion, and rejected the episcopal form of Church government. Perhaps it would be possible to trace the history of these changes, and to discover the various influences which brought them about; be this as it may, we cannot doubt the reality and the sincerity of this change of views, as these are fully evinced in his subsequent conduct. He felt that these conclusions made it necessary for him to change his Church relations. He withdrew from the mission with which he had been connected. He ignored his own baptism, which had been administered in infancy, and was again baptized by immersion in Hong Kong. Ting-ing-kaw, the son of his missionary labor, was also immersed, as this rite of the Church was not given him till after the change in Mr. Colden's views. Now, thinking he had no longer any claim on the Missionary Society that had sent him out, and finding it necessary to return to America, he paid his own passage home, and that of his family, at a cost of nearly fifteen hundred dollars.

In December, 1853, they sailed from Hong Kong for America. Again A-koû presented his claims to accompany them home. They hesitated about this hazardous and costly experiment. A-koû was the eldest son of his parents; their claims upon him, by Chinese law and custom, were absolute, and there

was no time to communicate with them at Fuh Chau. Still the young Christian pressed his desire to visit America, and to receive an education in this country. An arrangement was finally made by which Mr. Colder should pay the amount of his ordinary Chinese wages to his parents in Fuh Chau, and A-koû accompanied them to America. He remained in Mr. Colder's family for about two years, giving every evidence of the genuineness of his Christian character, and making rapid progress in the studies of an English education. He read well, could write a beautiful hand, could converse fluently in English, but was always puzzled with the subtleties of English grammar. During his sojourn in America the calls of his parents for his return were frequent and urgent, and it was thought best not to trespass too long on this Chinese law and custom. In April, 1856, A-koû embarked for home. He has maintained in Fuh Chau his Christian character, and is now connected with the Methodist Episcopal Mission.

A few days after the death of Mrs. Colder the following letter was received from A-koû :

"FUH CHAU, CHINA, *December 2, 1857.*

"MY DEAR MR. COLDER: I think you will think me very unkind for a long time, because I did not write any letters to you. I hope you will not mind it. I am very thankful to you for your great kindness in sending me a draft for twenty dollars. This money

still remains with Mr. H. I thought it not right for me to take it.

"To-morrow I will send you two boxes. Please to receive them. These boxes contain a few little things, some for you, some for Mrs. Colder, and some for your boys also.

"I am very anxious to write letters to you as often as I can, but I cannot do it, for I do not understand the English language very well, as you do, and it takes me a long time to write a letter.

"I will marry a wife within two months. I will try to be married in the Christian's way. I did not see Cheung Chio's husband and children lately. I live with an Englishman who is a tea-taster in Fuh Chau. My wages are only eight dollars per month. I have lived with him about eight months. My work is to take care of his house. Every Sunday I go to Mr. Maclay's church, for it is very near the house where I live.

"I cannot write any more. Sir, please give my love to all my friends in Hong Kong. On this letter I write very badly, but I hope you will not mind it. Please write to me soon. Truly yours,

TING-ING-KAU.

This letter speaks well for the Christian integrity of A-koû. The draft for twenty dollars which he refers to was forwarded to him by a Sabbath school in Harrisburg, and as he thought it was sent under

the impression that he was engaged in missionary work, while at the time of writing he was in other business, he felt that he had no right to use the money of the school. Since writing the above letter he has been married to a companion long since selected for him by his parents, according to Chinese usage, whom he felt it his duty to marry in obedience to the desires of his parents. As we have said, he has since connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal Mission, and is doing well in his course as a Christian.

Cheung Chio, referred to in the above letter, is a Chinese female who occupied the place of nurse in Mr. Colder's family during their residence in Fuh Chau. In the latter part of 1855 she accompanied the family of Mr. Cummings to this country, and immediately sought and found a home in the family of Mr. Colder. She became deeply attached to Mrs. Colder, and desired to find even a permanent home in America. She refused to heed the frequent calls of her husband, living in Fuh Chau, to return home, and spent more than two years in the family of Mrs. Colder, among those from whom she had first heard words of kindness and lessons of religion. Great, indeed, is the power of kindness over these poor, neglected, unloved Chinese women, and welcome to them are the truths of that religion which speaks to them of their worth and immortality. Cheung Chio yielded her heart to the influence of these gracious

truths, and turned to the blessed Saviour, the friend of humanity wherever it is found. During the two years of her sojourn in America she gave evidence of having found the Saviour, and of having entered into a Christian experience. At length she felt it her duty to return to her family in Fuh Chau, but her heart clung to her new friends in America. Early in February, 1858, she left them with a sorrowful heart; a few days after we saw her safely on a vessel floating down the bay of New York, destined for Fuh Chau, where she has probably arrived in safety. But little more than a month later, her beloved mistress and teacher, who had been instrumental in leading her to the Redeemer, and pointing her to things above, slept in death.

It was not without a struggle that Mrs. Colder abandoned her labors in China, to accompany her husband in his return to America. She acquiesced in what clearly seemed to be duty. She had loved all that pertained to the missionary work; and after her return she loved to commend it to all blessed with the light of truth, and labored to awaken a deeper interest for the perishing heathen among her friends and the churches at home. She continued to her latest hour a missionary at heart, and even willing to return to her former field of labor. Her children also, four lovely boys, were successively consecrated to the missionary work; and she loved often to speak to these little ones concerning missions, and

strove to prepare them in mind and heart for the glorious cause to which she had set them apart.

After the return of Mr. Colder from China, he connected himself with that branch of the Church which originated with Mr. Winebrenner, his wife's father. Perhaps we may see something of the designs of Providence in this movement. This flourishing, and in many places wealthy, branch of the Church, numbering several thousands in the Central and Western States, had as yet taken no part in the great missionary work. Through the labors of Mr. Colder, and no less, perhaps, through those of his active, laborious wife, a missionary spirit was aroused throughout the Church; a missionary society was organized, and it is intended soon to send laborers into the foreign field.

Mr. Colder was settled as pastor of the Bethel at Harrisburg, his native place, and that also of Mrs. Colder. Here they remained three years, during which time Mrs. Colder, by her uniform attention to the duties of her position, by her kind, affable manner to all, by her benevolent and Christian spirit, and by her indomitable perseverance in the advancement of the cause and kingdom of Christ, not only endeared herself more firmly to many old friends, but made many new ones, in all of whose hearts her memory lies embalmed, never to be obliterated.

In October, 1857, Mr. Colder was called from the pastoral charge at Harrisburg to take the principal-

ship of the Shippensburg Collegiate Institute. Here Mrs. Colder was called to new duties and responsibilities; but her active nature found happiness in abundant labors. With singular energy of character she met every duty of wife, mother, and superintendent of the school, prosecuting every interest to its proper completion. Here she spent the last few months of her active and useful life, laboring to promote the best interests of the school, the Church, and her family. Yet, in the midst of all these labors and interests, death came, casting the shadow of disappointment and mourning over the institute, the Church, and the family.

In her last illness her friends and physician saw no occasion for alarm until within an hour of her death. It would seem, however, that she herself had some premonitions of her early departure, stating to her husband that she had been trying to rally, but found it all in vain, and felt assured she must die. She spoke of it, when those around would not tolerate the thought, with all the calmness of assured confidence. Yet her expressions failed to excite the fears of her attendants, in the absence of all symptoms of approaching death, and therefore, while she remained confident that she was about to die, not one of those who were around her anticipated a fatal termination of her sickness.

In these her last hours her faith was exceedingly clear and steady, her prospects bright and glorious,

and she expressed herself in the following triumphant language: "I have made my peace with God, and my assurance is bright, O so bright!" And why so confident? That Saviour she confessed, that Saviour she commended to others, was now with her to calm all fears, and smooth her passage to the grave. His precious promises, so rich and free, she now realized in all their fullness, and in raptures could exclaim, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." That grace that had hitherto sustained her in the arduous conflicts of life, in perils by land and by sea, at home and abroad, was about to triumph in her last conflict with her great enemy. And grace did triumph. In speaking of her departure she remarked, "that angels were attending upon her."

"Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room;
They wait to waft my spirit home,
All is well, all is well."

And is there anything unreasonable in this? "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who are the heirs of salvation?" And has not He promised to give his angels charge over them that know and love him? Comforting thought! Truly

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walks
Of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven."

On the 24th of March, 1858, about two o'clock, while seated on an easy chair, she sweetly breathed her last on earth, and yielded her spirit into the hands of the blessed Redeemer. Thus in the midst of a life of usefulness died one of the most lovely of the daughters of Israel. But our loss is her gain. "Many fall as sudden, few as safe." Rest thee, thou dear departed, in the bosom of thy Redeemer, until the the morning of the resurrection, when

"In heaven we hope to meet thee,
Where no farewell tears are shed."

We need add but little in delineation of the character of our dear friend; we have endeavored to present this in the body of the memoir. In her sphere of life, which was one of great activity and usefulness, Mrs. Colder singularly imbodyed those rare qualities of mind and heart that fitted her so eminently for the various stations she was called upon to fill. To a mind well disciplined by study, she added the graces and charms which so much adorn the domestic circle. Possessing in a large degree a benevolent disposition, she was ever ready to meet the objects of affliction and charity, and to bestow upon them words of consolation; and as God had secured to her the means, it was her delight to administer the more material relief desired. Surely she was one who delighted in doing good. To the poor, the sick, and afflicted in her more immediate circle, she gave substantial

evidence of her love, and "wept with those who weep." She was meek and gentle in her spirit and temper; and these characteristics shone in all their loveliness as the companion of a minister of Christ, and made her an object of admiration and love.

As a Christian she was meek, humble, devoted, living constantly in a spirit of consecration to Christ, and conscientious in the discharge of every duty. In her journal she remarks: "I have found by past experience, that when I place my own concerns secondary to higher duties, God prospers them; but as sure as I give them the first place they perplex me." As a teacher she always gained the love and obedience of her pupils, impressed upon them the best traits of her own character, and bound them to her in a lasting affection. Her sudden death drew the shadow of mourning and disappointment over the institute at Shippensburg. From a letter written by the pupils of this institution we extract the following: "In the death of Mrs. Colder God has taken to himself one who was endeared to us by the tenderest ties, around whom clustered our fondest affections, to whom we looked with an eye of filial love, in whom we always found an earnest friend and a cordial and generous sympathy. We have sustained an irreparable loss, and the institute has been deprived of the sunshine and brightness of that face whose encouraging smile always gave animation and impulse to our efforts, and the guidance of that ex-

ample which always directed us in the path of duty and right."

As a wife she was loving, sympathizing, and always and in all positions a helpmeet for her husband, ever ready to acquiesce in his plans and movements, and by her own activity always contributing to his usefulness and success. Again from her journal we extract the following sentiment: "It is not degrading for a wife to submit to her husband. On the contrary, she never appears more lovely than when cheerfully and gracefully yielding up her own wishes that she may comply with his. Woman was not made to rule; and in my judgment the wife who attempts it, and the husband who submits to it, are equally contemptible."

As a missionary she was consecrated and devotedly attached to her work. She left it with tears, longed for the opportunity to return to it, and earnestly commended the glorious cause to all about her. In her journal, written at Fuh Chau, we find the following: "Hitherto the Lord has led me. His ways have not been my ways, or I would this day be far from him. His Holy Spirit has kept me from falling from my first love; and this day, far from the loved ones in my native land, I rejoice I am among the heathen. With all its trials, with all disappointments and discouragements, I love the missionary work, nor for a moment have I regretted my consecration to it. O Lord, may our lives be spared for coming usefulness

among the Chinese, and may my influence for good be felt by the dark minds around me."

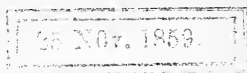
As a mother she was devotedly attached to her children, loving and faithful, self-sacrificing and constant in her attentions to them; realizing all the responsibilities of this sacred relation. Her children were consecrated to God, and set apart for the missionary work. Even her babe, but ten days old, had been given to the Saviour for this holy work by his dying mother. We close our memoir of this excellent and exemplary woman with the following extract from an "Address to Mothers," read by Mrs. Colder at a meeting of the "Maternal Association" at Fuh Chau:

"Let us look upon our children as the gift of God, committed to our care by him to whom they belong, and from whom we are to receive our 'wages.' The care of children is indeed a labor, a labor attended with great responsibility, and giving us many anxious moments. But it is a work which has at every stage its full reward. He who has called us to so great a task has not failed to send us therewith great and varied blessings. In infancy, youth, and manhood's riper years, the Lord pays back into our bosoms with the increasing tide of love, wages which more than compensate for all our toil.

"And there hastens on an hour in which these jewels committed to our care will be called that they may adorn the diadem of Christ. To secure

their fitness for the duties of this life demands unceasing effort upon our part; but O! to make them worthy to shine upon the brow of Christ, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' Our calling as mothers is a high one; but He who has honored us in its bestowment will not fail with every duty to grant sufficient grace. Will we not try so to nurse and train these 'olive branches' springing up about our tables, that both they and we may bloom in the paradise of God?"

THE END.



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This work is a valuable acquisition to our Church literature. It embodies much important information, arranged in a natural and convenient form, and affords a good general outline of Methodism. It is a work of much merit. I do cheerfully commend it, as a whole, to the favorable consideration of our friends and the public generally.—T. MORRIS, *Bishop of M. E. Church.*

I like the book much. It will do good. Our people and friends ought to read and study it thoroughly. It furnishes a satisfactory answer to the petty objections urged against the Methodists by a set of ecclesiastical croakers with which we are everywhere beset. One gentleman, whom I let have a copy, after reading it carefully, remarked, "It is the book needed; I would not take *twenty dollars* for my copy if I could not obtain another."—REV. JUSTIN SPAULDING.

I have just finished the reading of this book, and I wish to express my decided approbation of it. *It should be a family book, a Sunday-school book, and I would add especially, a text-book for all candidates for the ministry.*—J. T. PECK, D.D.

The work throughout is *not* a criticism on Methodist usages, but a statement and defense of them. As such, we trust it will meet with the wide circulation it deserves, both in and out of the Church.—*Methodist Quarterly Review.*

We have examined the book, and most cordially recommend our friends, one and all, to procure it immediately. No Methodist can study it without profit, and gratitude to the great Head of the Church for the wisdom imparted to those who have been the instruments employed in constructing the rules and regulations under which the operations of this most successful branch of the Church are conducted.—*Editor of the Christian Guardian, Toronto.*

It is precisely the volume needed to instruct our people in the peculiarities of our system. The *special* character of Methodism is here developed in such a manner as to show that it is specially excellent, and worthy of *special* zeal and *special* sacrifices. It is very systematically arranged, and therefore convenient for reference on any given point. To the Methodist, especially the "official" Methodist, this book is fitted to be a complete manual; and to all others who would understand what Methodism precisely is, as a whole, or in any specific respect, we commend Dr. Porter's work as an *ACKNOWLEDGED AUTHORITY.*—A. STEVENS, LL.D.



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